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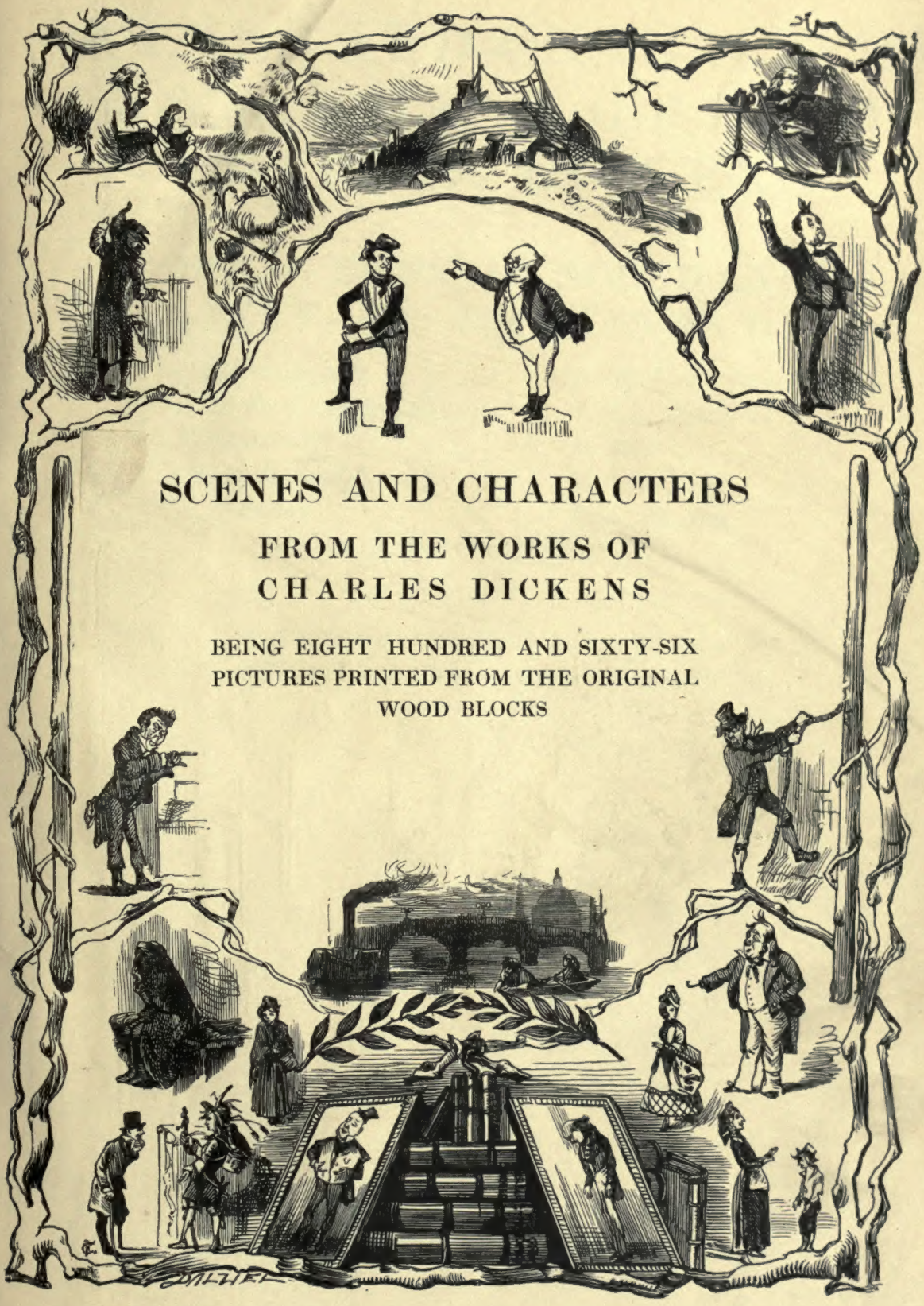

SCENES AND CHARACTERS

FROM THE WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS

BEING EIGHT HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SIX PICTURES PRINTED FROM THE ORIGINAL WOOD BLOCKS

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SCENES AND CHARACTERS FROM THE WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS

BEING EIGHT HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SIX DRAWINGS BY

FRED BARNARD
HABLOT K. BROWNE (PHIZ)
J. MAHONEY
CHARLES GREEN
A. B. FROST
GORDON THOMSON
J. McL. RALSTON
H. FRENCH
E. G. DALZIEL
F. A. FRASER
AND SIR LUKE FILDES

PRINTED FROM THE ORIGINAL WOODBLOCKS
ENGRAVED FOR "THE HOUSEHOLD EDITION"

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LIST OF WORKS AND ARTISTS

Title Design	*By Gordon Thomson*			
Sketches by Boz	34	*Illustrations*	*by*	*Fred Barnard*
The Pickwick Papers	57	„	„	*Phiz*
Oliver Twist	28	„	„	*J. Mahoney*
Nicholas Nickleby	59	„	„	*Fred Barnard*
Master Humphrey's Clock and other Stories	9	„	„	*Fred Barnard*
The Old Curiosity Shop	39	„	„	*Charles Green*
Barnaby Rudge	46	„	„	*Fred Barnard*
American Notes	10	„	„	*A. B. Frost*
Martin Chuzzlewit	59	„	„	*Fred Barnard*
Christmas Books	28	„	„	*Fred Barnard*
Pictures from Italy	8	„	„	*Gordon Thomson*
Dombey and Son	62	„	„	*Fred Barnard*
David Copperfield	61	„	„	*Fred Barnard*
A Child's History of England	15	„	„	*J. McL. Ralston*
Bleak House	61	„	„	*Fred Barnard*
Hard Times	20	„	„	*H. French*
Little Dorrit	58	„	„	*J. Mahoney*
Reprinted Pieces	9	„	„	*E. G. Dalziel*
A Tale of Two Cities	25	„	„	*Fred Barnard*
Uncommercial Traveller	26	„	„	*E. G. Dalziel*
Great Expectations	30	„	„	*F. A. Frazer*
Our Mutual Friend	58	„	„	*J. Mahoney*
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Edwin Drood	12	„	„	*Luke Fildes*
Life of Dickens	28	„	„	*Fred Barnard*

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

THERE is one question upon which the critics and lovers of Dickens seem never able to get into agreement, and that is the question of the original illustrations to his works. To the thorough-going enthusiast Phiz and Dickens seem inseparable, and no edition which does not contain the old, familiar grotesques of Hablot Browne's imagination, or, in the earlier volume, the equally abnormal lineaments portrayed by Cruikshank or Seymour, would be deemed worthy of a place upon his bookshelf. But a younger generation is growing up, for whom the time-honoured pictures have not the charm of long association, and among them it is common to hear the complaint that the natural humour and pathos of the author's best works are spoiled to modern fancy by the violent caricatures of the illustrator. "Let us abolish these pictures altogether," they say: "and illustrate the books with pretty conventionalities by more fashionable artists." At the opposite pole stands yet another group of critics—the "Superior People" who have made up their minds that Dickens himself was a caricaturist, and that therefore the early illustrations, even if they do a little emphasise his exaggerations, are only conceived in fitting harmony with a world of fancy which drowns itself in excesses of the grotesque. Among so many doctors, and all so emphatic, who shall decide? It is, at any rate, no easy task.

It happens, however, that there does exist a series of Dickens illustrations, now in some danger of being unduly neglected, in which the artists were wonderfully happy in preserving

the original features of Phiz and Cruikshank's interpretations, while they toned down the more extravagant details and brought imagination into closer harmony with reality. These were the illustrations to the square-shaped "Household Edition," published in 1870, just after the great novelist's death —and now reissued in this Dickens picture-book, in the hope that those who love the stories may like to possess in separate form what is, perhaps, the best pictorial accompaniment that the novels ever received. At the time of its first publication, the "Household Edition" enjoyed an enormous success. At the moment the name of Dickens was on every one's lips, and the fact that this splendidly illustrated reprint was issued in penny numbers and sixpenny parts placed it within reach of even the most humbly stocked purse. Its sale was stupendous, and the familiar green-covered pamphlets percolated through every town and village where the English tongue is spoken. The original copies may still be met with, under many a country timbered roof, carefully treasured as one of the most cherished household possessions.

Undoubtedly, a great part of the success was due to the art of the illustrators. To begin with, there was an unusually liberal display of pictures—the edition, as a whole, containing close upon nine hundred. But more important than the number were the truth and sincerity of the interpretations—qualities which helped to give a new life to characters already secure of immortality. First and foremost, of course, the edition will always be associated with the memory of Fred Barnard, whose pictures are the outstanding feature of the present volume. Barnard seemed destined by nature to illustrate Dickens; the spirit of "Boz" ran again in his veins. And nothing in his work is more impressively ingenious than the skill with which he took the types already created by his predecessors, preserved

their characteristics, so that each was unmistakably himself, and yet by the illuminating touch of genius transferred them every one from the realm of caricature to that of portraiture. Not far inferior to him was that admirable draughtsman, Charles Green, who exactly adopted Barnard's attitude to the originals. The reader who will compare Green's illustrations to "The Old Curiosity Shop" with Phiz's, will scarcely fail to notice with interest how often Green has chosen the same subject as his predecessor, and all but treated it in the same manner, save that a twisted grotesque suddenly becomes, under the magic of his wand, a natural human being. His picture of Sally Brass and the Marchioness is a remarkable instance in point: but there are many others equally eloquent of his sympathetic and interpretative method. Nor should the work of Mahony, A. B. Frost, Gordon Thomson and others be forgotten, for each in his own way has helped to make this volume, what its publishers confidently claim it to be, a collection of Dickens pictures unrivalled for humour, pathos, character, and interpretative skill. In the certainty that such a gallery of good work can hardly fail to find appreciators, the volume is now offered to all lovers of the most widely popular author of the Victorian Era.

SKETCHES BY BOZ

ILLUSTRATIVE OF

EVERY-DAY LIFE AND EVERY-DAY PEOPLE.

THIRTY-FOUR ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRED BARNARD

A

THE HALF-PAY CAPTAIN COMPLETELY EFFACED THE OLD LADY'S NAME FROM THE BRASS DOOR-PLATE IN HIS ATTEMPTS TO POLISH IT WITH AQUA-FORTIS

Our Parish, chap. ii.

"WHY THE DEVIL AIN'T YOU LOOKING AFTER THAT PLATE?"—*Our Parish*, chap. v.

WHEN HE FIRST CAME TO LOOK AT THE LODGINGS, HE INQUIRED MOST PARTICULARLY WHETHER HE WAS SURE TO BE ABLE TO GET A SEAT IN THE PARISH CHURCH—*Our Parish*, chap. vii.

"It is nearly eleven o'clock, and the cold thin rain, which has been drizzling so long, is beginning to pour down in good earnest"—*Scenes*, chap. ii.

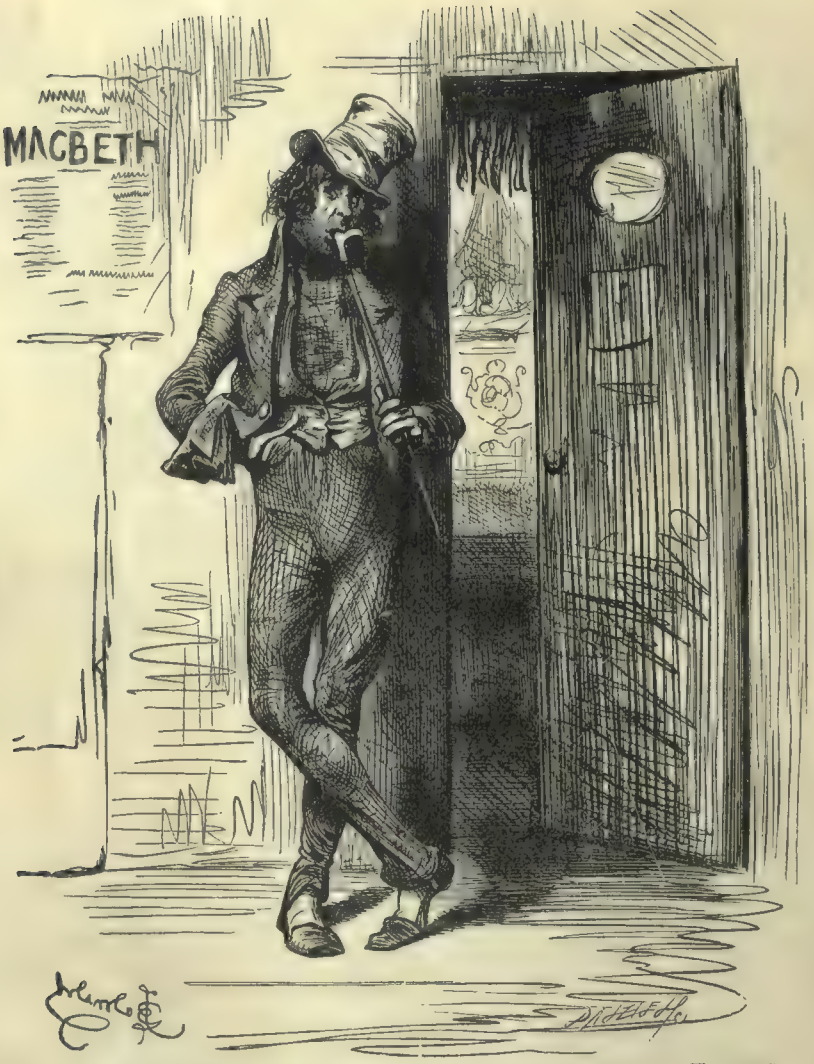
The Gravesend boat.—*Scenes*, chap. x.

DIFFERENT WOMEN OF THE HOUSE GOSSIPING ON THE STEPS . . . THE NATIVE DIALLERS—*Scenes*, chap. v.

It was a wedding party and emerged from one of the interior streets near Fitzroy Square—*Scenes*, chap. vii.

THE GENTLEMAN DESCRIBED LOOKS EXTREMELY FOOLISH, AND SQUEEZES HER HAND, AND FEES THE GIPSY LIBERALLY—*Scenes*, chap. xii.

"I MAY AS WELL GET BOARD, LODGIN', AND WASHIN' TILL THEN, OUT OF THE COUNTRY, AS PAY FOR IT MYSELF; CONSEQUENTLY HERE GOES"—*Scenes*, chap. xvii.



His line is genteel comedy—his father's coal and potato. He does Alfred Highflier in the last piece, and very well he'll do it—at the price."—*Scenes*, chap. xiv.

TUREENS OF SOUP ARE EMPTIED WITH AWFUL RAPIDITY—*Scenes*, chap. x. 19

A GIN-SHOP—*Scenes*, chap. xxii.

THE PAWNBROKER'S SHOP—*Scenes*, chap. xxiii.

CHILDREN WERE PLAYING ON THE GRASS; GROUPS . . . CHATTING AND LAUGHING; BUT THE MAN WALKED STEADILY UP AND DOWN, UNHEEDING AND UNHEEDED—*Characters*, chap. i.

"What do you mean by that, Scoundrel?" exclaimed Mr. Samuel Wilkins . . . "What's the matter with you, you little Humbug?" replied Whiskers—*Characters*, chap. iv.

The Prisoners' van—*Characters*, chap. xii.

HURRYING ALONG A BY-STREET, KEEPING AS CLOSE AS HE CAN TO THE AREA RAILINGS, A MAN OF ABOUT FORTY OR FIFTY, CLAD IN AN OLD RUSTY SUIT OF THREADBARE BLACK CLOTH—*Characters*, chap. X.

"I RECEIVED A NOTE"—HE SAID TREMULOUSLY, IN A VOICE LIKE A PUNCH WITH A COLD—"YES," RETURNED THE OTHER, "YOU DID,"—"EXACTLY,"—"YES"—*Tales*, chap. i.

"NO WHAT?" INQUIRED MRS. BLOSS WITH A LOOK OF THE MOST INDESCRIBABLE ALARM
"NO STOMACH," REPEATED MRS. TIBBS WITH A SHAKE OF THE HEAD—*Tales*, chap. i.

THE DEAR LITTLE FELLOW, HAVING RECOVERED HIS ANIMAL SPIRITS, WAS STANDING UPON HER MOST TENDER FOOT—*Tales*, chap. iii.

"SO EXACTLY THE AIR OF THE MARQUIS," SAID THE MILITARY GENTLEMAN—*Tales*, chap. iv.

"How delightful, how refreshing it is, to retire from the cloudy storms, the vicissitudes, and the troubles of life, even if it be but for a few fleeting moments."—*Tales*, chap. v.

"WHO WAS HE?" INQUIRED THE SURGEON. "MY SON!" REJOINED THE WOMAN; AND FELL SENSELESS AT HIS FEET—*Tales*, chap. vi.

THE FACETIOUS HARDY, IN FULFILMENT OF HIS PROMISE, HAD WATCHED THE CHILD TO A REMOTE PART OF THE VESSEL, AND, SUDDENLY APPEARING BEFORE HIM WITH THE MOST AWFUL CONTORTIONS OF VISAGE, HAD PRODUCED HIS PAROXYSMS OF TERROR—*Tales*, chap. vii.

One Gentleman was observed suddenly to rush from table without the slightest ostensible reason, and dart up the steps with incredible swiftness, thereby greatly damaging both himself and the Steward, who happened to be coming down at the same moment—*Tales*, chap. vii.

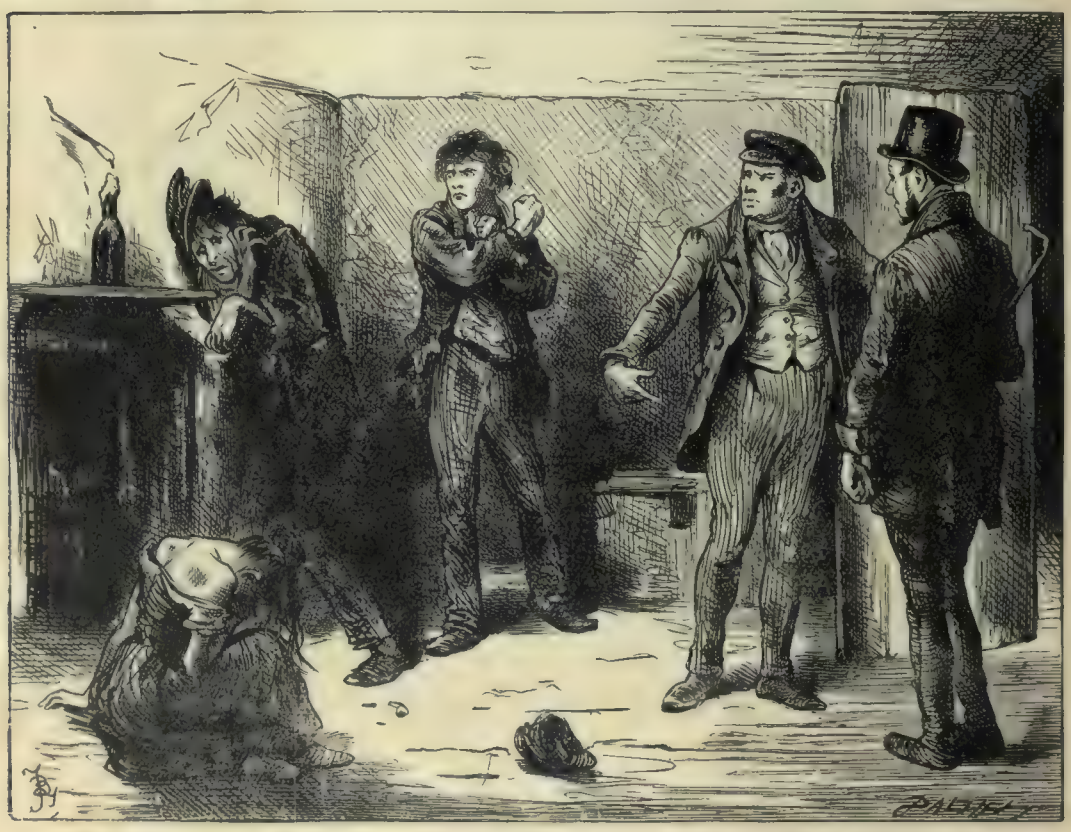
"LEAVE THAT 'ERE BELL ALONE, YOU WRETCHED LOO-NATTIC!" SAID THE BOOTS, SUDDENLY FORCING THE UNFORTUNATE TROTT BACK INTO HIS CHAIR, AND BRANDISHING THE STICK ALOFT—*Tales*, chap. viii.

THE BLACK VEIL—*Tales*, chap. vi.

"WHY," REPLIED MR. WALKINS TOTTLE EVASIVELY; FOR HE TREMBLED VIOLENTLY, AND FELT A SUDDEN TINGLING THROUGHOUT HIS WHOLE FRAME; "WHY—I SHOULD CERTAINLY—AT LEAST, I *think* I SHOULD LIKE——"—*Tales*, chap. x. 1

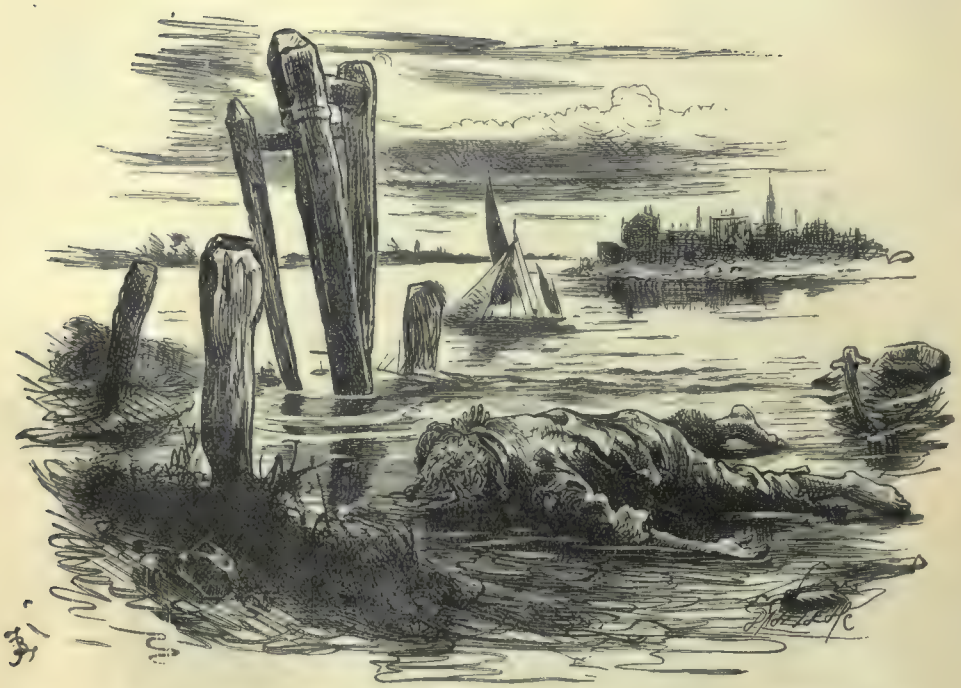
MR. NICODEMUS DUMPS . . . CROSS, CADAVEROUS, ODD AND ILL-NATURED—
Tales, chap. xi.

"I've brought this here note," replied the individual in the painted tops in a hoarse whisper; "I've brought this here note from a Gen'l'm'n as come to our house this mornin'."—*Tales*, chap. x. 2



He raised his manacled hands in a threatening attitude, fixed his eyes on his shrinking Parent and slowly left the room—*Tales*, chap. xii.

LOOKS THAT HE HAD LONG FORGOTTEN WERE FIXED UPON HIM ONCE MORE; VOICES LONG SINCE HUSHED IN DEATH SOUNDED IN HIS EARS LIKE THE MUSIC OF VILLAGE BELLS—*Tales*, chap. xii.

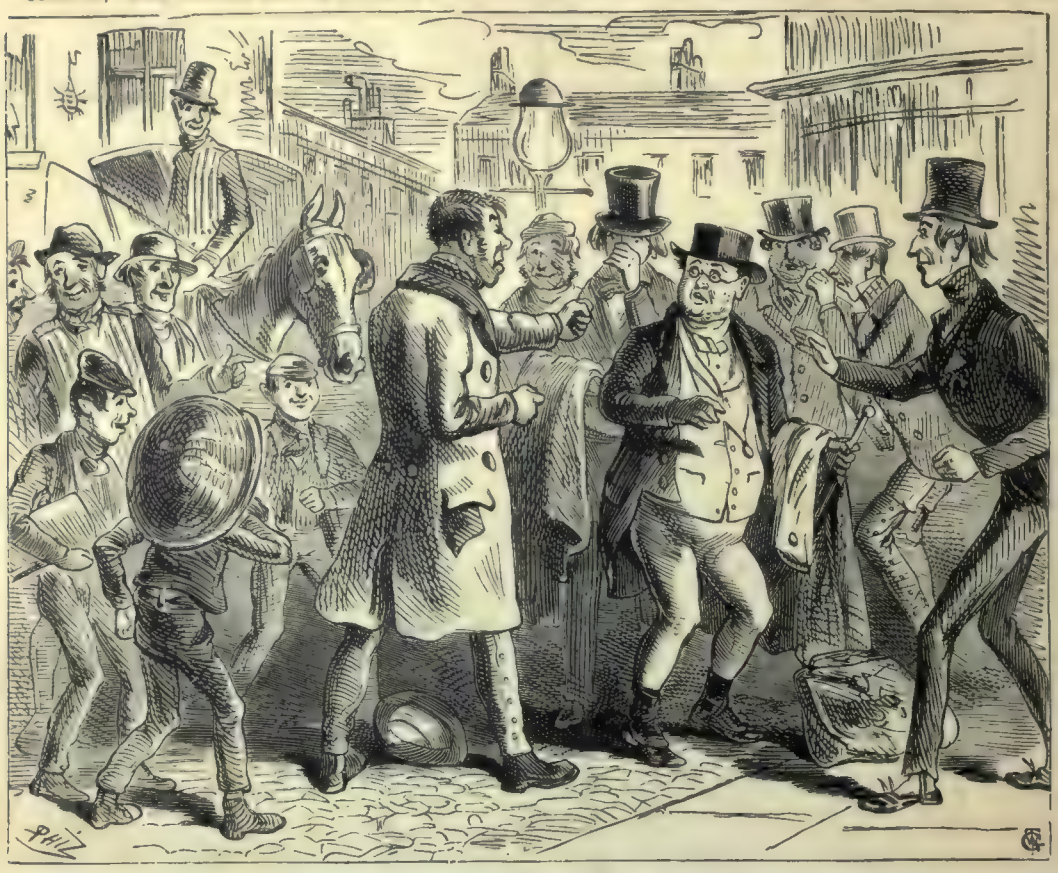


THE BODY WAS WASHED ASHORE, SOME MILES DOWN THE RIVER, A SWOLLEN DISFIGURED MASS
Tales, chap. xii.

THE POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF THE PICKWICK CLUB

FIFTY-SEVEN ILLUSTRATIONS BY PHIZ

"COME ON," SAID THE CAB-DRIVER, SPARRING AWAY LIKE CLOCKWORK. "COME ON—ALL FOUR ON YOU"—Chap. i.

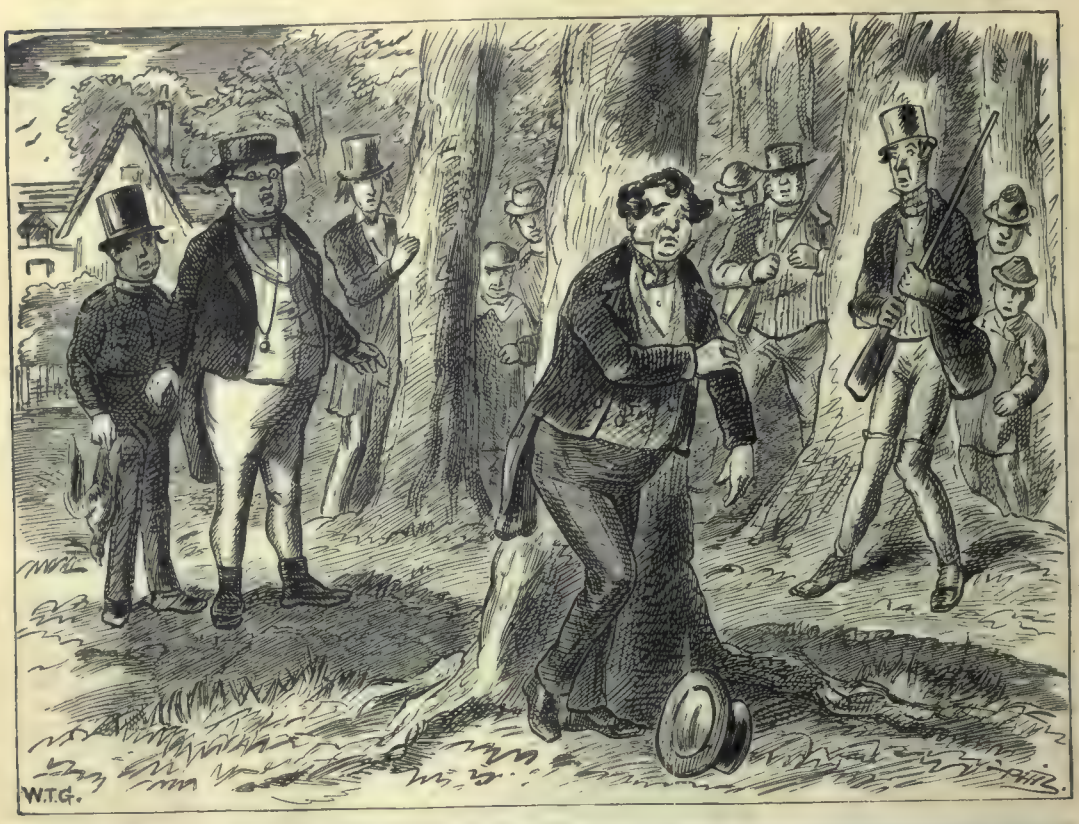


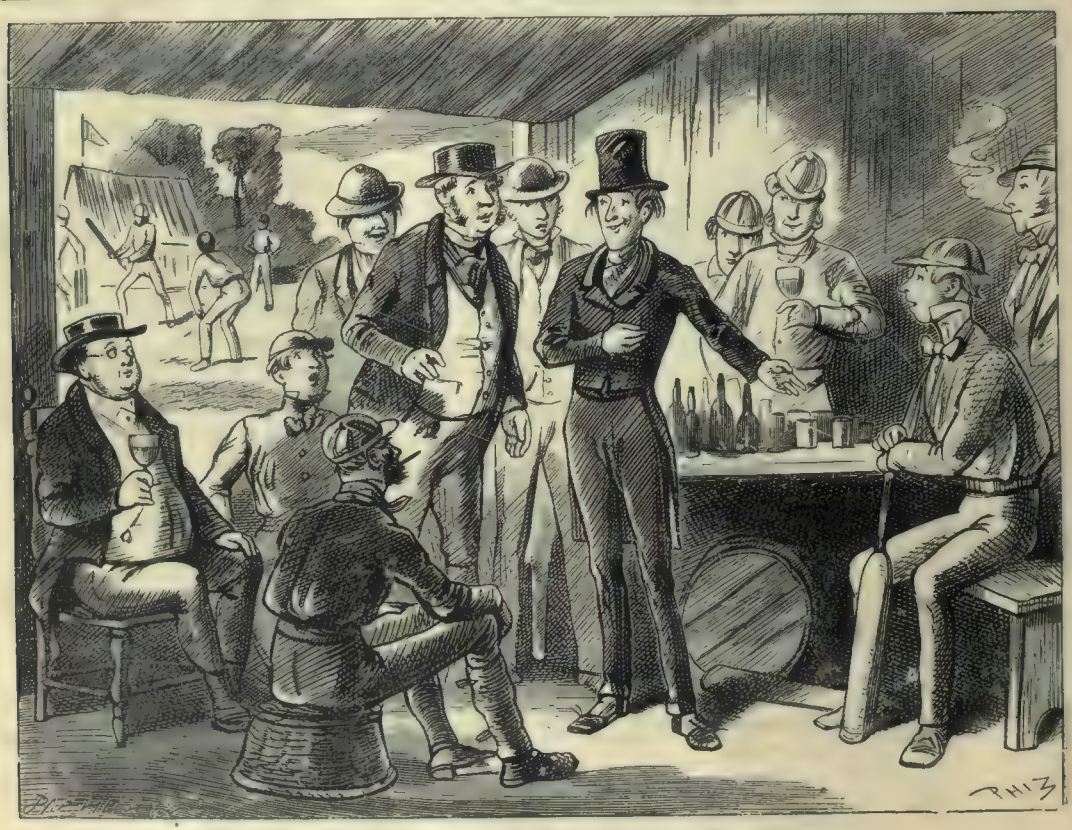
"WHAT! INTRODUCING HIS FRIEND!"—Chap. ii.

Mr. Snodgrass and Mr. Winkle had each performed a compulsory summerset with remarkable agility—Chap. iv.

The horse no sooner beheld Mr. Pickwick advancing with the chaise whip in his hand—Chap. v.

THERE WAS A SCREAM AS OF AN INDIVIDUAL—NOT A ROOK—IN CORPOREAL ANGUISH. MR. TUPMAN HAD SAVED THE LIVES OF INNUMERABLE UNOFFENDING BIRDS BY RECEIVING A PORTION OF THE CHARGE IN HIS LEFT ARM Chap. vii.





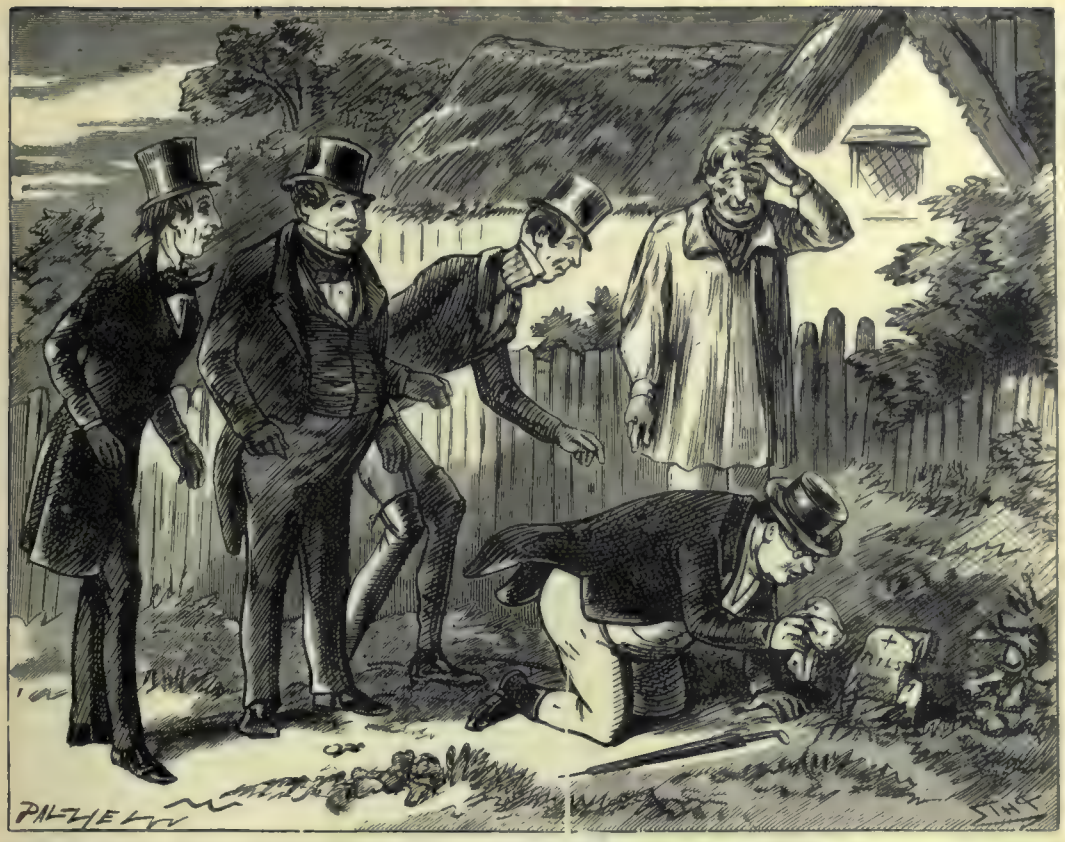
MR. WARDLE LOOKED ON, IN SILENT WONDER—Chap. vii.

OLD MR. WARDLE, WITH A HIGHLY-INFLAMED COUNTENANCE, WAS GRASPING THE HAND OF A STRANGE GENTLEMAN—Chap. viii.

Mr. Tupman looked round. There was the fat boy—Chap. viii.

Sam stole a look at the inquirer—Chap. x.

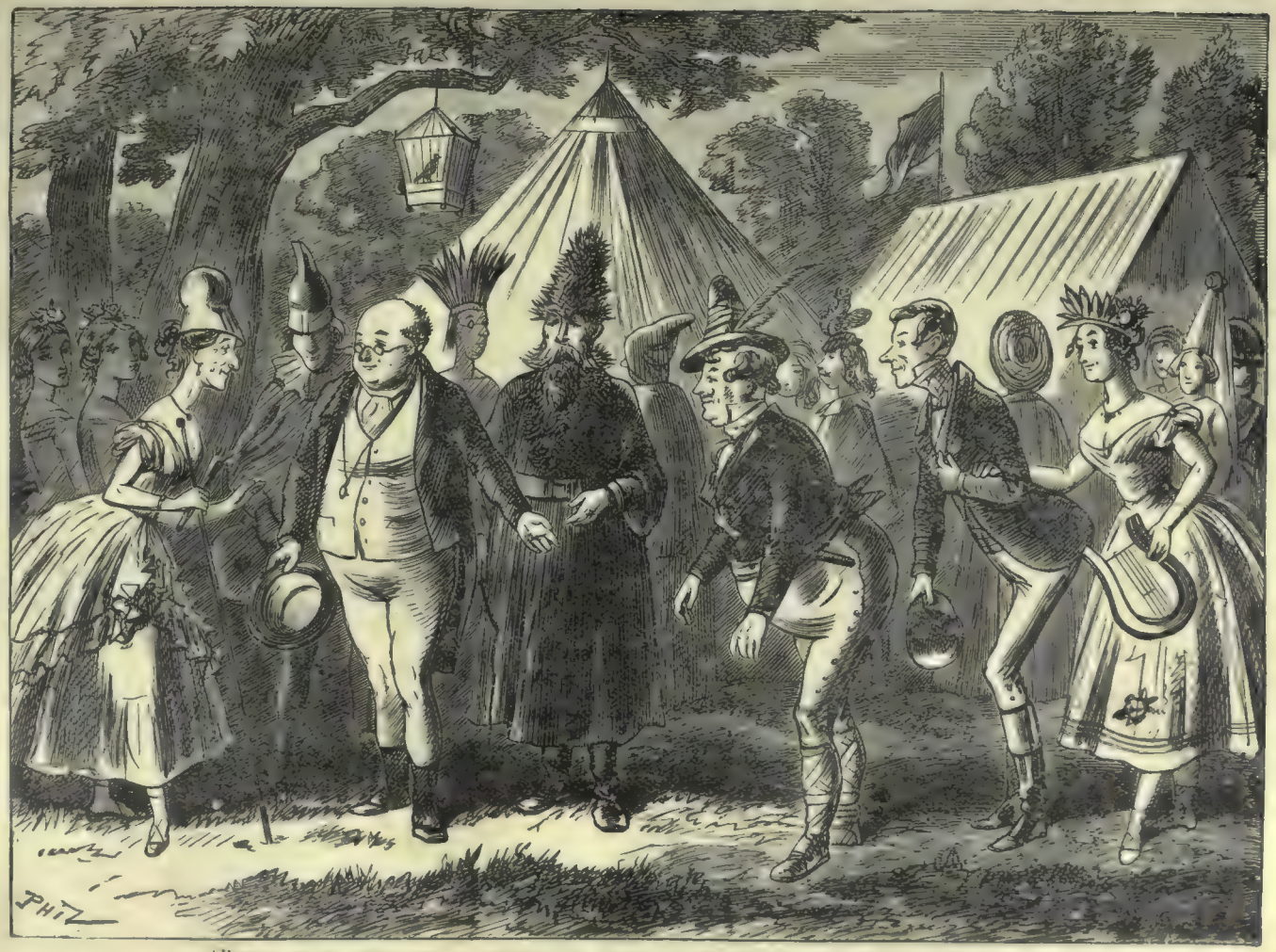
"God bless me, what's the matter"—Chap. xi.



"Take this little villain away," said the agonised Mr. Pickwick—Chap. xii.

"He has come out," said little Mr. Perker, greatly excited; the more so as their position did not enable them to see what was going forward—Chap. xiii.

The chair was an ugly old gentleman; and what was more, he was winking at Tom Smart—Chap. xiv.



"Permit me to introduce my friends—Mr. Tupman—Mr. Winkle—Mr. Snodgrass"—Chap. xv.

THE HEROIC MAN ACTUALLY THREW HIMSELF INTO A PARALYTIC ATTITUDE, CONFIDENTLY SUPPOSED BY THE TWO BYSTANDERS TO HAVE BEEN INTENDED AS A POSTURE OF SELF-DEFENCE—Chap. XV.

MR. WELLER WAS DISPELLING ALL THE FEVERISH REMAINS OF THE PREVIOUS EVENING'S CONVIVIALITY, . . . WHEN HE WAS ATTRACTED BY THE APPEARANCE OF A YOUNG FELLOW IN MULBERRY-COLOURED LIVERY—Chap. XVI.

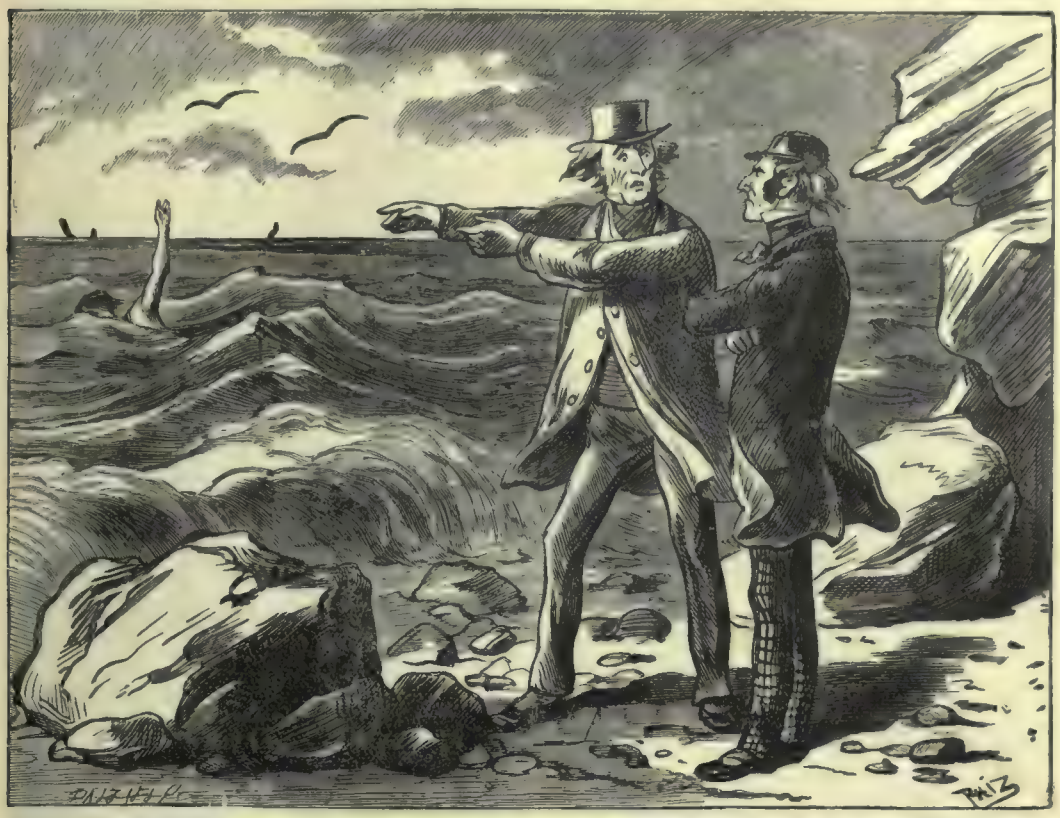
THE DOOR WAS JUST GOING TO BE CLOSED IN CONSEQUENCE, WHEN AN INQUISITIVE BOARDER, WHO HAD BEEN PEEPING BETWEEN THE HINGES, SET UP A FEARFUL SCREAMING—Chap. xvi.

OLD LOEBS GAVE IT ONE TUG, AND OPEN IT FLEW, DISCLOSING NATHANIEL PIPKIN STANDING BOLT UPRIGHT INSIDE, AND SHAKING WITH APPREHENSION FROM HEAD TO FOOT—Chap. xvii.

"WHO ARE YOU, YOU RASCAL?" SAID THE CAPTAIN, ADMINISTERING SEVERAL POKES TO MR. PICKWICK'S BODY WITH THE THICK STICK. "WHAT'S YOUR NAME?"—Chap. xix.

"YOU JUST COME AVAY," SAID MR. WELLER. "BATTLEDORE AND SHUTTLECOCK'S A WERY GOOD GAME, WHEN YOU AN'T THE SHUTTLECOCK AND TWO LAWYERS THE BATTLEDORES"—Chap. xx.

"HEYLING! SAID THE OLD MAN WILDLY. "MY BOY, HEYLING, MY DEAR BOY, LOOK, LOOK!" GASPING FOR BREATH, THE MISERABLE FATHER POINTED TO THE SPOT WHERE THE YOUNG MAN WAS STRUGGLING FOR LIFE—Chap. xxi.



STANDING BEFORE THE DRESSING-GLASS WAS A MIDDLE-AGED LADY IN YELLOW CURL-PAPERS, BUSILY ENGAGED IN BRUSHING WHAT LADIES CALL THEIR "BACK HAIR"—Chap. xxii.

MR. PICKWICK NO SOONER PUT ON HIS SPECTACLES, THAN HE AT ONCE RECOGNISED IN THE FUTURE MRS. MAGNUS THE LADY INTO WHOSE ROOM HE HAD SO UNWARRANTABLY INTRUDED ON THE PREVIOUS NIGHT—Chap. xxiv.

A COMPLIMENT WHICH MR. WELLER RETURNED BY KNOCKING HIM DOWN OUT OF HAND: HAVING PREVIOUSLY, WITH THE UTMOST CONSIDERATION, KNOCKED DOWN A CHAIRMAN FOR HIM TO LIE UPON—Chap. xxiv.

THE KITCHEN DOOR OPENED, AND IN WALKED MR. JOB TROTTER—Chap. XXV.

SAM LOOKED AT THE FAT BOY WITH GREAT ASTONISHMENT, BUT WITHOUT SAYING A WORD—Chap. XXVIII.

Before Mr. Pickwick distinctly knew what was the matter, he was surrounded by the whole body, and kissed by every one of them—Chap. xxviii.

Seated on an upright tombstone, close to him, was a strange unearthly figure—Chap. xxix.

MR. PICKWICK . . . . WENT SLOWLY AND GRAVELY DOWN THE SLIDE, WITH HIS FEET ABOUT A YARD AND A QUARTER APART, AMIDST THE GRATIFIED SHOUTS OF ALL THE SPECTATORS—Chap. XXX.

A LITTLE FIERCE WOMAN BOUNCED INTO THE ROOM, ALL IN A TREMBLE WITH PASSION, AND PALE WITH RAGE
Chap. XXXII.

WITH A COUNTENANCE GREATLY MOLLIFIED BY THE SOFTENING INFLUENCE OF TOBACCO, REQUESTED HIM TO "FIRE AWAY"—Chap. xxxiii.

BEFORE SAM COULD INTERFERE TO PREVENT IT, HIS HEROIC PARENT HAD PENETRATED INTO A REMOTE CORNER OF THE ROOM, AND ATTACKED THE REVEREND MR. STIGGINS WITH MANUAL DEXTERITY—Chap. xxxiii.

An admonitory gesture from Perker restrained him, and he listened to the learned gentleman's continuation with a look of indignation—Chap. xxxiv.

Poor Mr. Pickwick! he had never played with three thorough-paced female card-players before
Chap. xxxv.

He no sooner heard the horrible threat of the valorous Dowler, than he bounced out of the sedan—Chap. xxxvi.

Mr. Tuckle, dressed out with the cocked-hat and stick, danced the frog hornpipe among the shells on the table—Chap. xxxvii.

Mr Bob Sawyer's boy . . . . peeped through the glass door, and thus listened and looked on at the same time—Chap. xxxviii.

"Unlock that door, and leave this room immediately, sir," said Mr. Winkle—Chap. xxxviii.

"My dear," said Mr. Pickwick, looking over the wall, and catching sight of Arabella on the other side. "Don't be frightened, my dear, 'tis only me."—Chap. xxxix.

Mr. Pickwick sitting for his portrait—Chap. xl.

LETTING HIS HAT FALL ON THE FLOOR, HE STOOD PERFECTLY FIXED AND IMMOVABLE WITH ASTONISHMENT—Chap. xlii.

WITH THIS, THE SPEAKER SNATCHED THAT ARTICLE OF DRESS FROM MR. PICKWICK'S HEAD—Chap. xli.

SAM, HAVING BEEN FORMALLY INTRODUCED . . . . AS THE OFFSPRING OF MR. WELLER, OF THE BELLE SAVAGE, WAS TREATED WITH MARKED DISTINCTION—Chap. xliii.

DO YOU ALWAYS SMOKE ARTER YOU GOES TO BED, OLD COCK?" INQUIRED MR. WELLER OF HIS LANDLORD, WHEN THEY HAD BOTH RETIRED FOR THE NIGHT—Chap. xliv.

MR. STIGGINS, GETTING ON HIS LEGS AS WELL AS HE COULD, PROCEEDED TO DELIVER AN EDIFYING DISCOURSE FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE COMPANY—Chap. xliv.

Mrs. Bardell screamed violently; Tommy roared; Mrs. Cluppins shrunk within herself, and Mrs. Sanders made off without more ado—Chap. xlvi.

Mr. Pickwick could scarcely believe the evidence of his own senses—Chap. xlvii.

THESE ATTENTIONS WERE DIRECTED, NOT TOWARDS HIM, BUT TO A YOUNG LADY WHO JUST THEN APPEARED AT THE FOOT OF THE STEPS—Chap. xlix.

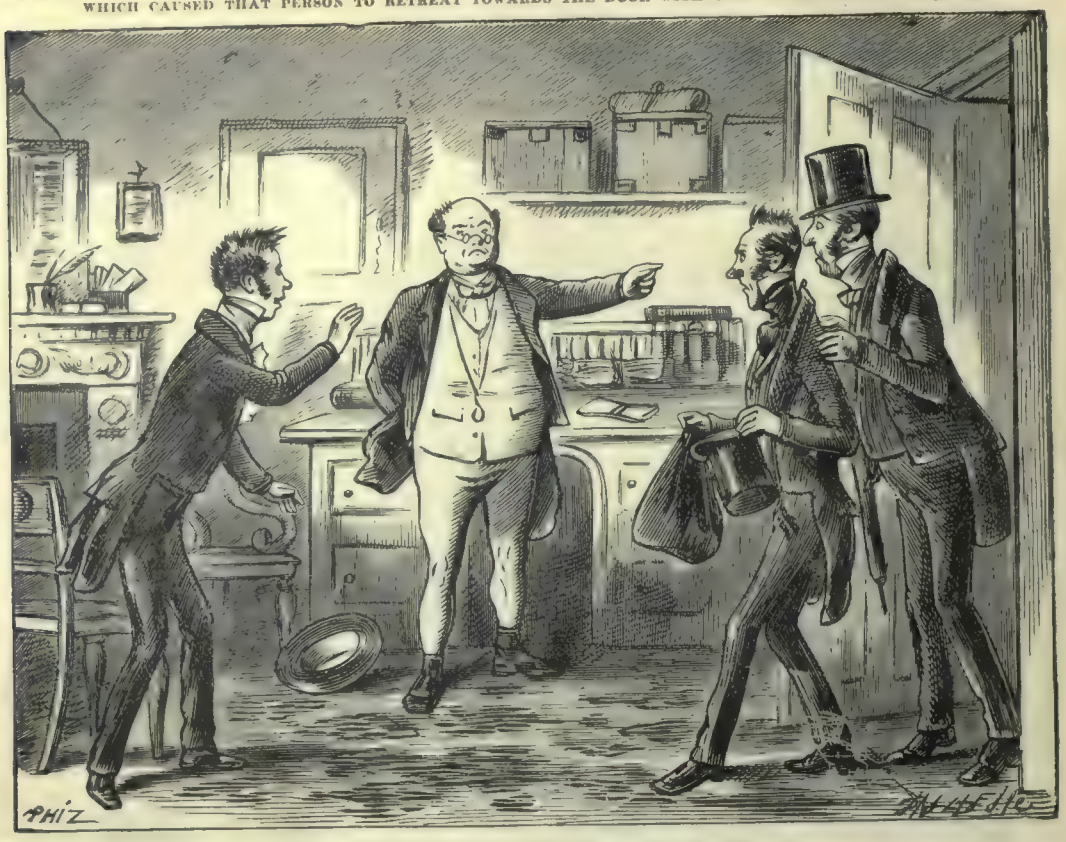
MR. BOB SAWYER WAS SEATED: NOT IN THE DICKEY, BUT ON THE ROOF OF THE CHAISE—Chap. l.

SNATCHING UP A MEAL-SACK, EFFECTUALLY STOPPED THE CONFLICT BY DRAWING IT OVER THE HEAD AND SHOULDERS OF THE MIGHTY POTT—Chap. II.

SUDDENLY AWARE THAT HE WAS IN THE PRESENCE OF A STRANGER, MR. BEN ALLEN ADVANCED—Chap. I.

IT WAS A STILL MORE EXCITING SPECTACLE TO BEHOLD MR. WELLER . . . . IMMERSING MR. STIGGINS'S HEAD IN A HORSE-TROUGH FULL OF WATER, AND HOLDING IT THERE UNTIL HE WAS HALF SUFFOCATED—Chap. III.

"I SAY INSOLENT FAMILIARITY, SIR," SAID MR. PICKWICK, TURNING UPON FOGG WITH A FIERCENESS OF GESTURE WHICH CAUSED THAT PERSON TO RETREAT TOWARDS THE DOOR WITH GREAT EXPEDITION—Chap. lliii



"I SAY, HOW NICE YOU LOOK!"—Chap. liv

THE MOTTLED-FACED GENTLEMAN REVIEWED THE COMPANY, AND SLOWLY LIFTED HIS HAND—Chap. lv.

THE WORDS WERE SCARCELY OUT OF THE OLD GENTLEMAN'S LIPS, WHEN FOOTSTEPS WERE HEARD ASCENDING THE STAIRS—Chap. lvi.

THE ADVENTURES OF OLIVER TWIST

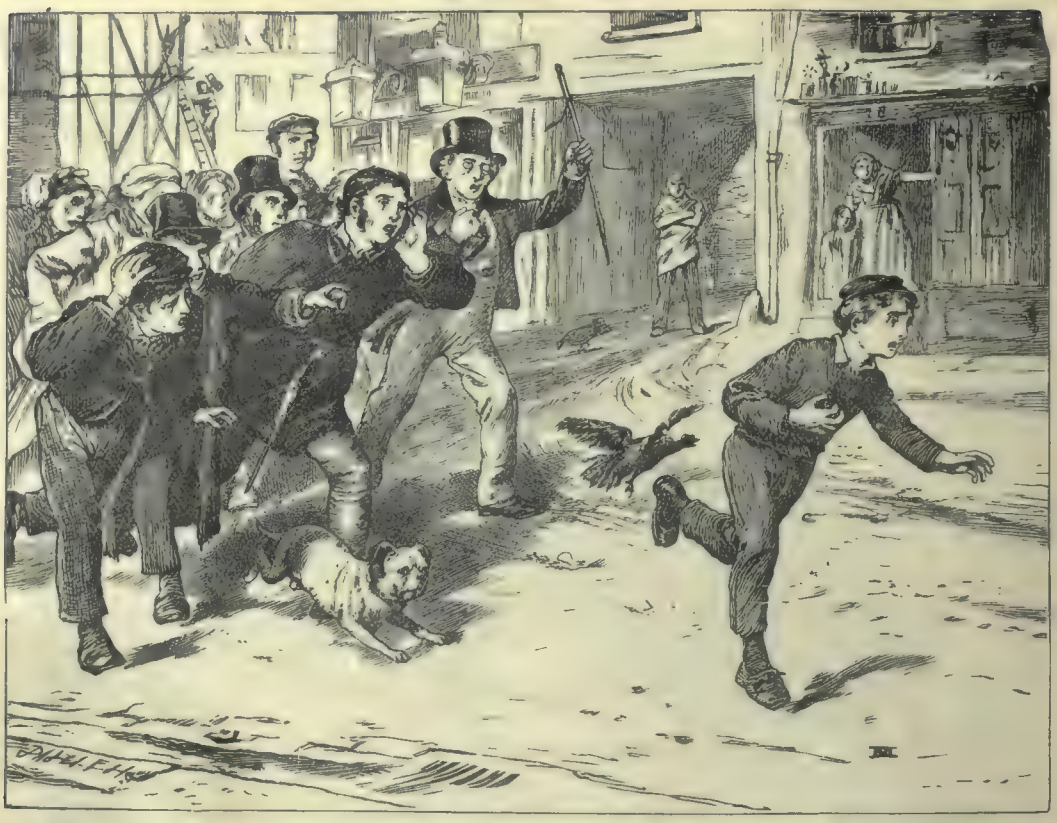
TWENTY-EIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. MAHONEY

"LIBERAL TERMS, MR. SOWERBERRY, LIBERAL TERMS!"—Chap. iv.

Oliver rather astonishes Noah—Chap. vi.

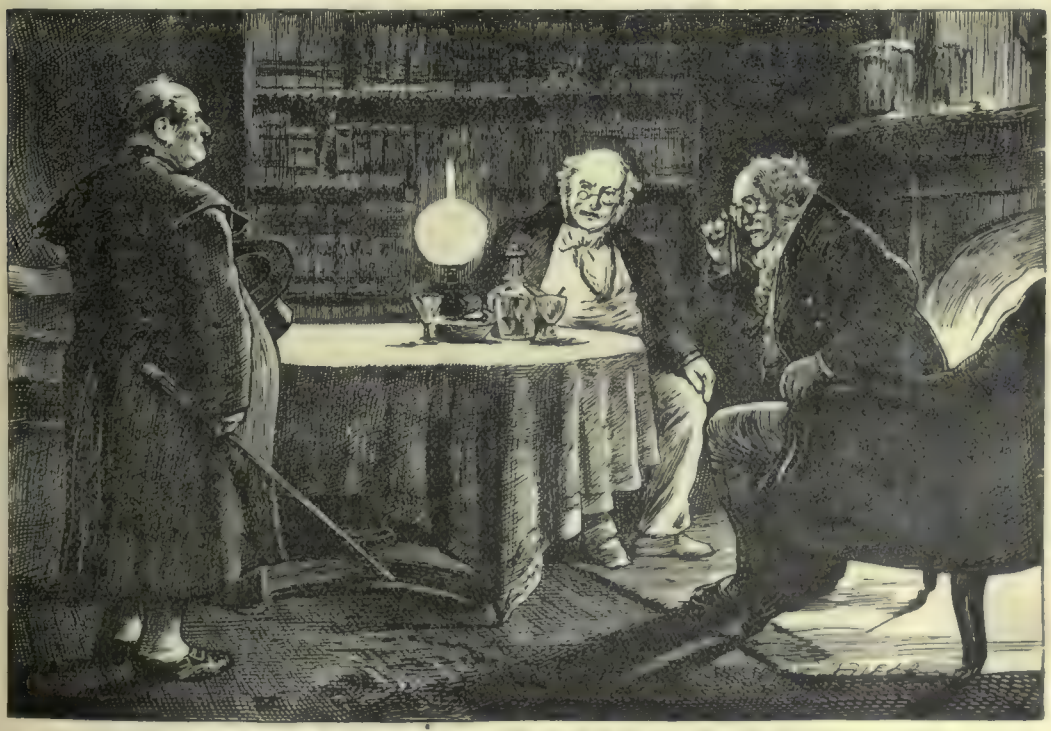
"Hullo, my covey! What's the row?"—Chap. viii.

"Stop thief!"—Chap. x.



"What's become of the boy?"—Chap. xiii.

"You are on the scent, are you, Nancy?"—Chap xv.

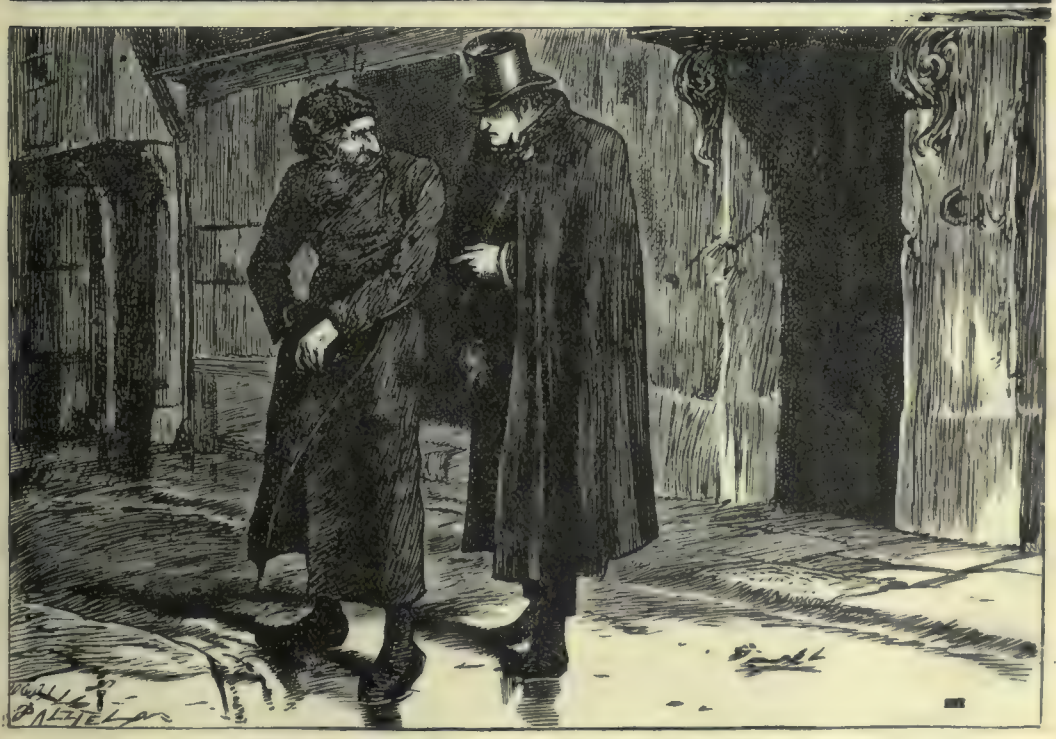


"A beadle! a parish beadle, or I'll eat my head"—Chap. xvii.

THE BOY WAS LYING FAST ASLEEP, ON A RUDE BED UPON THE FLOOR—Chap. xix.

SIKES, WITH OLIVER'S HANDS STILL IN HIS, SOFTLY APPROACHED THE LOW PORCH—Chap. xxi.

"DIRECTLY I LEAVE GO OF YOU, DO YOUR WORK. HARK!"—Chap. xxii.



"FAGIN!" WHISPERED A VOICE CLOSE TO HIS EAR—Chap. xxvi.

"Don't sigh, Mrs. Corney," said Mr. Bumble—Chap. xxvii.

"Just send somebody out to relieve my mate, will you, young man?"—Chap. xxxi.

WHEN IT BECAME QUITE DARK, AND THEY RETURNED HOME, THE YOUNG LADY WOULD SIT DOWN TO THE PIANO, AND PLAY SOME PLEASANT AIR—Chap. xxxii.

LOOKING ROUND, HE SAW THAT IT WAS A POST-CHAISE, DRIVEN AT GREAT SPEED—Chap. xxxiv.

A "FEW—A VERY FEW—WILL SUFFICE, ROSE," SAID THE YOUNG MAN, DRAWING HIS CHAIR TOWARDS HER—Chap. XXXV.

"WERE YOU LOOKING FOR ME," HE SAID, "WHEN YOU PEERED IN AT THE WINDOW?"—Chap. XXXVII.

THE EVIDENCE DESTROYED—Chap. XXXVIII.

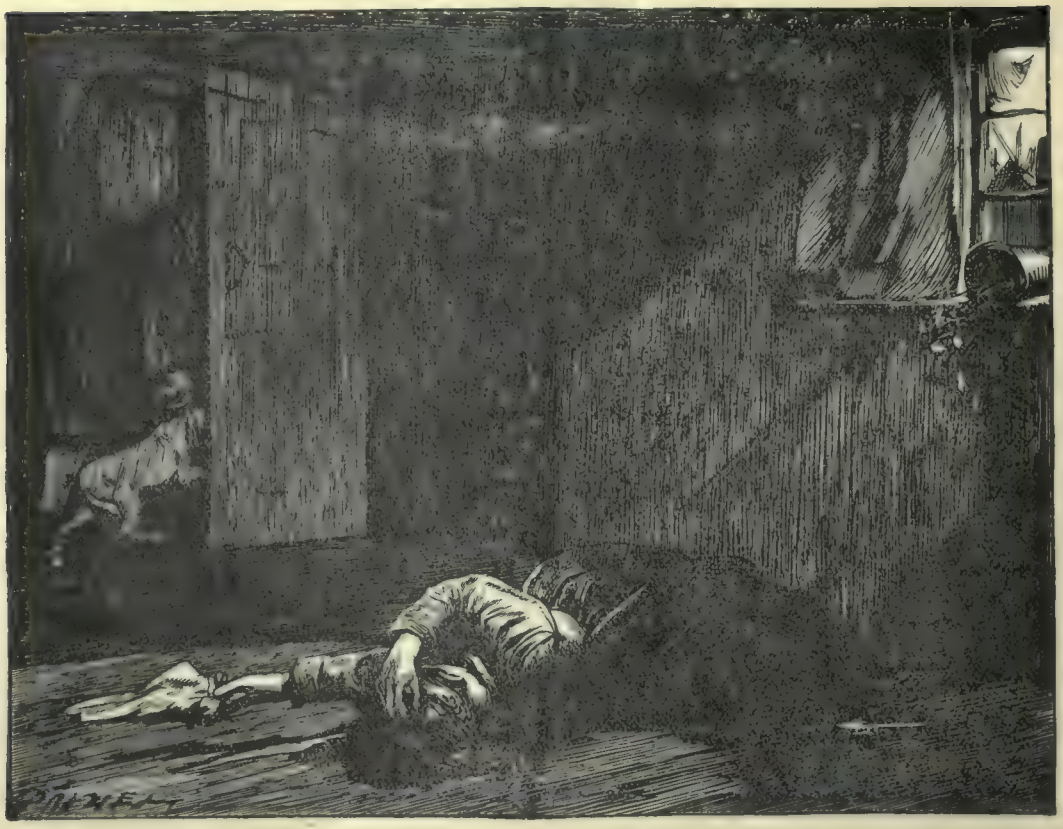
THEN, STOOPING SOFTLY OVER THE BED, SHE KISSED THE ROBBER'S LIPS—Chap. xxxix.

"LOOK THERE! . THOSE ARE THE LIGHTS OF LONDON"—Chap. xlii.

"WHAT IS THIS?" INQUIRED ONE OF THE MAGISTRATES. "A PICK-POCKETING CASE, YOUR WORSHIP"—Chap. xliii.

WHEN SHE WAS ABOUT THE SAME DISTANCE IN ADVANCE AS SHE HAD BEEN BEFORE, HE SLIPPED QUIETLY DOWN, AND FOLLOWED HER AGAIN—Chap. xlvi.

He moved, backward, towards the door: dragged the dog with him—Chap. xlviii.



And creeping over the tiles, looked over the low parapet—Chap. l.

"Do you know the young lady, sir?"—Chap. II.

He sat down on the stone bench opposite the door—Chap. IVI

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF NICHOLAS NICKLEBY

FIFTY-NINE ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRED BARNARD

Ralph Nickleby and Newman Noggs—Chap. ii.

The Uncle and Nephew looked at each other for some seconds without speaking—Chap. iii

THE SCHOOLMASTER AND HIS COMPANION LOOKED STEADILY AT EACH OTHER FOR A FEW SECONDS, AND THEN EXCHANGED A VERY MEANING SMILE

Chap. iv.

"SNUBS AND ROMANS ARE PLENTIFUL ENOUGH, AND THERE ARE FLATS OF ALL SORTS AND SIZES WHEN THERE'S A MEETING AT EXETER HALL"—Chap. v.

"VERY GLAD TO MAKE YOUR ACQUAINTANCE, MISS," SAID SQUEERS, RAISING HIS HAT AN INCH OR TWO—Chap. v.

On the opposite side of the fire, there sat with folded arms a wrinkling hideous figure—Chap. vi.

The first class English spelling and philosophy—Chap. viii.

"Pain and fear, pain and fear for me, alive or dead. No hope, no hope!"—Chap. viii.

Kate walked sadly back to their lodgings in the Strand—Chap. x.

"Oh! as soft as possible, if you please"—Chap. ix.

"WRETCH," REJOINED NICHOLAS FIERCELY, "TOUCH HIM AT YOUR PERIL! I WILL NOT STAND BY, AND SEE IT DONE. MY BLOOD IS UP, AND I HAVE THE STRENGTH OF TEN SUCH MEN AS YOU"—Chap. xiii.

"I CAN—NOT HELP IT, AND IT DON'T SIGNIFY," SOBBED MRS. KENWIGS. "OH! THEY'RE TOO BEAUTIFUL TO LIVE, MUCH TOO BEAUTIFUL!"—Chap. xiv.

THERE CAME INTO THE OFFICE AN APPLICANT IN WHOSE FAVOUR HE IMMEDIATELY RETIRED, AND WHOSE APPEARANCE BOTH SURPRISED AND INTERESTED HIM—Chap. vi.

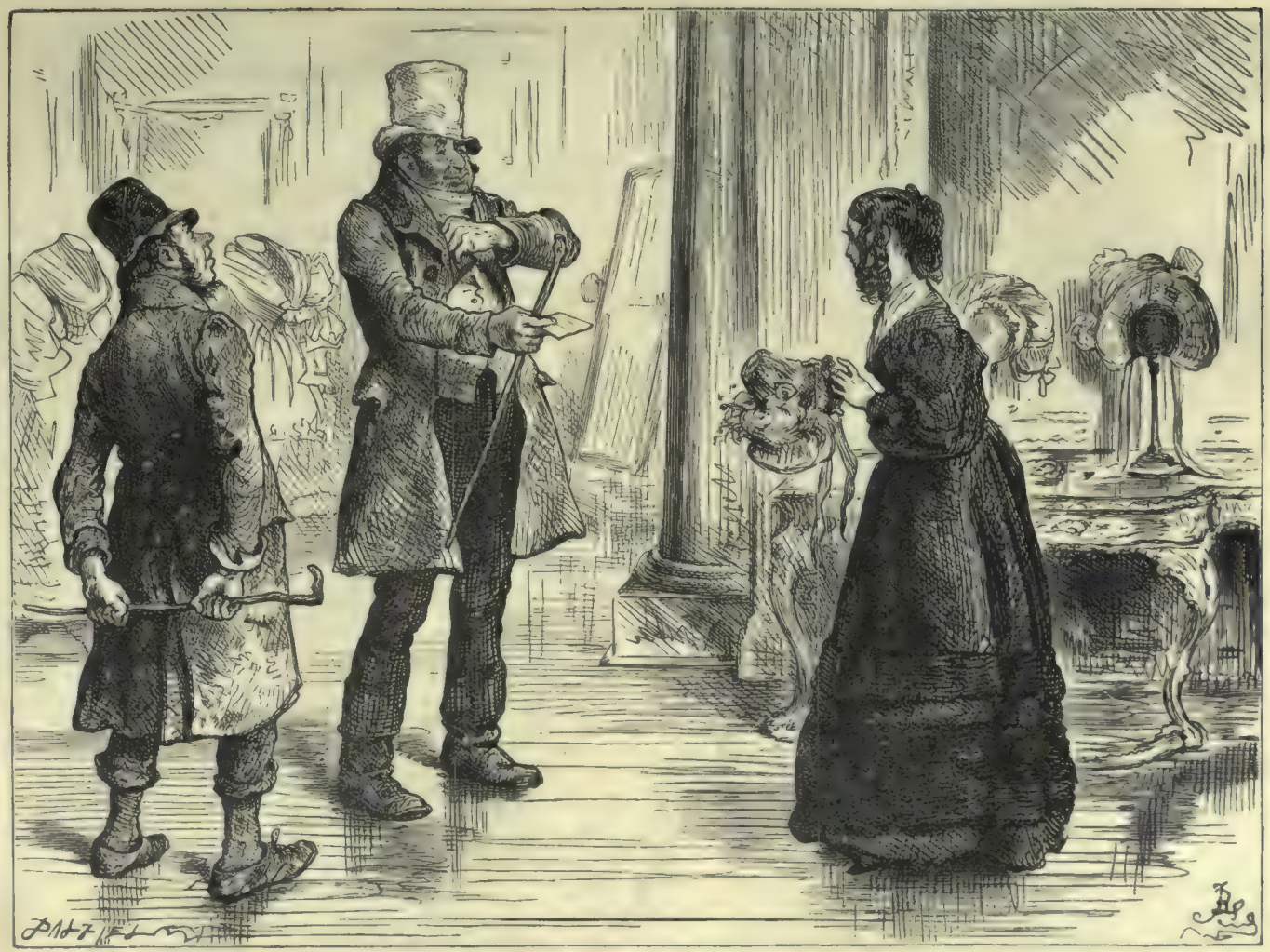
"I DON'T FORGET YOU, MY SOUL, AND NEVER SHALL, AND NEVER CAN," SAID MANTALINI, KISSING HIS WIFE'S HAND AND GRIMACING ASIDE TO MISS NICKLEBY, WHO TURNED AWAY—Chap. xvii.

"A MISERABLE WRETCH," EXCLAIMED MR. KNAG, STRIKING HIS FOREHEAD. "A MISERABLE WRETCH"—Chap. xviii.

"I AM AFRAID YOU HAVE BEEN GIVING HER SOME OF YOUR WICKED LOOKS, MY LORD," SAID THE INTENDED—Chap. xviii

BUT THE YOUNG LADY MAKING A VIOLENT EFFORT TO DISENGAGE HERSELF, HE LOST HIS BALANCE, AND MEASURED HIS LENGTH UPON THE GROUND—Chap. xix.

THE DRESSING-ROOM DOOR BEING HASTILY FLUNG OPEN, MR. MANTALINI WAS DISCLOSED TO VIEW, WITH HIS SHIRT COLLAR SYMMETRICALLY THROWN BACK: PUTTING A FINE EDGE TO A BREAKFAST KNIFE BY MEANS OF HIS RAZOR STROP—Chap. xxi.



"'You can just give him that ere card, and tell him if he wants to speak to me, and save trouble, here I am, that's all."
Chap. xxi.

MR. CRUMMLES LOOKED, FROM TIME TO TIME, WITH GREAT INTEREST AT SMIKE, WITH WHOM HE HAD APPEARED CONSIDERABLY STRUCK FROM THE FIRST.' HE HAD NOW FALLEN ASLEEP, AND WAS NODDING IN HIS CHAIR—Chap. xxii.

THE INDIAN SAVAGE AND THE MAIDEN—Chap. xxiii.

"As an exquisite embodiment of the poet's visions, and a realisation of human intellectuality, gilding with refulgent light our dreamy moments, and laying open a new and magic world before the mental eye, the drama is gone, perfectly gone," said Mr. Curdle—Chap. xxiv.

"Nickleby," said his client, throwing himself along the sofa on which he had been previously seated, so as to bring his lips nearer to the old man's ear. "What a pretty creature your niece is!"—Chap. xxvi.

SIR MULBERRY HAWK AND HIS FRIEND EXCHANGED GLANCES OVER THE TOP OF THE BONNET—Chap. XXVI.

"I SEE HOW IT IS," SAID POOR NOGGS, DRAWING FROM HIS POCKET WHAT SEEMED TO BE A VERY OLD DUSTER, AND WIPING KATE'S EYES WITH IT AS GENTLY AS IF SHE WERE AN INFANT—Chap. xxviii.

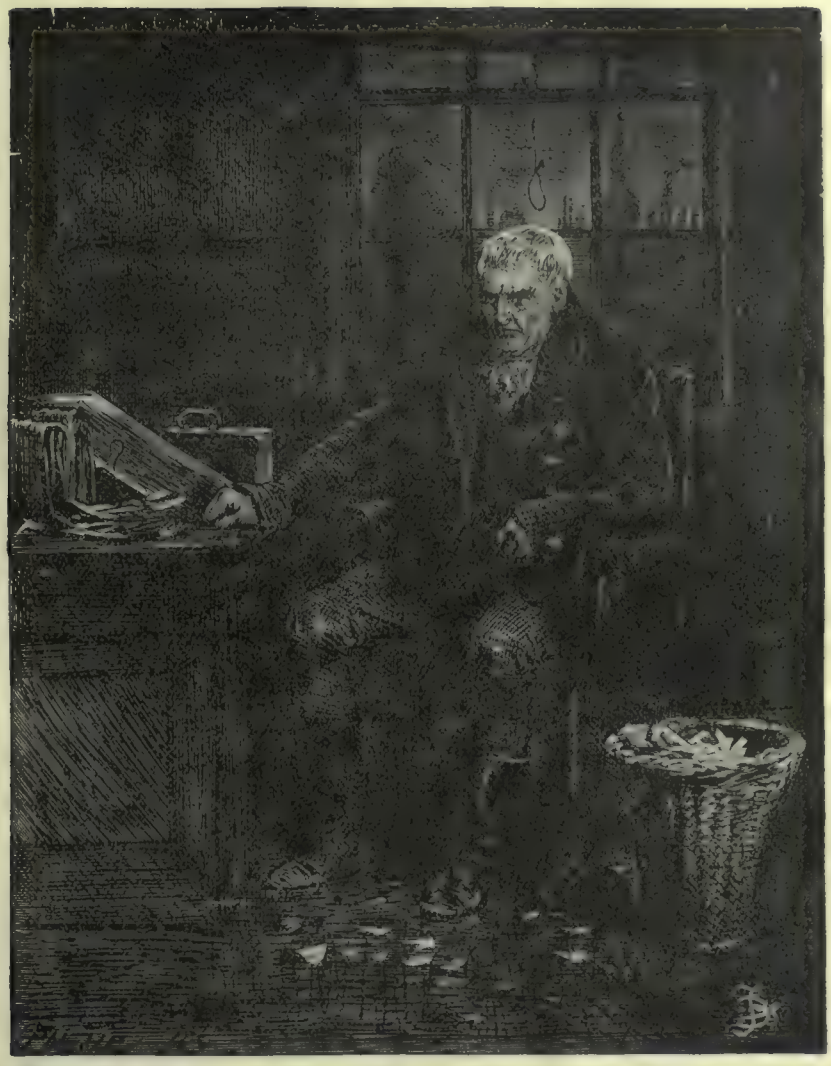
"But they shall not protect ye!" said the tragedian, taking an upward look at Nicholas, beginning at his boots and ending at the crown of his head—Chap. xxix.

Mr. Snevellicci repeated the wink, and, drinking to Mrs. Lillyvick in dumb-show, actually blew her a kiss—Chap. xxx.

LASHING HIMSELF UP TO AN EXTRAORDINARY PITCH OF FURY, NEWMAN NOGGS JERKED HIMSELF ABOUT THE ROOM WITH THE MOST ECCENTRIC MOTION EVER BEHELD IN A HUMAN BEING—Chap. xxxi.

"LOOK AT THEM TEARS, SIR!" SAID SQUEERS WITH A TRIUMPHANT AIR, AS MASTER WACKFORD WIPED HIS EYES WITH THE CUFF OF HIS JACKET; "THERE'S OILINESS"—Chap. xxxiv.

Sir Mulberry, shortening his whip, applied it furiously to the head and shoulders of Nicholas. It was broken in the struggle: Nicholas gained the heavy handle, and with it laid open one side of his antagonist's face from the eye to the lip—Chap. xxxii.



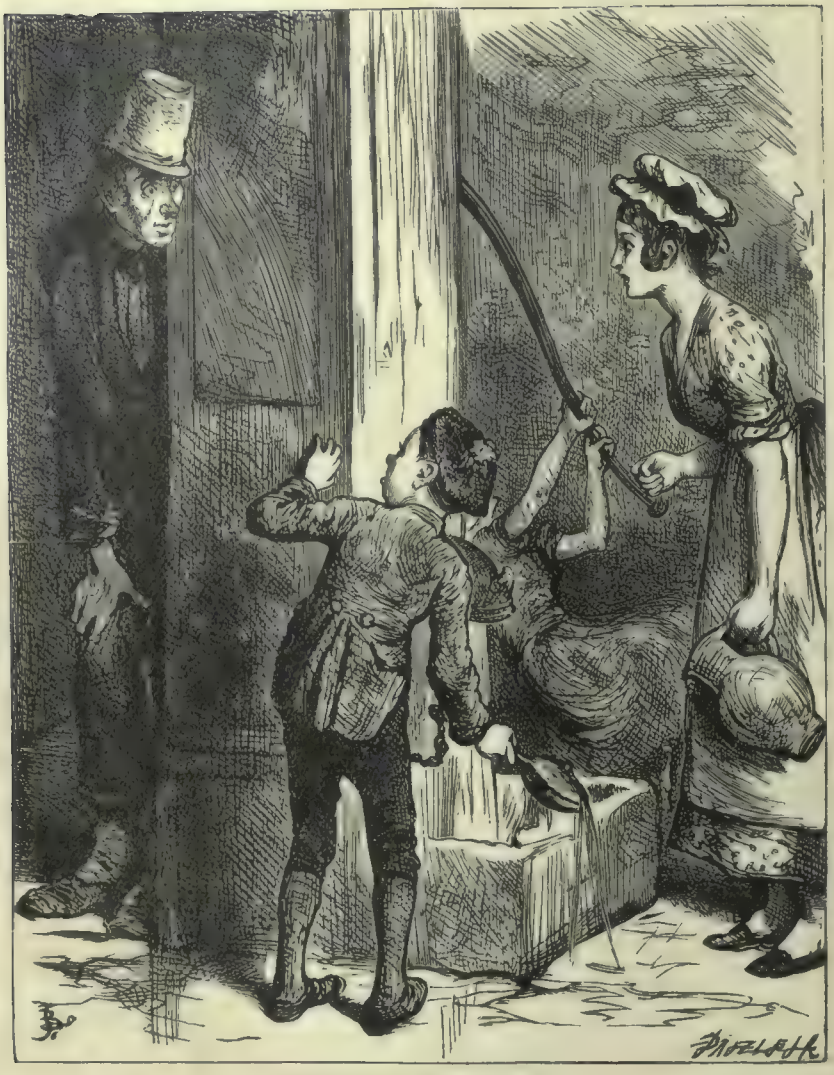
NIGHT FOUND HIM, AT LAST, STILL HARPING ON THE SAME THEME, AND STILL PURSUING THE SAME UNPROFITABLE REFLECTIONS—Chap. xxxiv.

"I'M NOT COMING AN HOUR LATER IN THE MORNING, YOU KNOW," SAID TIM, BREAKING OUT ALL AT ONCE, AND LOOKING VERY RESOLUTE. "I'M NOT GOING TO SLEEP IN THE FRESH AIR—NO, NOR I'M NOT GOING INTO THE COUNTRY EITHER" Chap. XXXV.

WITH THIS THE DOCTOR LAUGHED; BUT HE DIDN'T LAUGH HALF AS MUCH AS A MARRIED FRIEND OF MRS. KENWIGS'S, WHO HAD JUST COME IN FROM THE SICK CHAMBER—Chap. XXXVI.

"YE'ES," SAID THE OTHER, TURNING FULL UPON HIM. "IF YOU HAD TOLD HIM WHO YOU WERE; IF YOU HAD GIVEN HIM YOUR CARD, AND FOUND OUT, AFTERWARDS, THAT HIS STATION OR CHARACTER PREVENTED YOUR FIGHTING HIM, IT WOULD HAVE BEEN BAD ENOUGH THEN"—Chap. xxxviii.

DARTING IN, COVERED SMIKE'S MOUTH WITH HIS HUGE HAND BEFORE HE COULD UTTER A SOUND—Chap. xxxix.



THE MEDITATIVE OGRE—Chap. xl.

CONCLUDED BY STANDING ON ONE LEG, AND REPEATING HIS FAVOURITE BELLOW WITH INCREASED VEHEMENCE—Chap. xli.

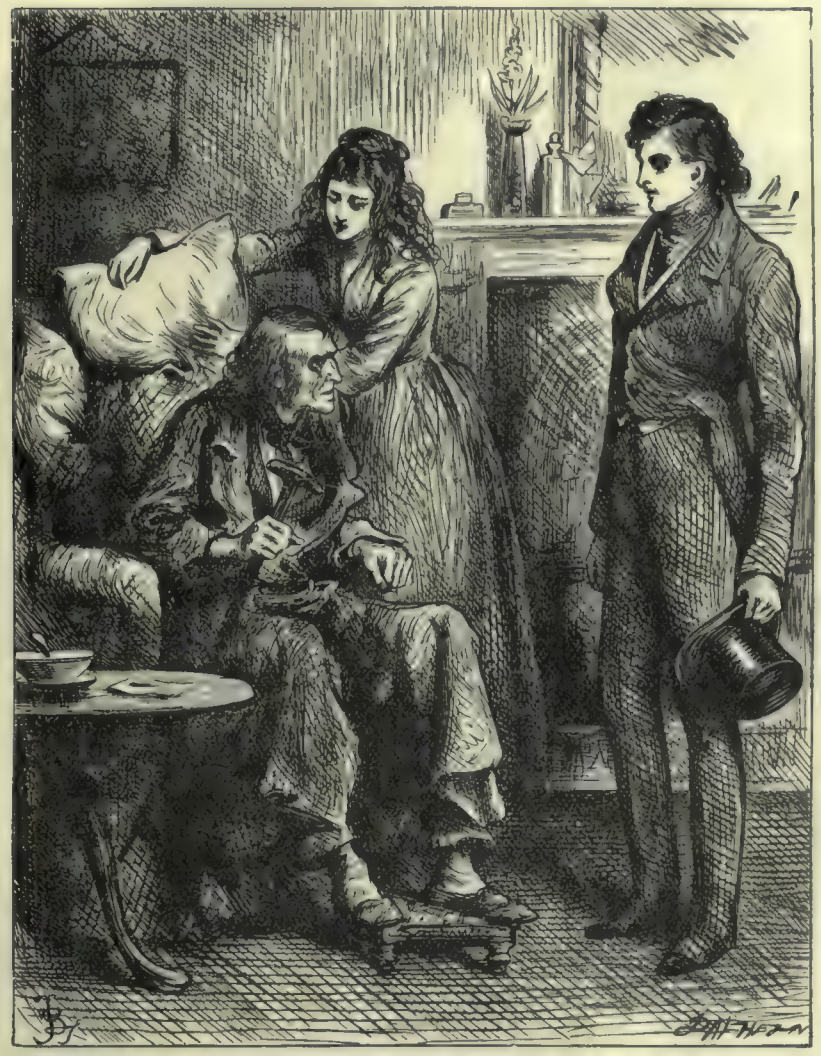
"I SAY," SAID JOHN, RATHER ASTOUNDED FOR THE MOMENT, "MAK' THEESELF QUITE AT WHOAM, WILL 'EE?"
Chap. xlii.

FELL UPON HIS FACE IN A PASSION OF BITTER GRIEF—Chap. xliii.

"I AM A MOST MISERABLE AND WRETCHED OUTCAST, NEARLY SIXTY YEARS OLD, AND AS DESTITUTE AND HELPLESS AS A CHILD OF SIX"—Chap. xliv.

Mr. Squeers executes an impromptu "pas seul"—Chap. xlv.

Was presently conducted by a robber, with a very large belt and buckle round his waist, and very large leather gauntlets on his hands, into the presence of his former manager—Chap. xlviii.



"No matter! Do you think you bring your paltry money here as a favour or a gift; or as a matter of business, and in return for value received"—Chap. xlvi.

"¡AHA!" CRIED THE OLD GENTLEMAN, FOLDING HIS HANDS AND SQUEEZING THEM WITH GREAT FORCE AGAINST EACH OTHER. "I SEE HER NOW; I SEE HER NOW! MY LOVE, MY LIFE, MY BRIDE. MY PEERLESS BEAUTY! SHE IS COME AT LAST—AT LAST—AND ALL IS GAS AND GAITERS"—Chap. xlix.

TWO MEN, SEIZING EACH OTHER BY THE THROAT, STRUGGLED INTO THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM—Chap. l.

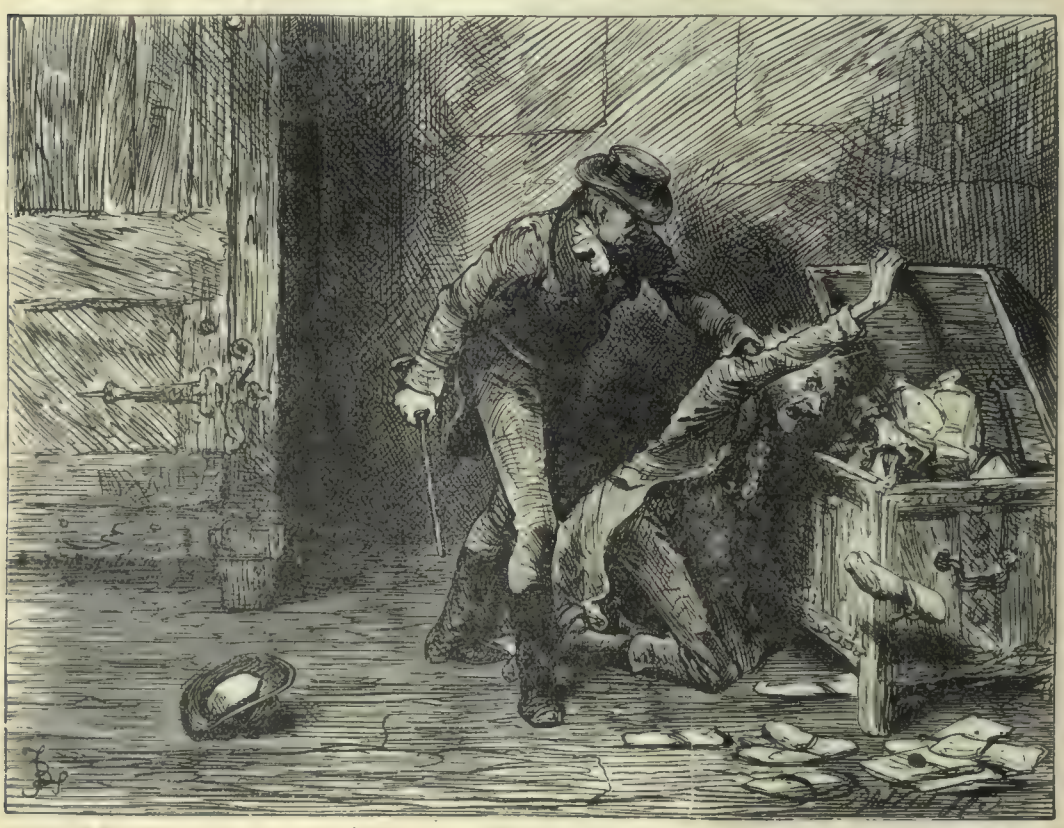
ALL THE LIGHT AND LIFE OF DAY CAME ON; AND AMIDST IT ALL, AND PRESSING DOWN THE GRASS WHOSE EVERY BLADE BORE TWENTY TINY LIVES, LAY THE DEAD MAN, WITH HIS STARK AND RIGID FACE TURNED UPWARDS TO THE SKY—Chap. I.

"I'LL BE MARRIED IN THE BOTTLE-GREEN," CRIED ARTHUR GRIDE—Chap. ii.

"THIEVES! THIEVES!" SHRIEKED THE USURER, STARTING UP AND FOLDING HIS BOOK TO HIS BREAST; "ROBBERS! MURDER!"—Chap. iiii.

"I MUST BESEECH YOU TO CONTEMPLATE AGAIN THE FEARFUL COURSE TO WHICH YOU HAVE BEEN IMPELLED"—Chap. iii.

He drew Ralph Nickleby to the further end of the room, and pointed towards Gride, who sat huddled together in a corner, fumbling nervously with the buttons of his coat, and exhibiting a face of which every skulking and base expression was sharpened and aggravated to the utmost of his anxiety and trepidation—Chap. liv.



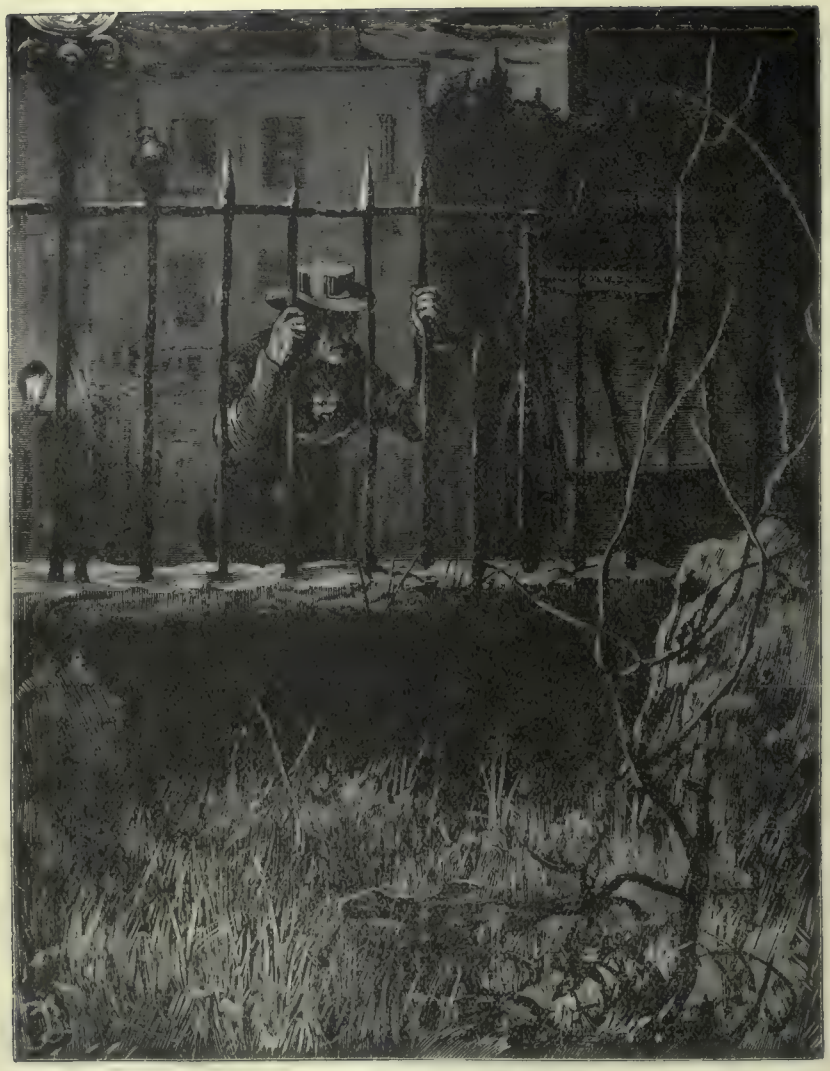
There is something missing, you say," said Ralph, shaking him furiously by the collar. "What is it?" Chap. lvi.

"Do you see this? This is a bottle"—Chap. lvii.

"Who tampered with a selfish father, urging him to sell his daughter to old Arthur Gride, and tampered with Gride too, and did so in the little office, with a closet in the room"—Chap. lix.

"TOTAL, ALL UP WITH SQUEERS!"—Chap. lx.

Ralph makes one last appointment—and keeps it—Chap. lxii.



CLASPING THE IRON RAILINGS WITH HIS HANDS, LOOKED EAGERLY IN, WONDERING WHICH MIGHT BE HIS GRAVE—Chap. lxii.

"Oh, Mr. Linkinwater, you're joking!" "No, no, I'm not. I'm not indeed," said Tim. "I will, if you will. Do, my dear!"

THE LITTLE PEOPLE COULD DO NOTHING WITHOUT DEAR NEWMAN NOGGS
Chap. lxv.

MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK AND OTHER STORIES

NINE ILLUSTRATIONS
BY FRED BARNARD

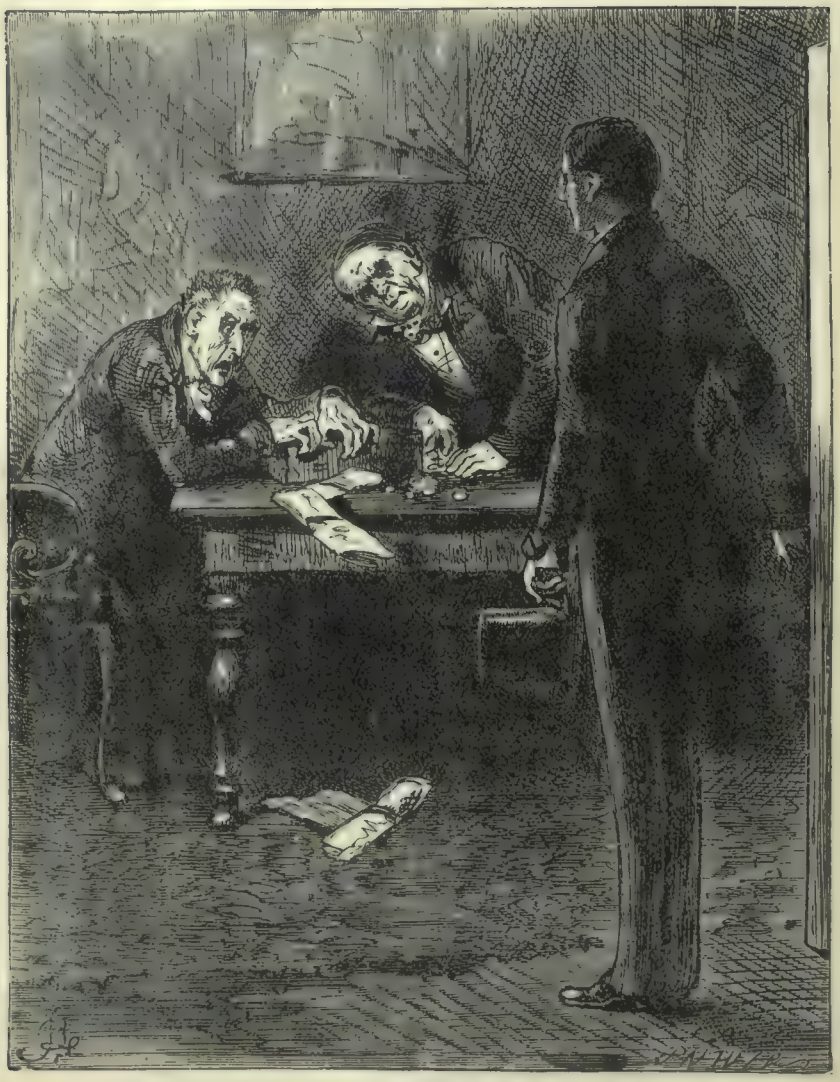
AT SUCH TIMES, OR WHEN THE SHOUTS OF STRAGGLING BRAWLERS MET HER EAR, THE BOWYER'S DAUGHTER WOULD LOOK TIMIDLY BACK AT HUGH, BESEECHING HIM TO DRAW NEARER.—*Master Humphrey's Clock*, chap. i.

As he sat upon a low seat beside my wife, I would peer at him for hours together from behind a tree.—*Master Humphrey's Clock*, chap. ii.

"With these words he rushes into the shop, breaks the dummy's nose with a blow of his curlin'-irons melts him down at the parlour fire, and never smiles afterwards."—*Master Humphrey's Clock*, chap. v.

At last they made a halt at the opening of a lonely, desolate space, and, pointing to a black object at some distance, asked Will if he saw that yonder.—*Master Humphrey's Clock*, chap. iii.

"WITH A LOOK OF SCORN, SHE PUT INTO MY HAND A BIT OF PAPER, AND TOOK ANOTHER PARTNER. ON THE PAPER WAS PENCILLED, 'HEAVANS! CAN I WRITE THE WORD? IS MY HUSBAND A COW?'"—*Holiday Romance*, Part i.

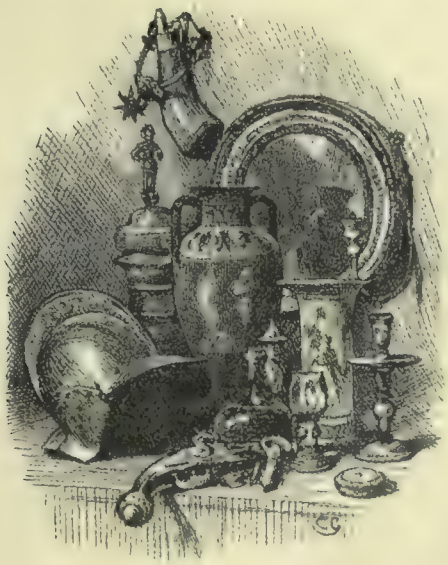


"WHAT IS THE MATTER?" ASKED BROTHER HAUKYARD.
"AY! WHAT IS THE MATTER?" ASKED BROTHER GIMBLET.
George Silverman's Explanation, chap. vi.

GEORGE SILVERMAN WRITES HIS EXPLANATION.—Chap. ix.

"YOU SHALL SEE ME ONCE AGAIN IN THE BODY, WHEN YOU ARE TRIED FOR YOUR LIFE. YOU SHALL SEE ME ONCE AGAIN IN THE SPIRIT, WHEN THE CORD IS ROUND YOUR NECK AND THE CROWD ARE CRYING AGAINST YOU."—*Hunted Down*, chap. v.

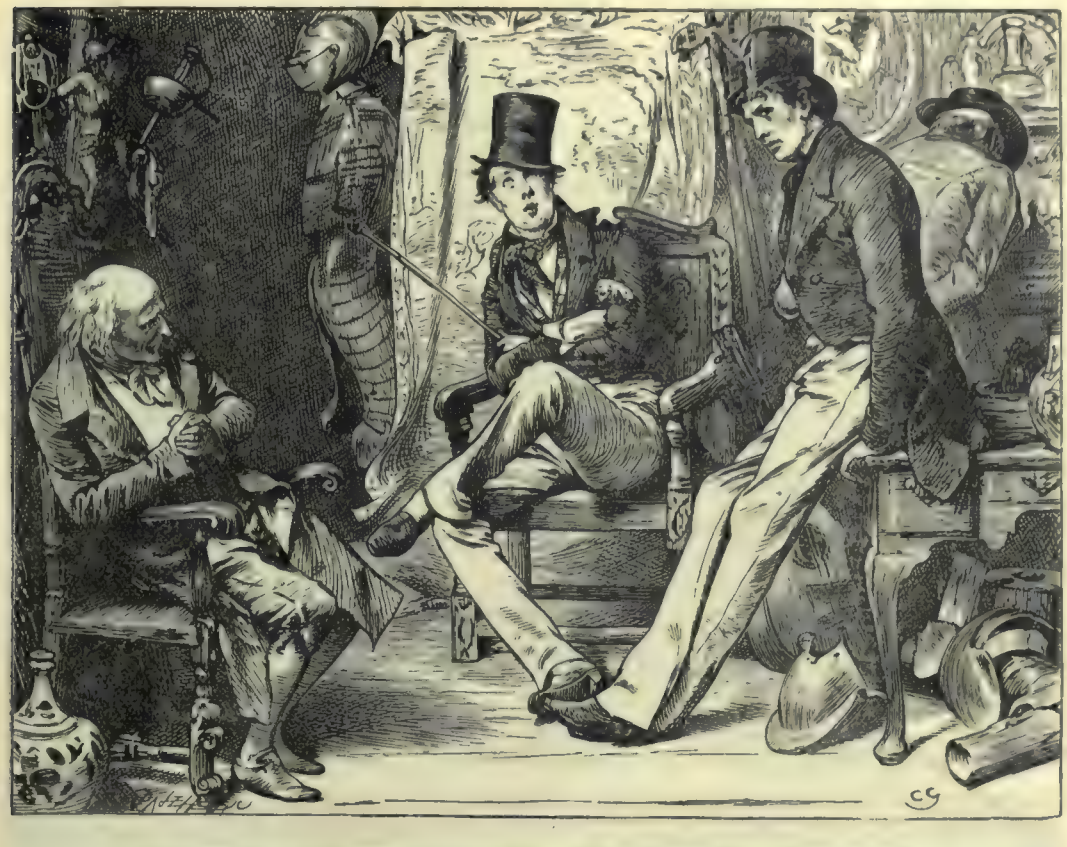
THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP

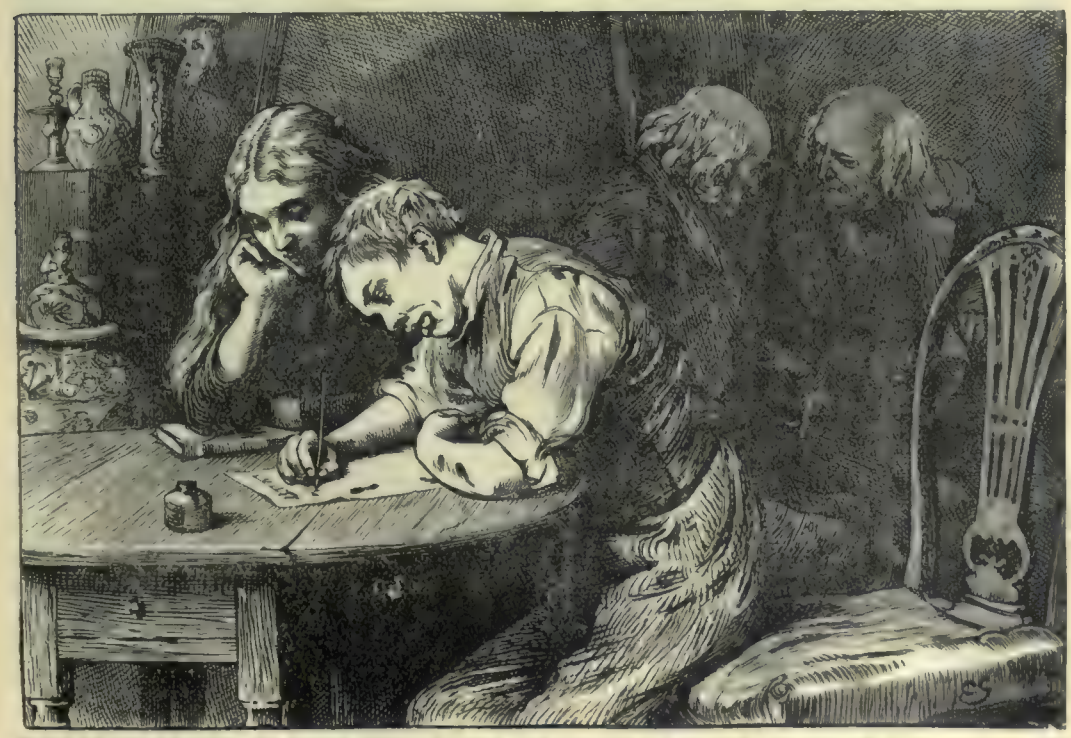


THIRTY-NINE ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. GREEN

THE DOOR BEING OPENED, THE CHILD ADDRESSED HIM AS HER GRANDFATHER—Chap. I.

THE OLD MAN SAT HIMSELF DOWN IN A CHAIR, AND, WITH FOLDED HANDS, LOOKED SOMETIMES AT HIS GRANDSON AND SOMETIMES AT HIS STRANGE COMPANION—Chap. I.

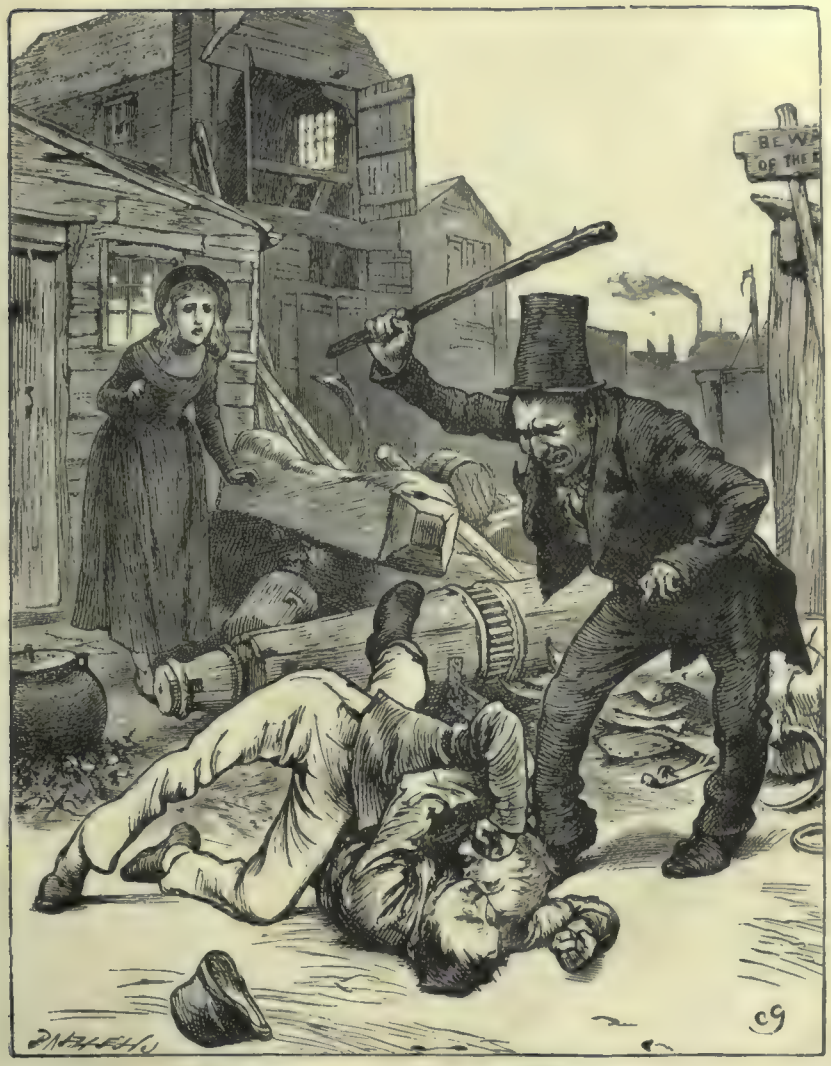




WHEN HE DID SIT DOWN, HE TUCKED UP HIS SLEEVES AND SQUARED HIS ELBOWS AND PUT HIS FACE CLOSE TO THE COPY-BOOK—Chap. III.

DANIEL QUILP SAT HIMSELF DOWN IN A WHERRY TO CROSS TO THE OPPOSITE SHORE—Chap. v.

HE SOON CAST HIS EYES UPON A CHAIR, INTO WHICH HE SKIPPED WITH UNCOMMON AGILITY, AND, PERCHING HIMSELF ON THE BACK WITH HIS FEET UPON THE SEAT, WAS THUS ENABLED TO LOOK ON—Chap. ix.



"I'LL BEAT YOU TO PULP, YOU DOGS"—Chap. vi.

"Is it good, Brass, is it nice, is it fragrant?"—Chap. xi.

Not to be behindhand in the bustle, Mr. Quilp went to work with surprising vigour—Chap. xiii.

NELLY, KNEELING DOWN BESIDE THE BOX, WAS SOON BUSILY ENGAGED IN HER TASK—Chap. xvii.

"NOW, GENTLEMEN," SAID JERRY, LOOKING AT THEM ATTENTIVELY, "THE DOG WHOSE NAME'S CALLED, EATS"
Chap. xviii.

THERE WAS BUT ONE LADY WHO SEEMED TO UNDERSTAND THE CHILD, AND SHE WAS ONE WHO SAT ALONE IN A HANDSOME CARRIAGE.—Chap. xix.

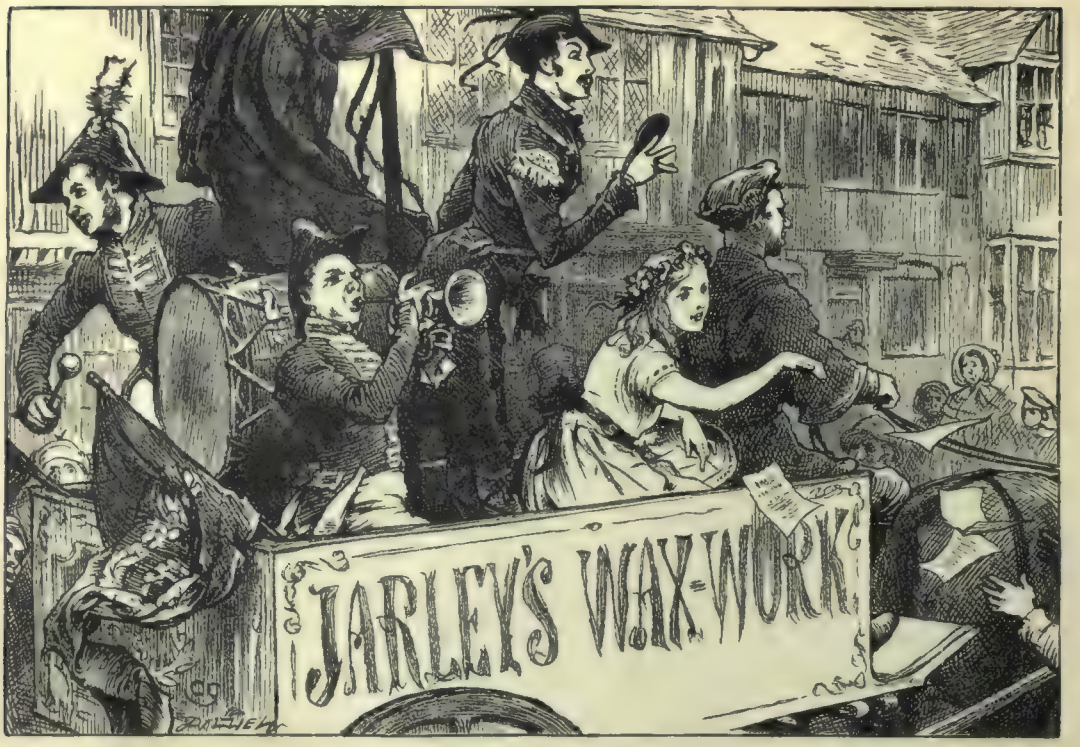
A SMALL, WHITE-HEADED BOY WITH A SUNBURNT FACE APPEARED AT THE DOOR WHILE HE WAS SPEAKING, AND STOPPING THERE TO MAKE A RUSTIC BOW, CAME IN—Chap. xxv.

AND THEN THEY WENT ON ARM-IN-ARM, VERY LOVINGLY TOGETHER—Chap. xxiii.

SHE HANDED DOWN TO THEM THE TEA-TRAY, THE BREAD AND BUTTER, THE KNUCKLE OF HAM, AND, IN SHORT, EVERYTHING OF WHICH SHE HAD PARTAKEN HERSELF.—Chap. xxvi.

"That, ladies and gentlemen," said Mrs. Jarley, "is Jasper Packlemerton of atrocious memory"—Chap. xxviii.

And in this state and ceremony rode slowly through the town every morning—Chap. xxix.



In some of these flourishes it went close to Miss Sally's head—Chap. xxxiii.

"You're the wax-work child, are you not?"—Chap. xxxi.

"Oh please," said a little voice very low down in the doorway, "will you come and show the lodgings?"—Chap. xxxiv.

Do you see this?"—Chap. xxxvi.

At length everything was ready, and they went off—Chap. xxxix.

The old man stood helplessly among them for a little time—Chap. xlii.

A MAN OF VERY UNCOUTH AND ROUGH APPEARANCE WAS STANDING OVER THEM—Chap. xliii.

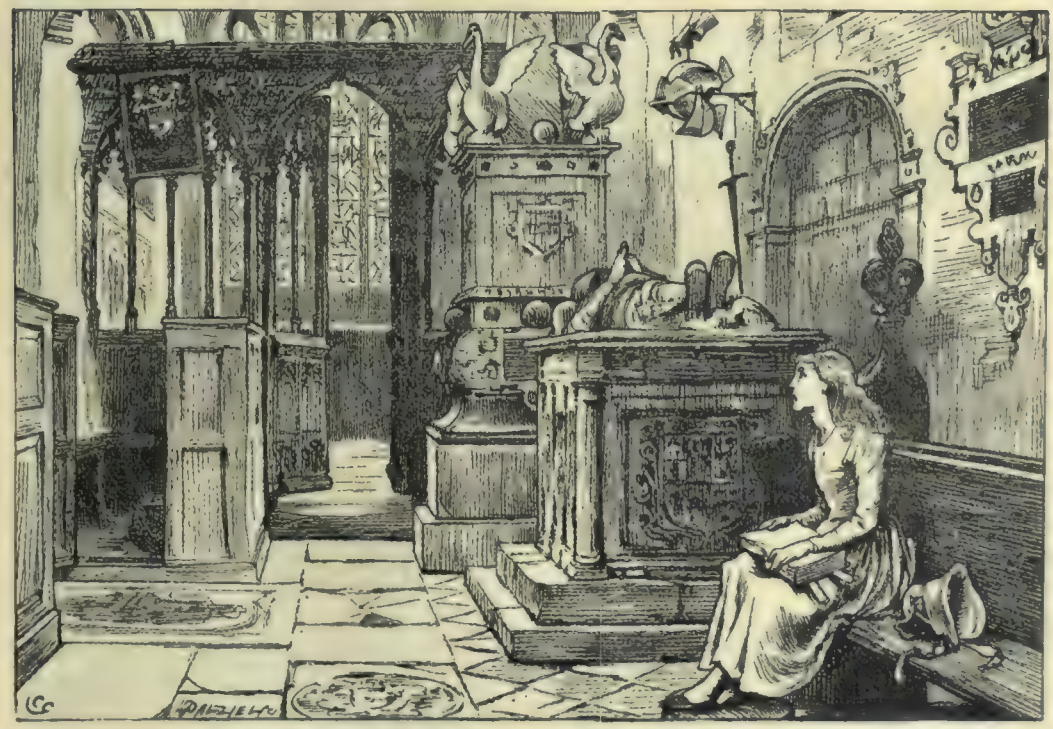
"SHE IS QUITE EXHAUSTED," SAID THE SCHOOLMASTER—Chap. xlvi.

"AQUILINE!" CRIED QUILP, THRUSTING IN HIS HEAD—Chap. xlix

BOTH MOTHER AND DAUGHTER TREMBLING WITH TERROR AND COLD, ... OBEYED MR. QUILP'S DIRECTIONS IN SUBMISSIVE SILENCE—Chap. l.

HALLOA !"—Chap. 1

ELEVATING HIS GLASS, DRANK TO THEIR NEXT MERRY-MEETING IN THAT JOVIAL SPOT—Chap. II.



THE CHILD SAT DOWN IN THIS OLD SILENT PLACE—Chap. III.

"Then, Marchioness," said Mr. Swiveller, "fire away!"—Chap. lviii.

The air was, "Away with Melancholy"—Chap. lviii.

"Is it like Kit—is it his picture, his image, his very self?"—Chap. lxii.

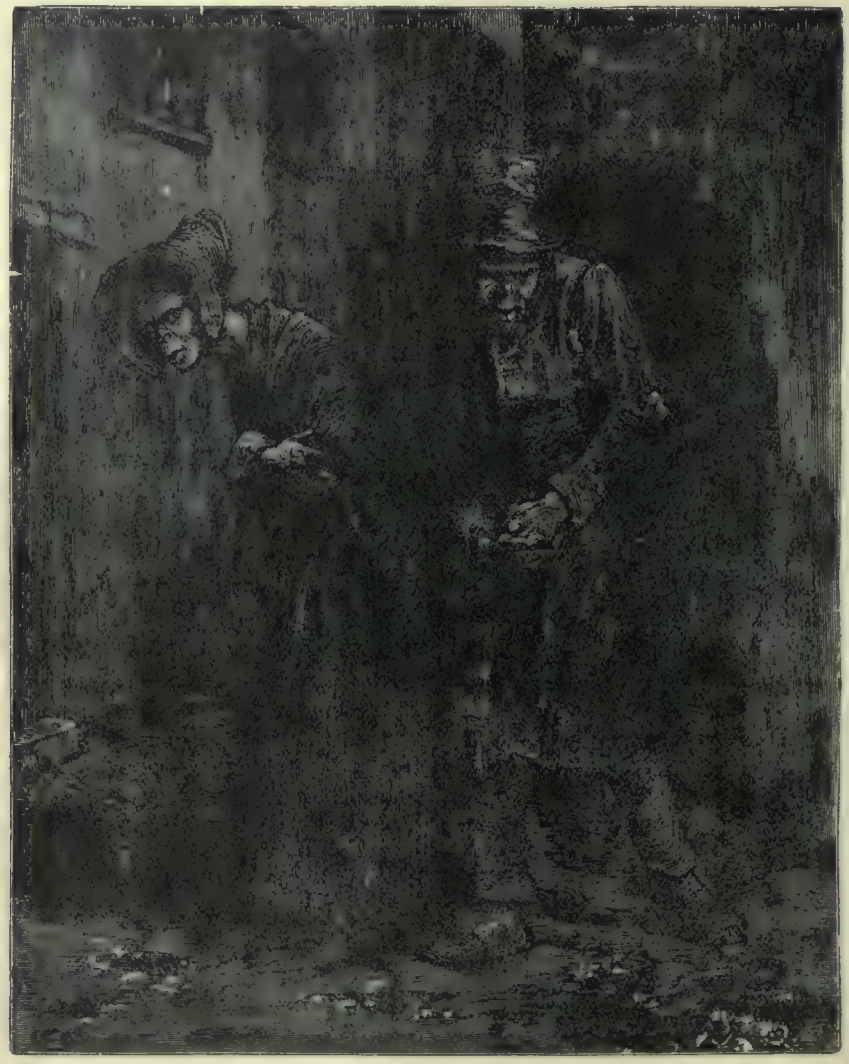
The Marchioness jumped up quickly, and clapped her hands—Chap. lxiv.

SHE HAD NOTHING FOR IT NOW, THEREFORE, BUT TO RUN AFTER THE CHAISE—Chap. lxv.

TOM IMMEDIATELY WALKED UPON HIS HANDS TO THE WINDOW, AND—IF THE EXPRESSION BE ALLOWABLE—LOOKED IN WITH HIS SHOES—Chap. lxvii.

THE STRONG TIDE FILLED HIS THROAT, AND BORE HIM ON ITS RAPID CURRENT—Chap. lxvii.

"MASTER!" HE CRIED, STOOPING ON ONE KNEE AND CATCHING AT HIS HAND. "DEAR MASTER! SPEAK TO ME!" Chap. lxxi.



TWO WRETCHED PEOPLE WERE MORE THAN ONCE OBSERVED TO CRAWL AT DUSK FROM THE INMOST RECESSES OF ST. GILES'S—Chap. lxxiii.

BARNABY RUDGE

A TALE OF THE RIOTS OF 'EIGHTY

FORTY-SIX ILLUSTRATIONS
BY FRED BARNARD

"Stand—let me see your face."—Chap. ii.

"Does the boy know what he's a-saying of!" cried the astonished John Willett—Chap. iii.

"I CAN'T TOUCH HIM!" CRIED THE IDIOT, FALLING BACK AND SHUDDERING AS WITH A STRONG SPASM; "HE'S BLOODY!"—Chap. iii.

"If I am ever," said Mrs. V.,—not scolding, but in a sort of monotonous remonstrance—"in spirits, if I am ever cheerful, if I am ever more than usually disposed to be talkative and comfortable, this is the way I am treated"—Chap. vii.

THOSE LIPS WITHIN SIM'S REACH FROM DAY TO DAY, AND YET SO FAR OFF—Chap. iv.

"CHESTER," SAID MR. HAREDALE AFTER A SHORT SILENCE, DURING WHICH HE HAD EYED HIS SMILING FACE FROM TIME TO TIME INTENTLY, "YOU HAVE THE HEAD AND HEART OF AN EVIL SPIRIT IN ALL MATTERS OF DECEPTION"
Chap. xii.

"He melts, I think. He goes like a drop of froth. You look at him, and there he is. You look at him again, and—there he is'nt"—Chap. x.

"COME, COME, MASTER," CRIED THE FELLOW, URGED ON BY THE LOOKS OF HIS COMRADES, AND SLAPPING HIM ON THE SHOULDER; "BE MORE COMPANIONABLE AND COMMUNICATIVE. BE MORE THE GENTLEMAN IN THIS GOOD COMPANY."
Chap. xvi.

WITH THAT HE ADVANCED, AND BENDING DOWN OVER THE PROSTRATE FORM, SOFTLY TURNED BACK THE HEAD AND LOOKED INTO THE FACE—Chap. xvii.

SHE SAT HERE, THOUGHTFUL AND APART, UNTIL THEIR TIME WAS OUT—Chap. xxv.

EMMA HAREDALE AND DOLLY VARDEN— Chap. XX.

"HUFF OR NO HUFF," SAID MR. TAPPERTIT, DETAINING HER BY THE WRIST. "WHAT DO YOU MEAN, JEZEBEL! WHAT WERE YOU GOING TO SAY! ANSWER ME!"—Chap. xxii

How the accomplished gentleman spent the evening in the midst of a dazzling and brilliant circle—Chap. xxiv.

NOW HE WOULD CALL TO HER FROM THE TOPMOST BRANCH OF SOME HIGH TREE BY THE ROADSIDE—Chap. XXV.

"I BEG PARDON—DO I ADDRESS MISS HAREDALE?"—Chap. xxix.

FINISHED BY DRIVING HIM WITH SURPRISING SWIFTNESS AGAINST A HEAP OF SPITTOONS IN ONE CORNER—Chap. XXX.

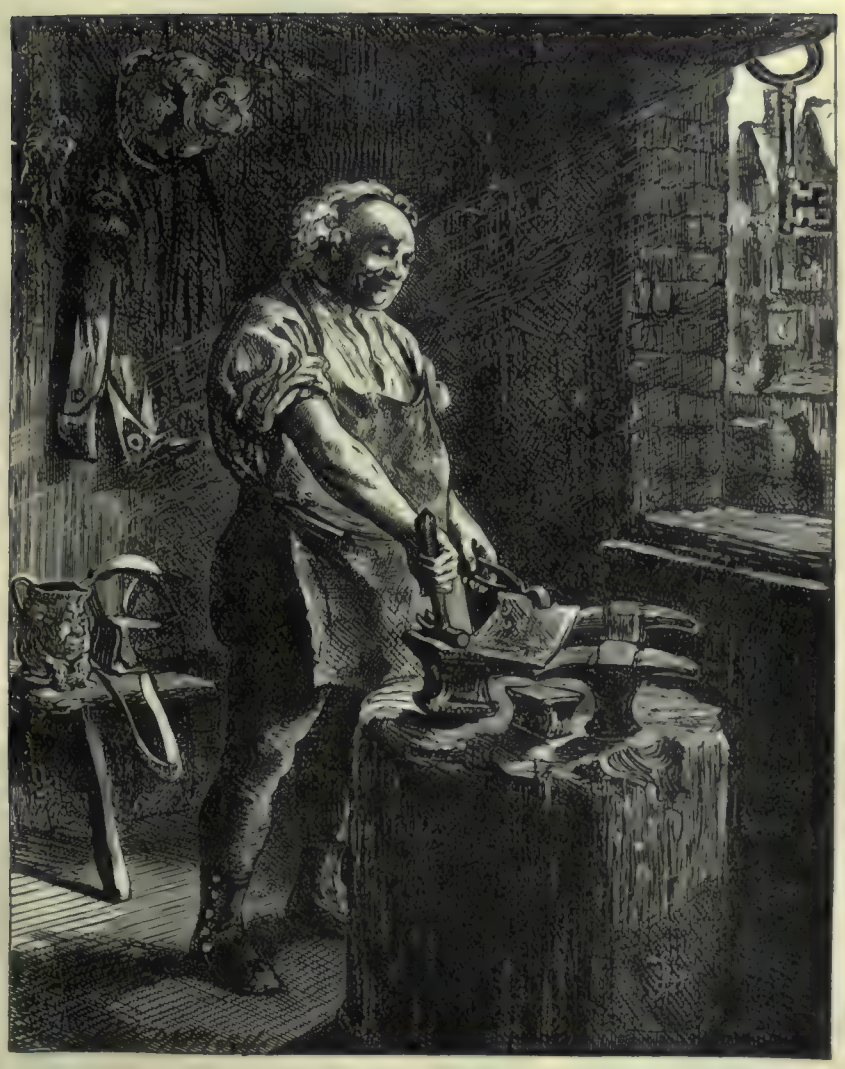
LORD GEORGE GORDON LEAVING THE MAYPOLE—Chap. XXXVII.

"If they're a dream," said Sim, "let sculptures have such visions, and chisel'em out when they wake. This is reality. Sleep has no such limbs as them"

Chap. xxxi.

"HA, HA!" ROARED THE FELLOW, SMITING HIS LEG; "FOR A GENTLEMAN AS 'ULL SAY A PLEASANT THING IN A PLEASANT WAY, GIVE ME MUSTER GASHFORD AGIN ALL LONDON AND WESTMINSTER!"—Chap. xxxvii.

A NICE TRIO—Chap. xxxix.



GABRIEL VARDEN—Chap. xii.

"He retort!" cried Haredale. "Look you here, my lord. Do you know this man!"—Chap. xliii.

"In the name of God no!" shrieked the widow, darting forward. "Barnaby—my lord—see—he'll come back—Barnaby—Barnaby!"

"A BRAVE EVENING, MOTHER! IF WE HAD CHINKING IN OUR POCKETS BUT A FEW SPECKS OF THAT GOLD WHICH IS PILED UP YONDER IN THE SKY, WE SHOULD BE RICH FOR LIFE"
Chap. xlv.

THEN SEATING HIMSELF UNDER A SPREADING HONEYSUCKLE, AND STRETCHING HIS LEGS ACROSS THE THRESHOLD SO THAT NO PERSON COULD PASS IN OR OUT WITHOUT HIS KNOWLEDGE, HE TOOK FROM HIS POCKET A PIPE, FLINT, STEEL, AND TINDER-BOX, AND BEGAN TO SMOKE—Chap. xlv.

THE POLE SWEPT THE AIR ABOVE THE PEOPLE'S HEADS, AND THE MAN'S SADDLE WAS EMPTY IN AN INSTANT—Chap. xlix.

It flitted onward, and was gone—Chap. I.

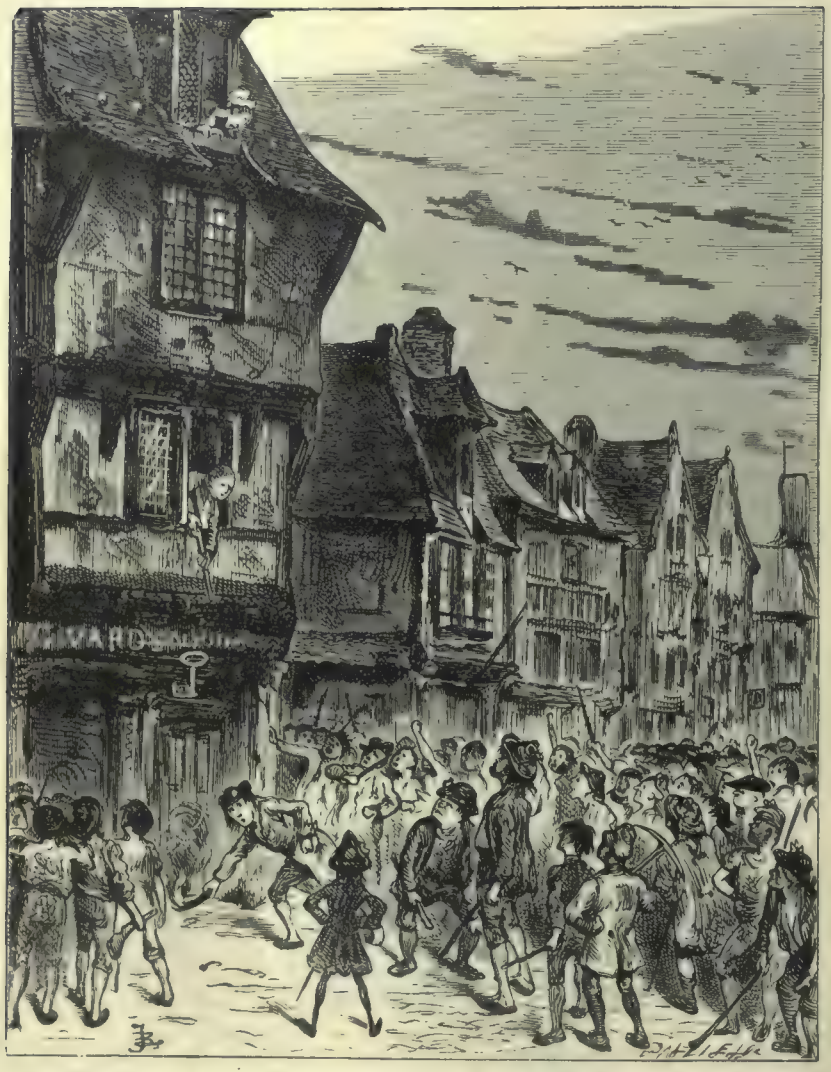
"You have been drinking," said the locksmith—Chap. II.

FLUNG ITSELF UPON THE FOREMOST ONE, KNELT DOWN UPON ITS BREAST, AND CLUTCHED ITS THROAT WITH BOTH HANDS—Chap. lvi.

PUTTING HIS STAFF ACROSS HIS KNEES IN CASE OF ALARM OR SURPRISE, SUMMONED GRIP TO DINNER—Chap. lvii.

LOOKED MOODILY ON AS SHE FLEW TO MISS HAREDALE'S SIDE—Chap. lix.

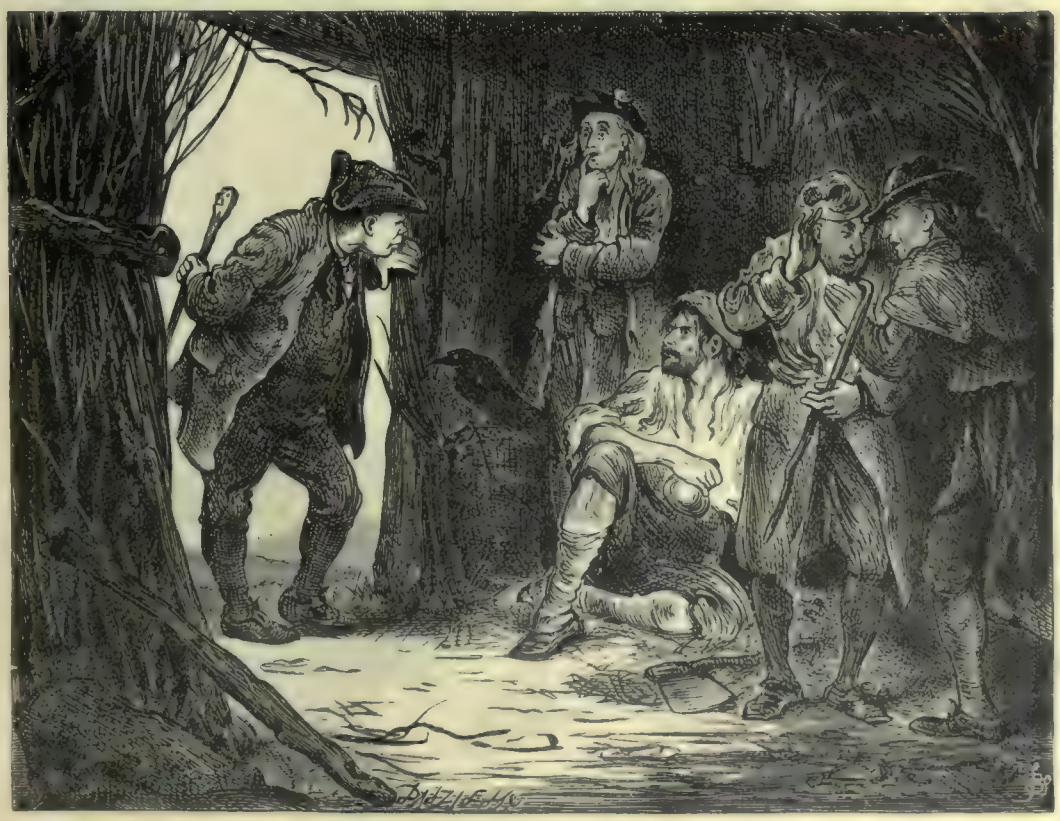
"Will you come?"
"I!" said the Lord Mayor most emphatically. "Certainly not"—Chap. lxi.



"STOP!" CRIED THE LOCKSMITH, IN A VOICE THAT MADE THEM FALTER—PRESENTING, AS HE SPOKE, A GUN. "LET AN OLD MAN DO THAT. YOU CAN SPARE HIM BETTER"

Chap. lxiii.

THE BURNING OF NEWGATE—Chap. lxiv.



"NO OFFENCE, NO OFFENCE," SAID THAT PERSONAGE IN A CONCILIATORY TONE, AS HUGH STOPPED IN HIS DRAUGHT AND EYED HIM, WITH NO PLEASANT LOOK FROM HEAD TO FOOT—Chap. lxix.

"TENDER-HEARTED!" ECHOED DENNIS. "TENDER-HEARTED! LOOK AT THIS MAN. DO YOU CALL THIS CONSTITOOTIONAL! DO YOU SEE HIM SHOT THROUGH AND THROUGH, INSTEAD OF BEING WORKED OFF LIKE A BRITON! DAMME IF I KNOW WHICH PARTY TO SIDE WITH"—Chap. lxix.

"YOU OUGHT TO BE THE BEST INSTEAD OF THE WORST," SAID HUGH, STOPPING BEFORE HIM. "HA, HA, HA! SEE THE HANGMAN WHEN IT COMES HOME TO HIM!"—Chap. lxxvi.

"I SHALL BLESS YOUR NAME," SOBBED THE LOCKSMITH'S LITTLE DAUGHTER, "AS LONG AS I LIVE"—Chap. lxxii.

SAT THE UNHAPPY AUTHOR OF ALL—LORD GEORGE GORDON—Chap. lxxiii.

HE ROSE FROM HIS BED WITH A HEAVY SIGH, AND WRAPPED HIMSELF IN HIS MORNING GOWN. "SO SHE KEPT HER WORD," HE SAID, "AND WAS CONSTANT TO HER THREAT!"

Chap. lxxv.

THE LOCKSMITH'S RUDDY FACE AND BURLY FORM COULD BE DESCRIED, BEATING ABOUT AS THOUGH HE WAS STRUGGLING WITH A ROUGH SEA—Chap. lxxix.

RECLINING, IN AN EASY ATTITUDE, WITH HIS BACK AGAINST A TREE, AND CONTEMPLATING THE RUIN WITH AN EXPRESSION OF PLEASURE—Chap. lxxxi.

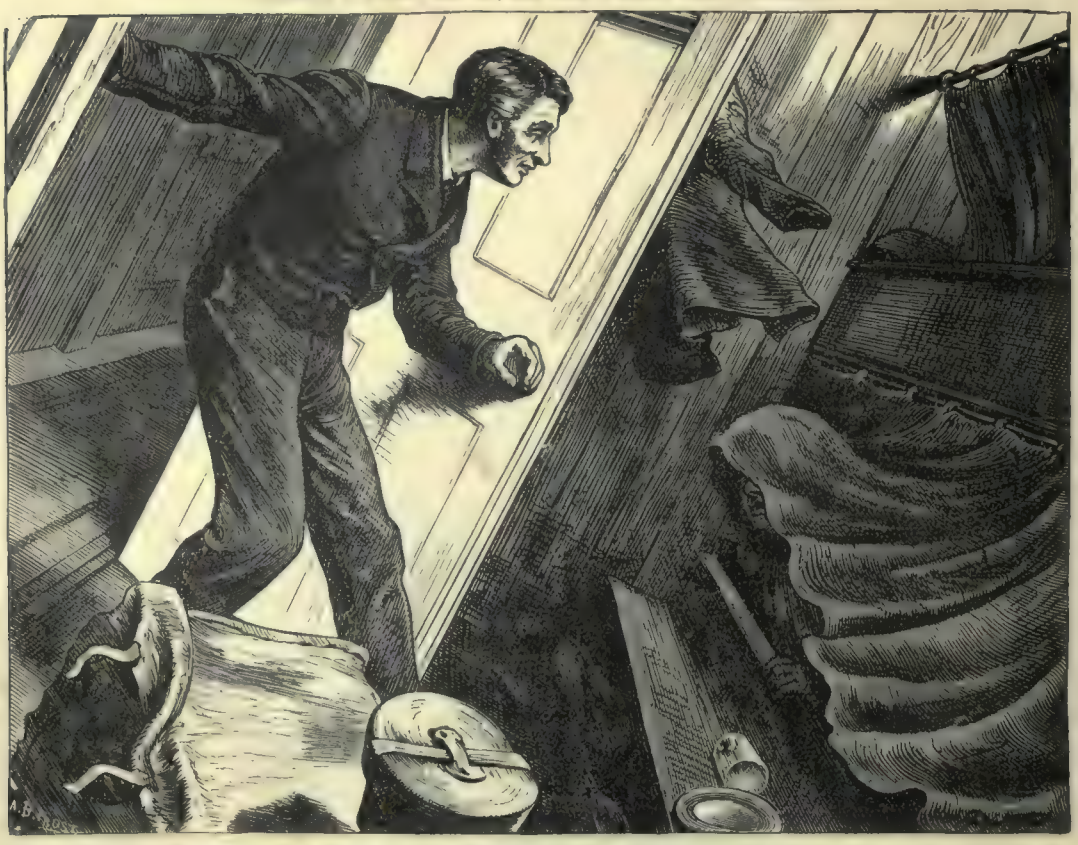
RAISING HIMSELF UPON HIS HANDS, HE GAZED AT HIM FOR AN INSTANT WITH SCORN AND HATRED IN HIS LOOK—Chap. lxxxi.

GRIP THE RAVEN—Chap. the last.

AMERICAN NOTES

TEN ILLUSTRATIONS
BY A. B. FROST

"RATHER A HEAVY SEA ON, SIR, AND A HEAD WIND"—Chap. ii.



RAILWAY DIALOGUE—Chap. v.

When suddenly the lively hero dashes in to the rescue—Chap. vi.

In the White House—Chap. vii.

IN THE CABIN OF THE CANAL BOAT—Chap. x.

EMIGRANTS—Chap. xi.

"Not yet awhile, sir, not yet"—Chap. xiii.

And having his wet pipe presented to him, etc.—Chap. xv.

As the coach stops a gentleman in a straw hat looks out of the window—Chap. xiv.

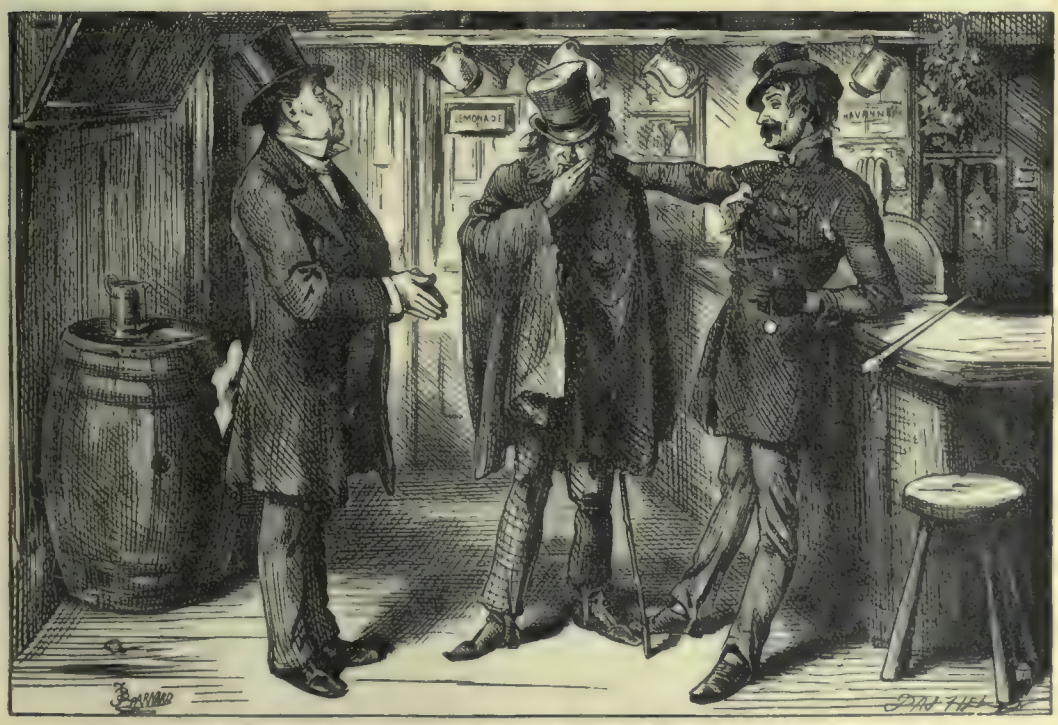
THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT

FIFTY-NINE ILLUSTRATIONS
BY FRED BARNARD

"I SEE YOU," CRIED MISS PECKSNIFF TO THE IDEAL INFLICTOR OF A RUNAWAY KNOCK, "YOU'LL CATCH IT; SIR!" Chap. ii.

MR. PECKSNIFF, LOOKING SWEETLY OVER THE HALF-DOOR OF THE BAR, AND INTO THE VISTA OF SNUG PRIVACY BEYOND, MURMURED, "GOOD EVENING, MRS. LUPIN"—Chap. iii.

"We will say, if you please," added Mr. Pecksniff, with great tenderness of manner, "that it arises from a cold in the head, or is attributable to snuff, or smelling salts, or onions, or anything but the real cause"—Chap. iii.

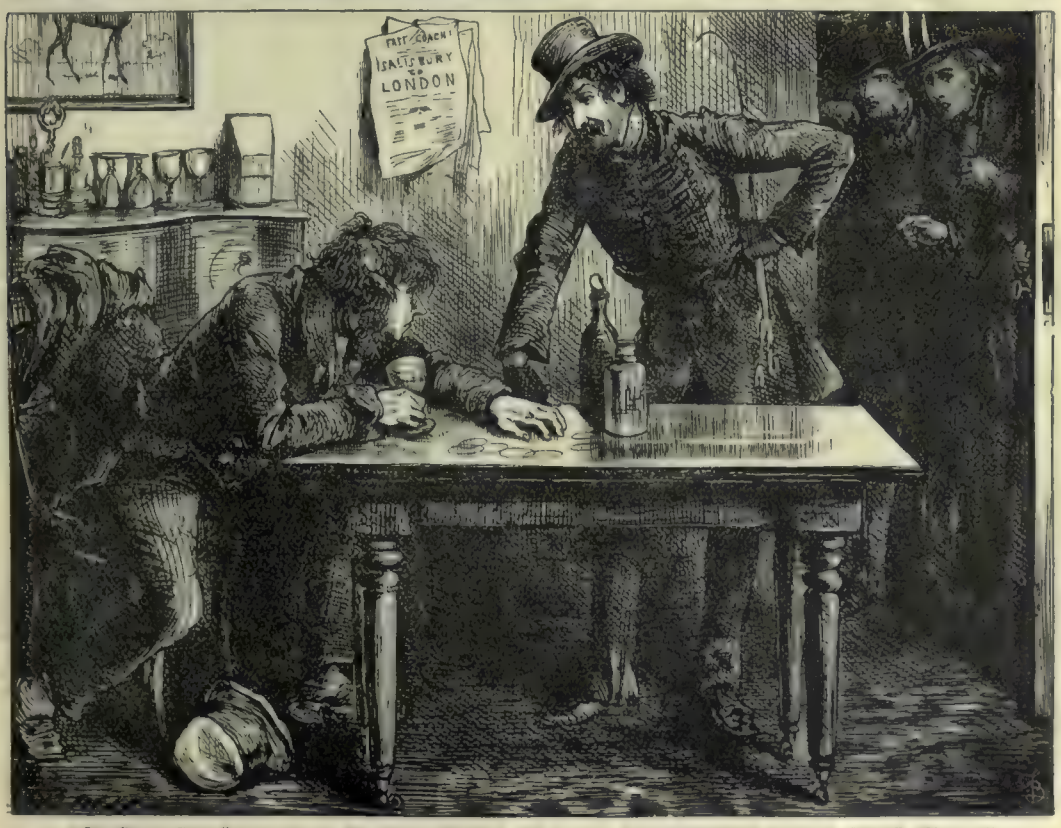


Mr. Pecksniff is introduced to a relative by Mr. Tigg—Chap. iv.

He turned a whimsical face and very merry pair of blue eyes on Mr. Pinch."—Chap. v.

"Let us be merry." Here he took a captain's biscuit—Chap. v.

"Still a-bed," replied the boy; "I wish they wos still a-bed. They're very noisy a-bed; all calling for their boots at once"—Chap. viii.



"Oh Chiv, Chiv," murmured Mr. Tigg, "you have a nobly independent nature, Chiv"—Chap. vii.

"You're a pair of Whittingtons, 'gents, without the cat; . . . My name is Tigg; how do you do?"—Chap. vii.

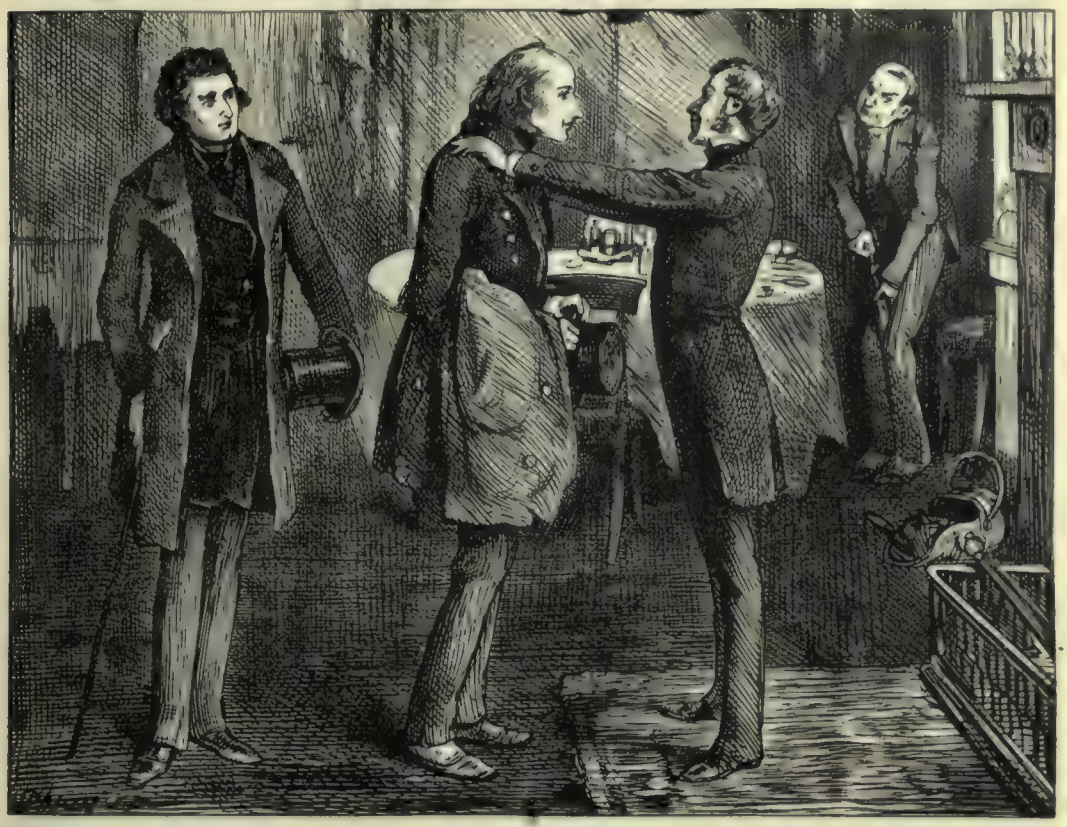
"I say—there's fowls to-morrow, not skinny ones. Oh no!"—Chap. ix.

"Do not repine, my friends," said Mr. Pecksniff, tenderly. "Do not weep for me. It is chronic"
Chap. ix.

"WE SOMETIMES VENTURE TO CONSIDER HER RATHER A FINE FIGURE, SIR. SPEAKING AS AN ARTIST, I MAY PERHAPS BE PERMITTED TO SUGGEST, THAT ITS OUTLINE IS GRACEFUL AND CORRECT"—Chap. x.

THE DOOR OF A SMALL GLASS OFFICE, WHICH WAS PARTITIONED OFF FROM THE REST OF THE ROOM, WAS SLOWLY OPENED, AND A LITTLE BLEAR-EYED, WEAZEN-FACED, ANCIENT MAN CAME CREEPING OUT.—Chap. xl.

"Stand off for a moment, Tom," cried the old pupil. . . . "Let me look at you! Just the same! Not a bit changed!"—Chap. xii.



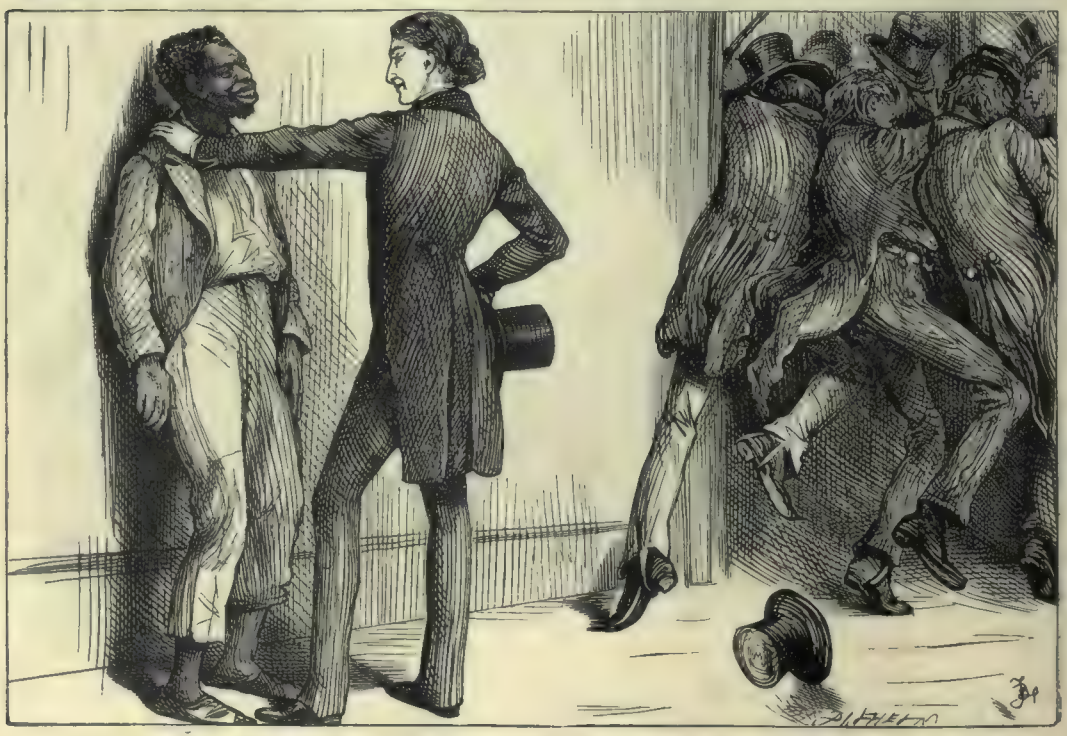
"I'm going up," observed the driver; "Hounslow, ten miles this side London"—Chap. xiii.

STUCK HIS HANDS IN HIS SKIRT POCKETS AND SWAGGERED ROUND THE CORNER.—Chap. xiii.

SEEING THAT THERE WAS NO ONE NEAR, AND THAT MARK WAS STILL INTENT UPON THE FOG, HE NOT ONLY LOOKED AT HER LIPS, BUT KISSED THEM INTO THE BARGAIN—Chap. xiv.

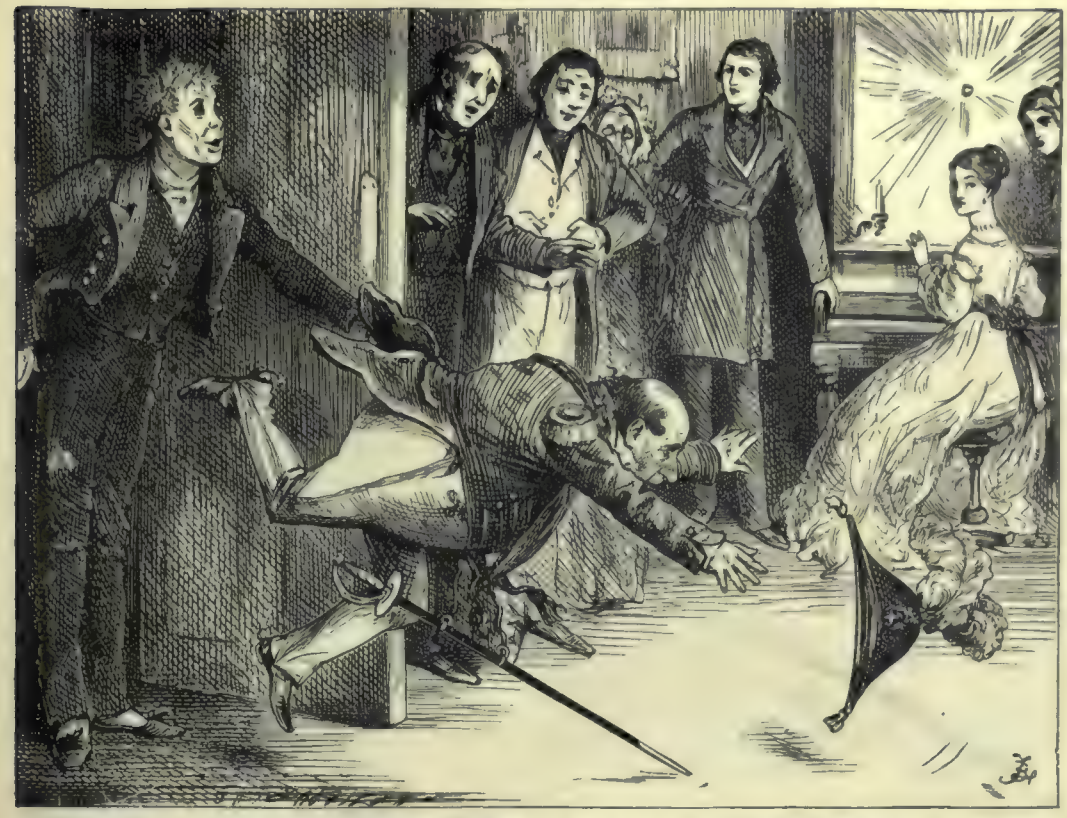
On board the "Screw"—Chap. xv.

"It is in such enlightened means," said a voice almost in Martin's ear, "that the bubbling passions of my country find a vent"—Chap. xvi.



"You're the pleasantest fellow I have seen yet," said Martin, clapping him on the back, "and give me a better appetite than bitters"—Chap. xvi.

JINIRAL BLADDOCK !—Chap. xvii.



"MATTER!" CRIED THE VOICE OF MR. PECKSNIFF, AS PECKSNIFF IN THE FLESH SMILED AMIABLY UPON HIM. "THE MATTER, MR. JONAS!"—Chap. xviii.

"Well, Mrs. Gamp, and how Are *you!* Mrs. Gamp," said the gentleman, in a voice as soft as his step"—Chap. xix.

"Oh! I don't mind your pinching," grinned Jonas, "a bit"—Chap. xx.

"I WAS MERELY REMARKING, GENTLEMEN—THOUGH IT'S A POINT OF VERY LITTLE IMPORT—THAT THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND DOES NOT HAPPEN TO LIVE IN THE TOWER OF LONDON"—Chap. xxi.

"WELL, SIR!" SAID THE CAPTAIN PUTTING HIS HAT A LITTLE MORE ON ONE SIDE, FOR IT WAS RATHER TIGHT IN THE CROWN: "YOU'RE QUITE A PUBLIC MAN I CALC'LATE"—Chap. xxii.

He flourished his stick over Tom's head; but in a moment it was spinning harmlessly in the air, and Jonas himself lay sprawling in the ditch"—Chap. xxiv.

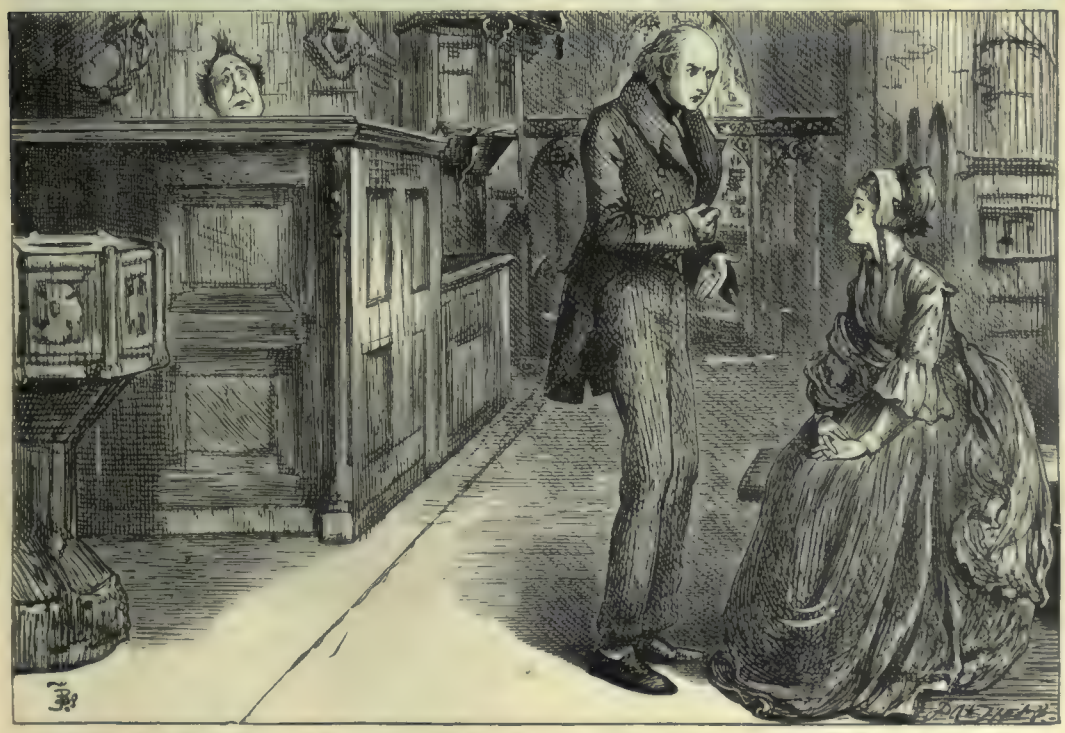
"Look about you," he said, pointing to the graves; "and remember that from your bridal hour to the day which sees you brought as low as these, and laid in such a bed, there will be no appeal against him!"—Chap. xxiv.

"WHETHER I SICKS OR MONTHLIES, MA'AM . . . I DO REQUIRE IT, WHICH I MAKES CONFESSION, TO BE BROUGHT REG'LAR AND DRAW'D MILD"—Chap. xxv.

"THERE'S NOTHIN' HE DON'T KNOW; THAT'S MY OPINION," OBSERVED MRS. GAMP. "ALL THE WICKEDNESS OF THE WORLD IS PRINT TO HIM"—Chap. xxvi.

"TIMES IS CHANGED, AIN'T THEY! I SAY, HOW YOU'VE GROWED!"—Chap. xxviii.

RUSTLING AMONG LAST YEAR'S LEAVES, WHOSE SCENT WOKE MEMORY OF THE PAST, THE PLACID PECKSNIFF STROLLED—Chap. XXX.



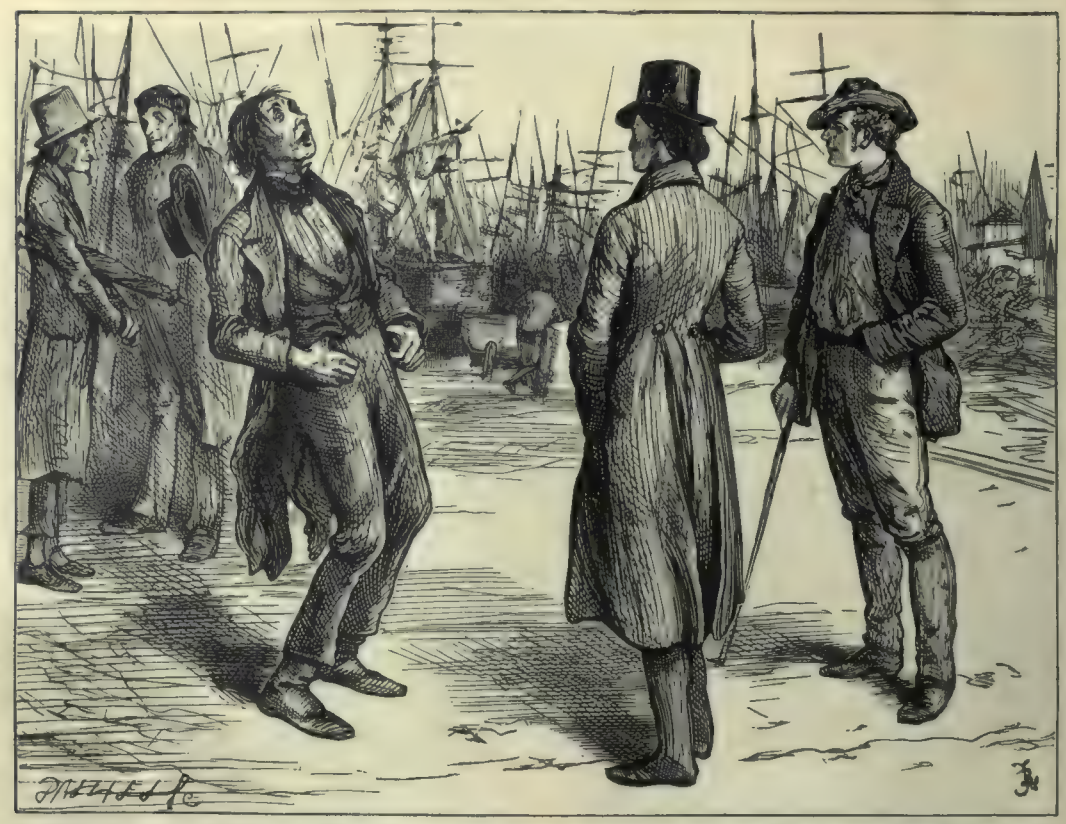
"I SAY," CRIED TOM, IN GREAT EXCITEMENT, "HE IS A SCOUNDREL AND A VILLAIN! I DON'T CARE WHO HE IS, I SAY HE IS A DOUBLE-DYED AND MOST INTOLERABLE VILLAIN"—Chap. XXXI.

"Mr. Pinch," said Mr. Pecksniff, shaking his head, "Oh, Mr. Pinch! I wonder how you can look me in the face!"—Chap. xxxi.

On the fourteenth night he kissed Miss Pecksniff's snuffers, in the passage, when she went upstairs to bed: meaning to have kissed her hand, but missing it—Chap. xxii.

"Jolly"—Chap. xxxiii.

"Why, what the 'tarnal!" cried the captain. "Well! I do admire at this, I do!"—Chap. xxxiv.



Mr. Pecksniff, placid, calm, but proud. Honestly proud . . . gently travelling across the disc, as if he were a figure in a magic lantern—Chap. xxxv.

"No right!" cried the brass and copper founder—Chap. xxxvi.

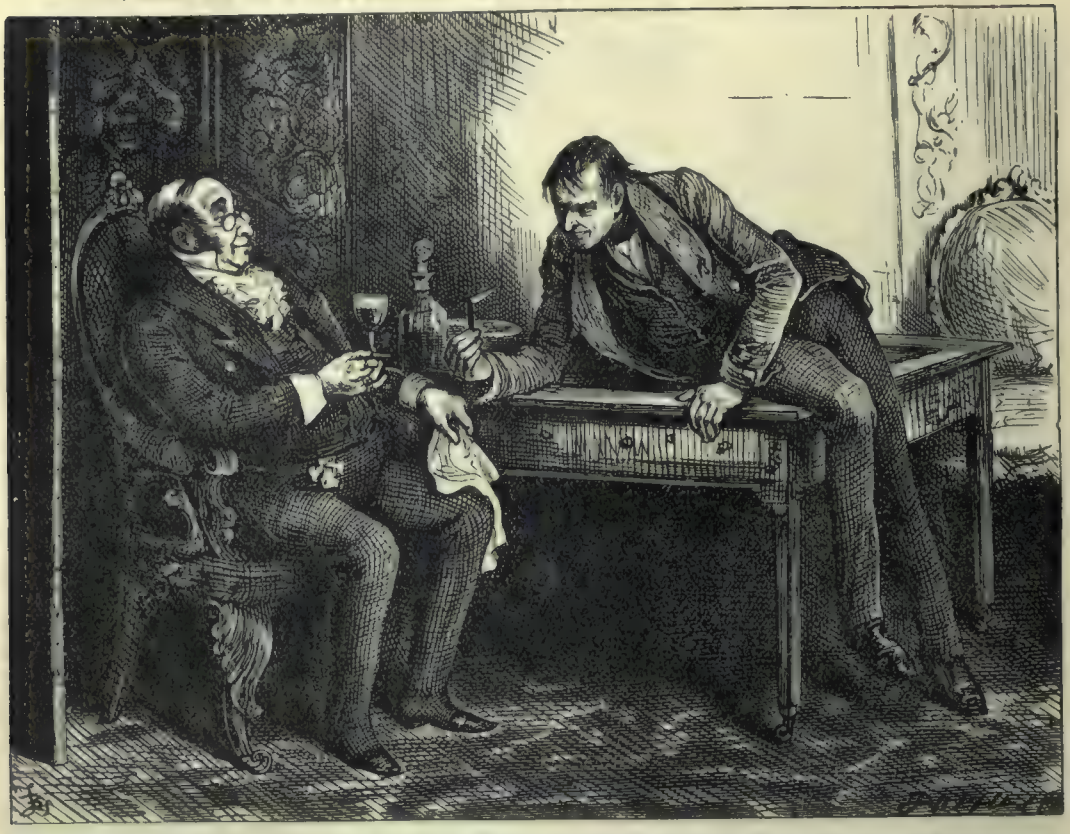
Mr. Nadgett produces the result of his private inquiries—Chap. xxxviii.

"I AM GOING TO BEGIN, TOM. DON'T YOU WONDER WHY I BUTTER THE INSIDE OF THE BASIN!" SAID HIS BUSY LITTLE SISTER, "EH, TOM?"—Chap. xxxix.

"I CAN'T SAY; IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO TELL. I REALLY HAVE NO IDEA. BUT," SAID FIPS, TAKING OFF A VERY DEEP IMPRESSION OF THE WAFER-STAMP UPON THE CALF OF HIS LEFT LEG, AND LOOKING STEADILY AT TOM, "I DON'T KNOW THAT IT'S A MATTER OF MUCH CONSEQUENCE".—Chap. xxxix.

MRS. GAMP CREATES A SENSATION WITH HER UMBRELLA—Chap. xl.

"Now, could you cut a man's throat with such a thing as this!" demanded Jonas—Chap. xli.



Awoke to find Jonas standing at his bedside watching him. And that very door wide open.—Chap. xlii.

FAMILIAR FACES—Chap. xliii.

"OH FIE, FIE!" CRIED MR. PECKSNIFF. "YOU ARE VERY PLEASANT. THAT I AM SURE YOU DON'T! THAT I AM SURE YOU DON'T! HOW CAN YOU, YOU KNOW"—Chap. xliv.

Mr. Moddle, with a dark look, replied: "The drivers won't do it"—Chap. xlvi.

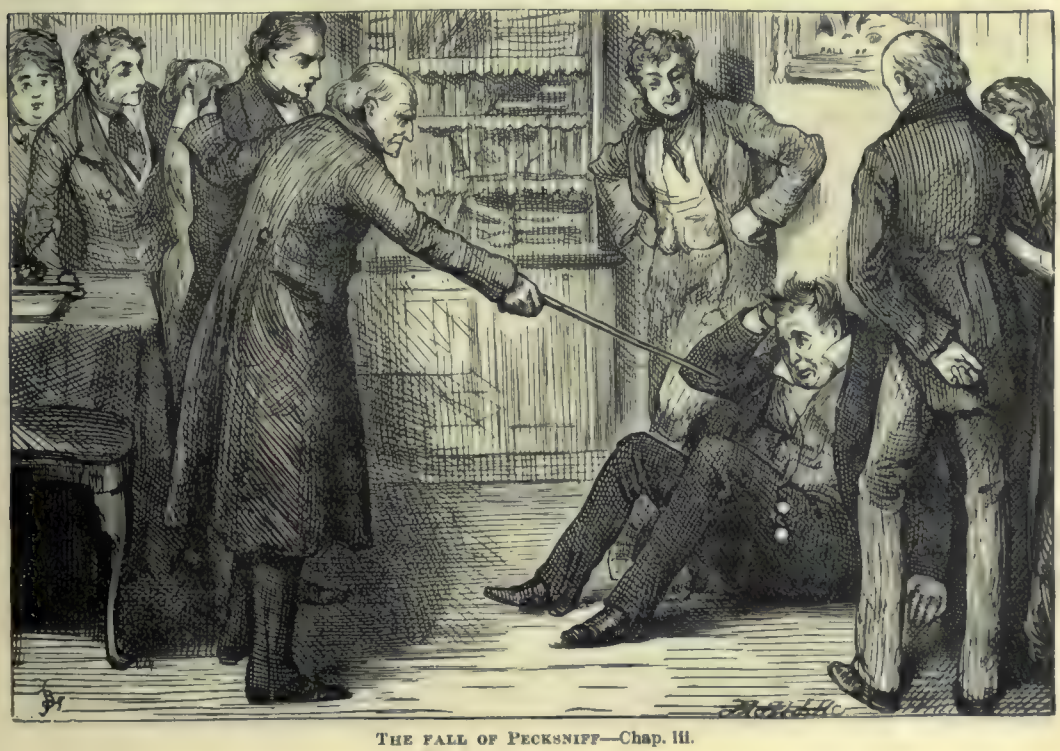
Mrs. Gamp favours the company with an exhibition of professional skill—Chap. xlvi.

"SPEAK OUT!" SAID MARTIN, "AND SPEAK THE TRUTH"—Chap. xlvii.

THEN MRS. GAMP ROSE—MORALLY AND THUS CALLY ROSE—AND DENOUNCED HER—Chap. xlix

BROTHER AND SISTER—Chap. l.

He started back as his eyes met those, standing in an angle of the wall, and staring at him. His neckerchief was off; his face was ashy pale—Chap. II.



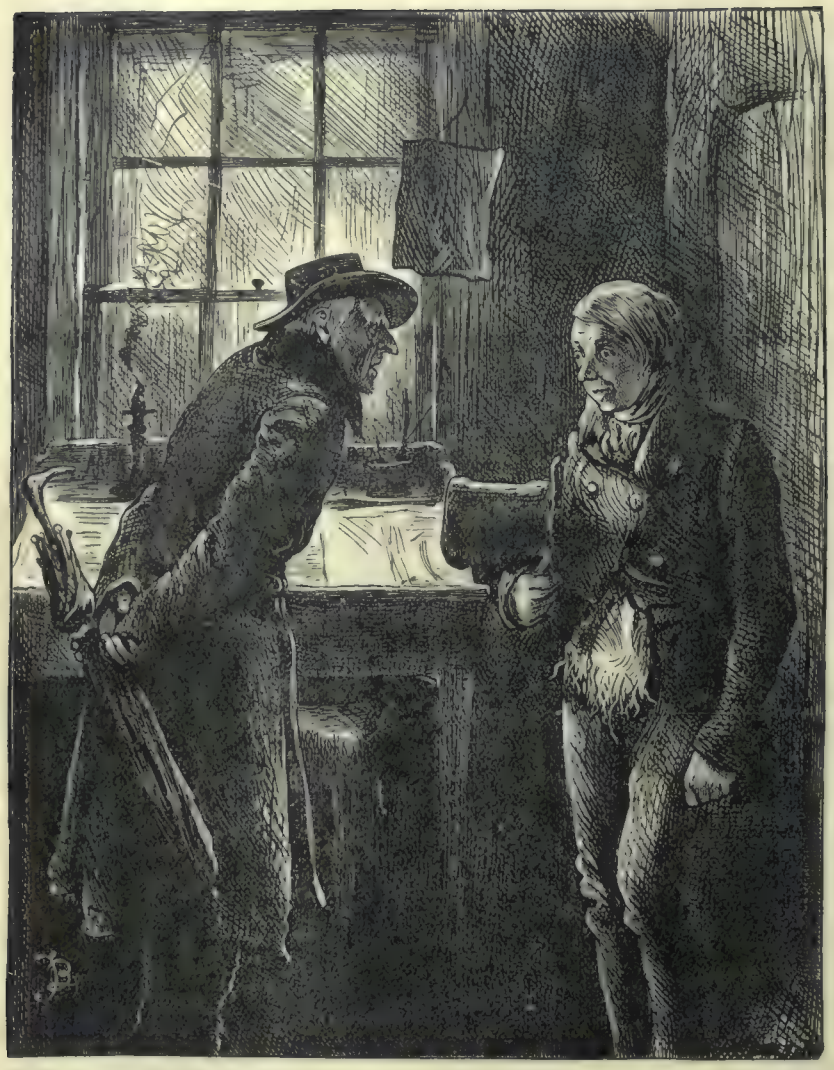
The fall of Pecksniff—Chap. III.

"Yes sir," returned Miss Pecksniff, modestly, "I am. I—my dress is rather—really Mrs. Todgers!"
Chap. liv.

Tom's reverie—Chap. liv.

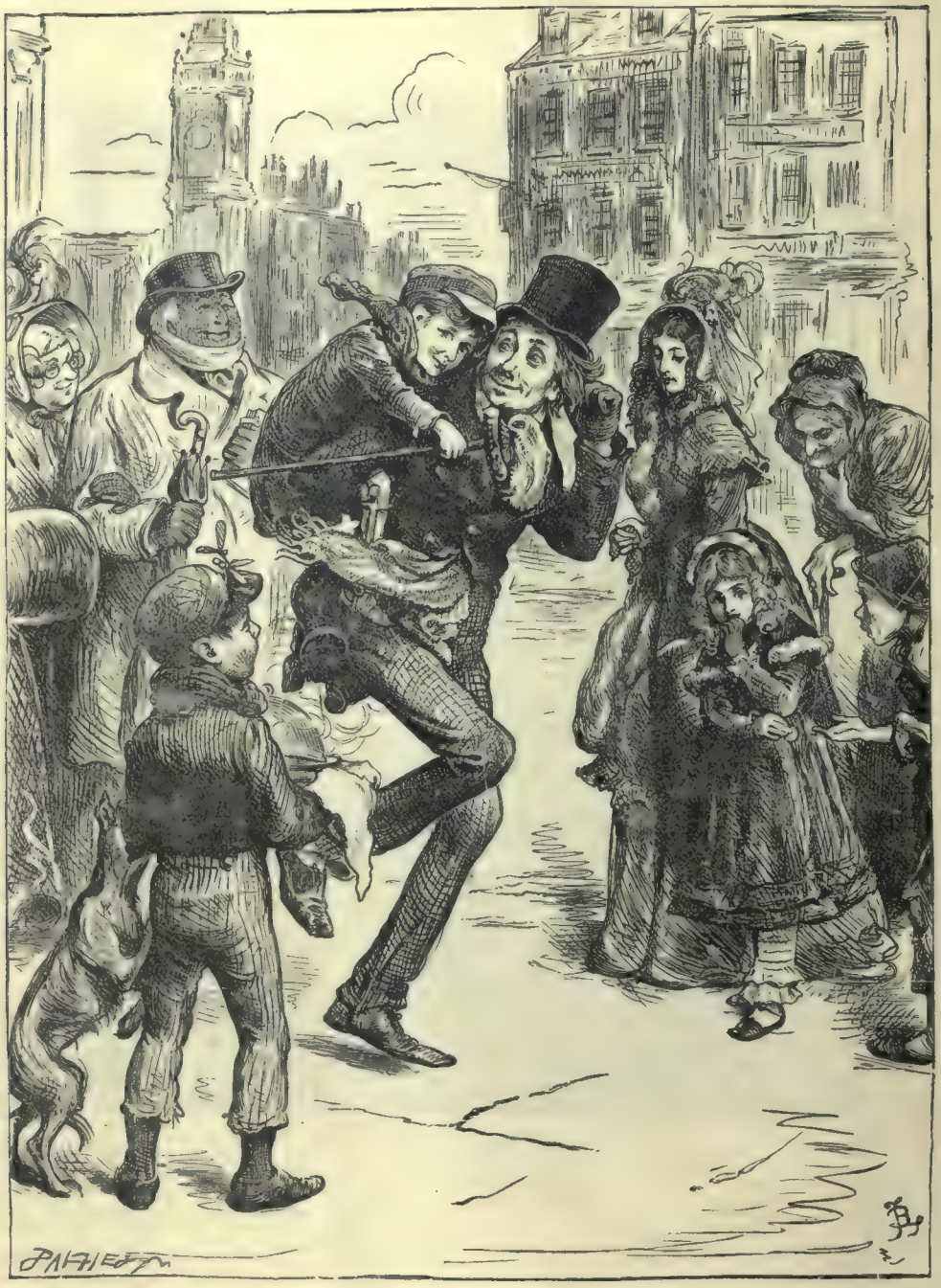
CHRISTMAS BOOKS

TWENTY-EIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRED BARNARD



"IT'S NOT CONVENIENT," SAID SCROOGE, "AND IT'S NOT FAIR. IF I WAS TO STOP HALF-A-CROWN FOR IT, YOU'D THINK YOURSELF ILL USED, I'LL BE BOUND!"—*A Christmas Carol*, Stave i.

MARLEY'S GHOST—*A Christmas Carol*, Stave I.



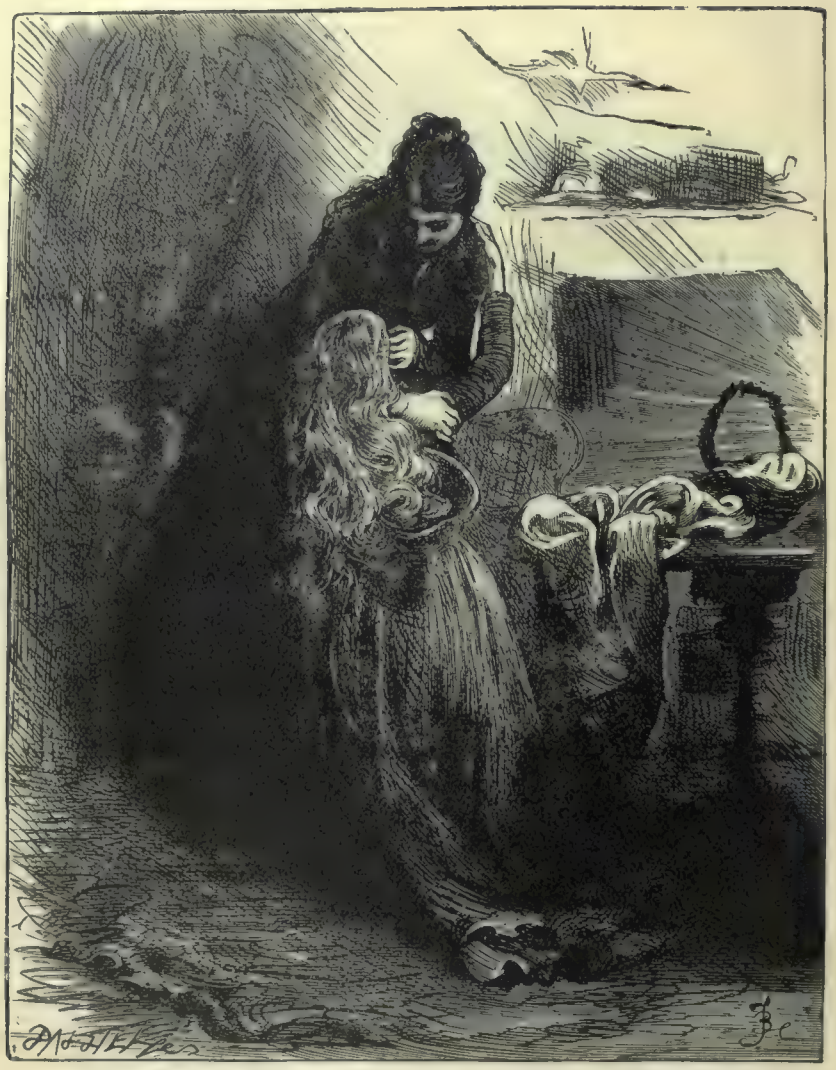
He had been Tim's blood-horse all the way from church, and had come home rampant—*A Christmas Carol*, Stave iii.

THIS PLEASANTRY WAS RECEIVED WITH A GENERAL LAUGH—*A Christmas Carol*, Stave iv.

"WHAT DO YOU CALL THIS!" SAID JOE, "BED CURTAINS!"—*A Christmas Carol*, Stave iv.

"No," said Toby, after another sniff. "It's—it's mellower than polonies. It's very nice. It improves every moment. It's too decided for trotters. An't it!'—*The Chimes*, First Quarter

THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND.—*The Chimes*, Second Quarter



"Never more, Meg; never more! Here! here! Close to you, holding to you, feeling your dear breath upon my face!"—*The Chimes*, Third Quarter

"WHITHER THOU GOEST, I CAN NOT GO; WHERE THOU LODGEST, I DO NOT LODGE; THY PEOPLE ARE NOT MY PEOPLE; NOR THY GOD, MY GOD!"—*The Chimes*, Third Quarter

"You're in spirits Tugby, my dear," observed his wife. . . . "No," said Tugby. "No; not particular. I'm a little elevated. The muffins came so pat!"—*The Chimes*, Fourth Quarter

JOHN PEERYBINGLE'S FIRESIDE—*The Cricket on the Hearth*, Chirp the first

"DID ITS MOTHER MAKE IT UP A BEDS, THEN!" CRIED MISS SLOWBOY TO THE BABY; "AND DID ITS HAIR GROW BROWN AND CURLY WHEN ITS CAPS WAS LIFTED OFF, AND FRIGHTEN IT, A PRECIOUS PETS, A SITTING BY THE FIRES!"—*The Cricket on the Hearth*, Chirp the first

"THE EXTENT TO WHICH HE'S WINKING AT THIS MOMENT!" WHISPERED CALEB TO HIS DAUGHTER. OH, MY GRACIOUS!"—*The Cricket on the Hearth*, Chirp the second

SUFFERING HIM TO CLASP HER ROUND THE WAIST, AS THEY MOVED SLOWLY DOWN THE DIM WOODEN GALLERY—*The Cricket on the Hearth*, Chirp the second

After dinner Caleb sang the song about the sparkling bowl—*The Cricket on the Hearth*, Chirp the third

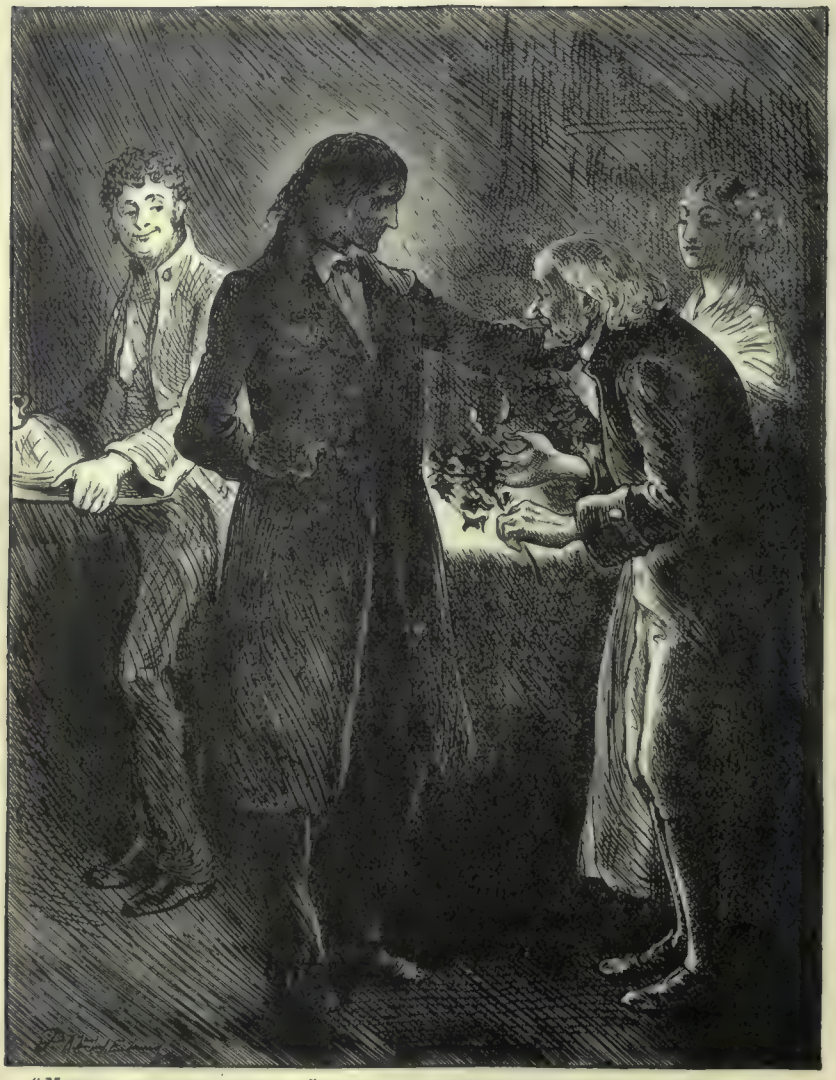
THE PLOUGHSHARE STILL TURNED UP, FROM TIME TO TIME, SOME RUSTY BITS OF METAL, BUT IT WAS HARD TO SAY WHAT USE THEY HAD EVER SERVED, AND THOSE WHO FOUND THEM WONDERED AND DISPUTED—*The Battle of Life*, Part the first

"By the bye," and he looked into the pretty face, still close to his, "I suppose it's your birthday"—*The Battle of Life*, Part the first

"I THINK IT WILL BE BETTER NOT TO HEAR THIS, MR. CRAGGS!" SAID SNITCHEY, LOOKING AT HIM ACROSS THE CLIENT. "I THINK NOT," SAID CRAGGS—BOTH LISTENING ATTENTIVELY—*The Battle of Life*, Part the second

"WHAT IS THE MATTER!' HE EXCLAIMED. "I DON'T KNOW. I—I AM AFRAID TO THINK. GO BACK. HARK!"—*The Battle of Life*, Part the second

GUESSED HALF ALOUD, "MILK AND WATER," "MONTHLY WARNING," "MICE AND WALNUTS"—AND COULDN'T APPROACH HER MEANING—*The Battle of Life*, Part the third



"MERRY AND HAPPY, WAS IT?" ASKED THE CHEMIST IN A LOW VOICE. "MERRY AND HAPPY! OLD MAN!"—*The Haunted Man*, chap. i.

It roved from door-step to door-step, in the arms of little Johnny Tetterby, and lagged heavily at the rear of troops of juveniles who followed the tumblers, etc.—*The Haunted Man*, chap. ii.

"Mr. Redlaw!" he exclaimed, and started up—*The Haunted Man*, chap. ii.

"I'M NOT A-GOING TO TAKE YOU THERE. LET ME BE OR I'LL HEAVE SOME FIRE AT YOU!"—*The Haunted Man*, chap. ii.

"YOU SPEAK TO ME OF WHAT IS LYING HERE," THE PHANTOM INTERPOSED, AND POINTED WITH ITS FINGER TO THE BOY—*The Haunted Man*, chap. iii.

"WHAT A WONDERFUL MAN YOU ARE, FATHER! HOW ARE YOU FATHER? ARE YOU REALLY PRETTY HEARTY, THOUGH?" SAID WILLIAM, SHAKING HANDS WITH HIM AGAIN, AND PATTING HIM AGAIN, AND RUBBING HIM GENTLY DOWN AGAIN—*The Haunted Man*, chap. iii.

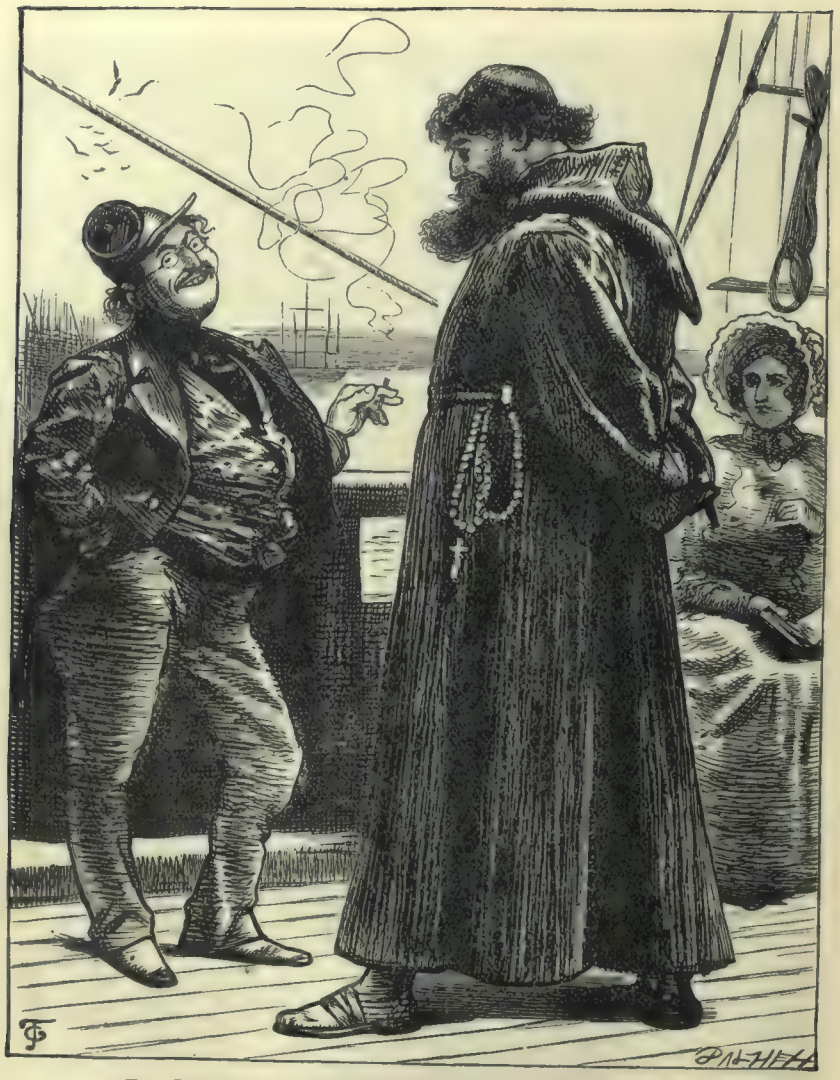
THE SEDATE FACE IN THE PORTRAIT, WITH THE BEARD AND RUFF, LOOKED DOWN AT THEM—*The Haunted Man*, chap. iii.

PICTURES FROM ITALY

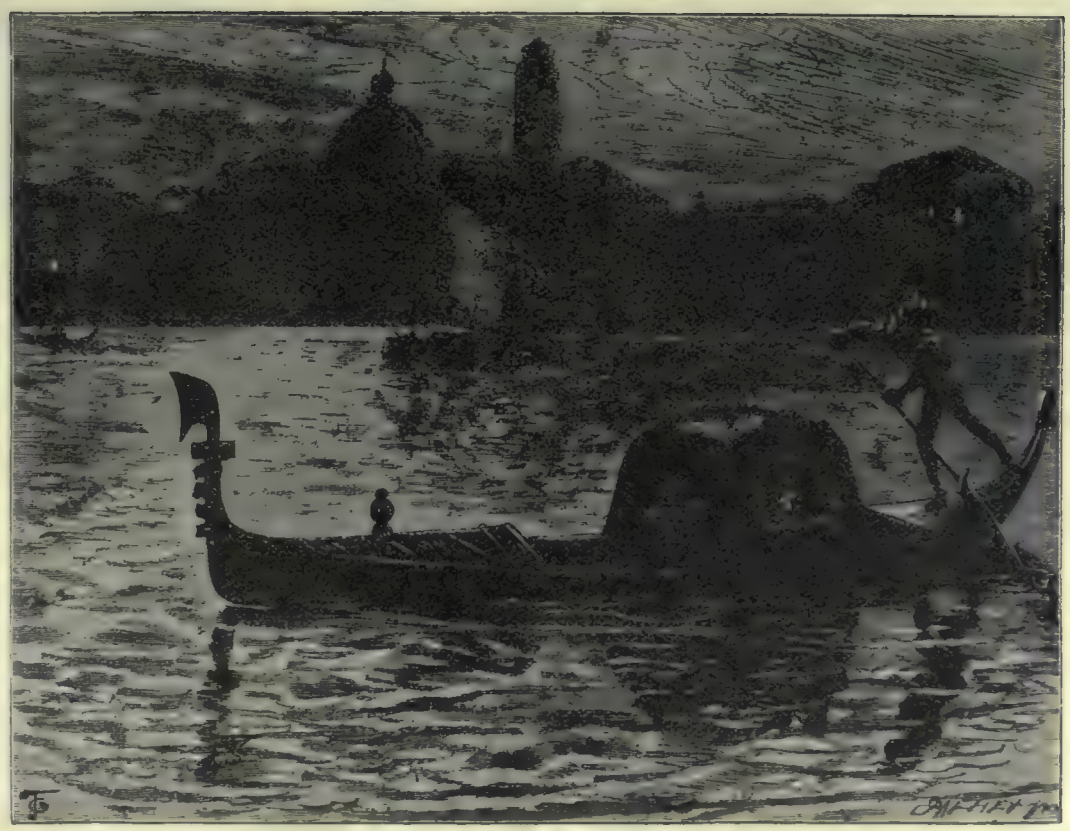
EIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS
BY GORDON THOMSON

THE MALLE POST—*Going Through France*

PLAYING AT MORA—*Genoa and its Neighbourhood*



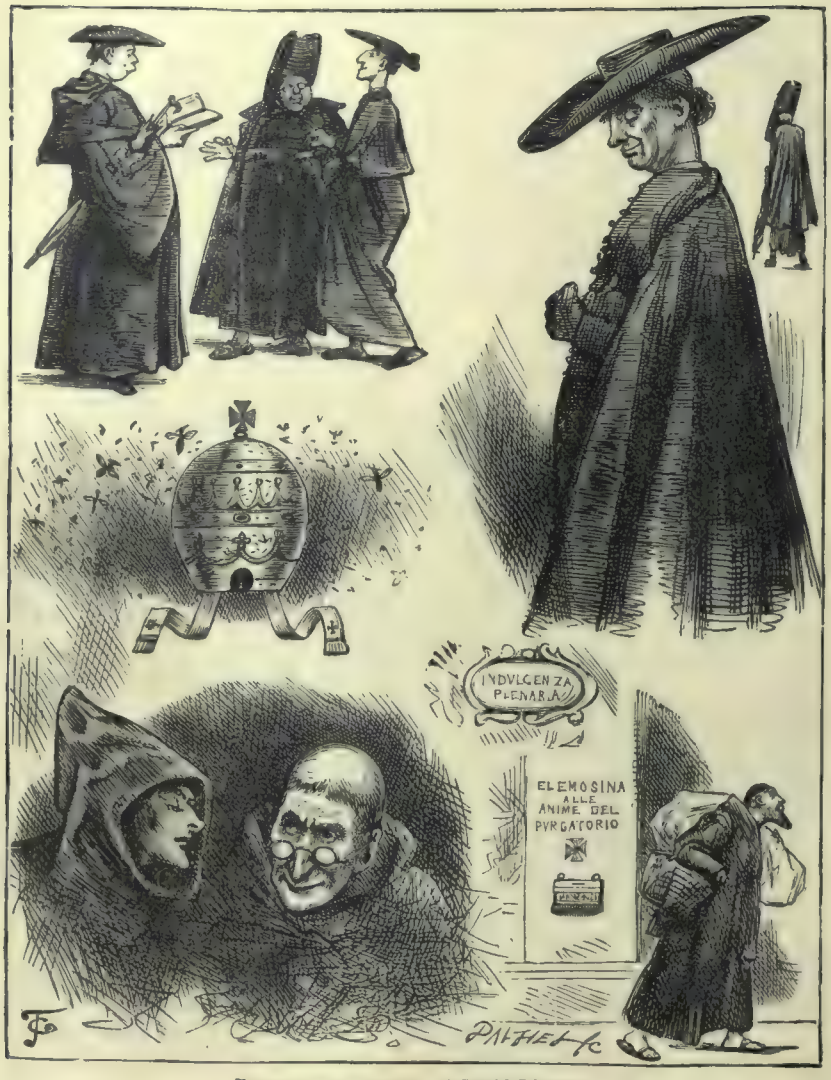
THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD—*To Parma, Modena, and Bologna*



An Italian Dream

A SKETCH AT THE CARNIVAL—*Rome*

ARTISTS' MODELS—*Rome*



PRIESTS AND MONKS—*A Rapid Diorama*

DEALINGS WITH THE FIRM OF

DOMBEY AND SON

WHOLESALE, RETAIL AND FOR EXPORTATION

SIXTY-TWO ILLUSTRATIONS

BY FRED BARNARD

A THOROUGH CONTRAST IN ALL RESPECTS TO MR. DOMBEY—Chap. ii.

"I MAY BE FOND OF PENNYWINKLES, MRS. RICHARDS, BUT IT DON'T FOLLOW THAT I'M TO HAVE 'EM FOR TEA"—Chap. iii.

"So here's to Dombey—and son—and daughter"—Chap. iv.

Mr. Dombey dismounting first to help the ladies out—Chap. v.

"Why, what can you want with Dombey and Son's!" . . . . "To know the way there, if you please."—Chap. vi.

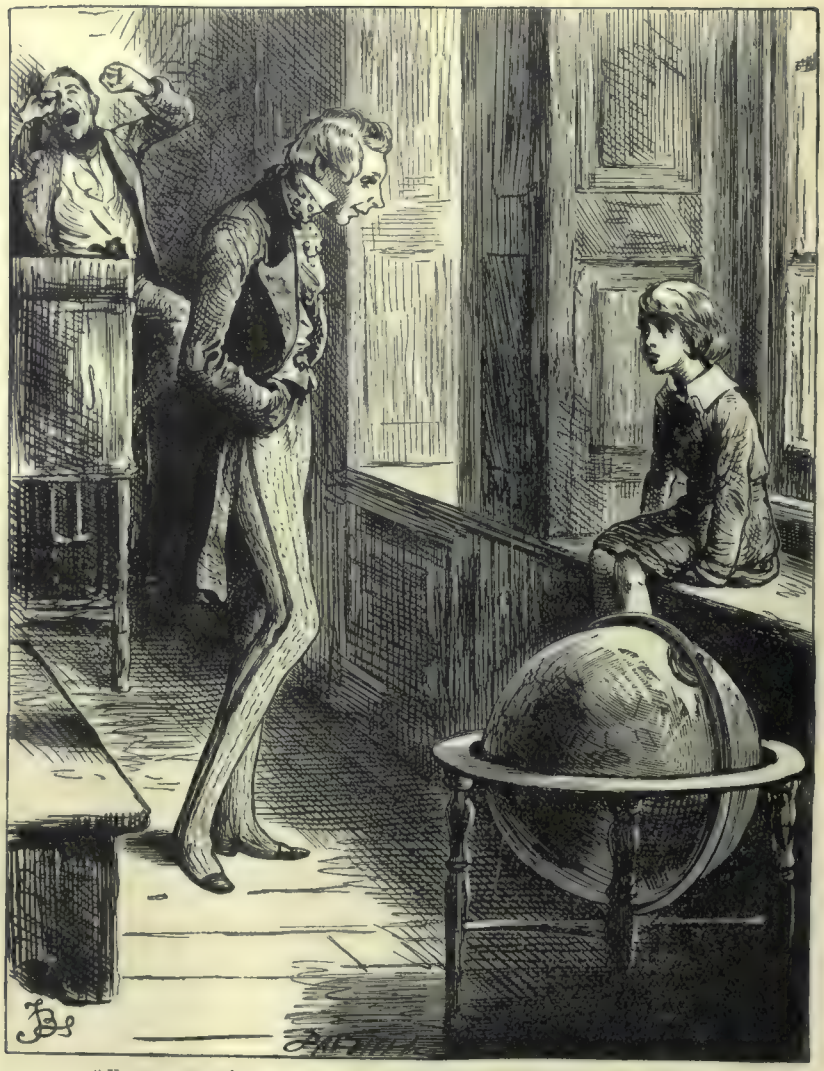
FLORENCE OBEYED AS FAST AS HER TREMBLING HANDS WOULD ALLOW; KEEPING, ALL THE WHILE, A FRIGHTENED EYE ON MRS. BROWN—Chap. vi.

DOMBEY AND SON—Chap. viii.

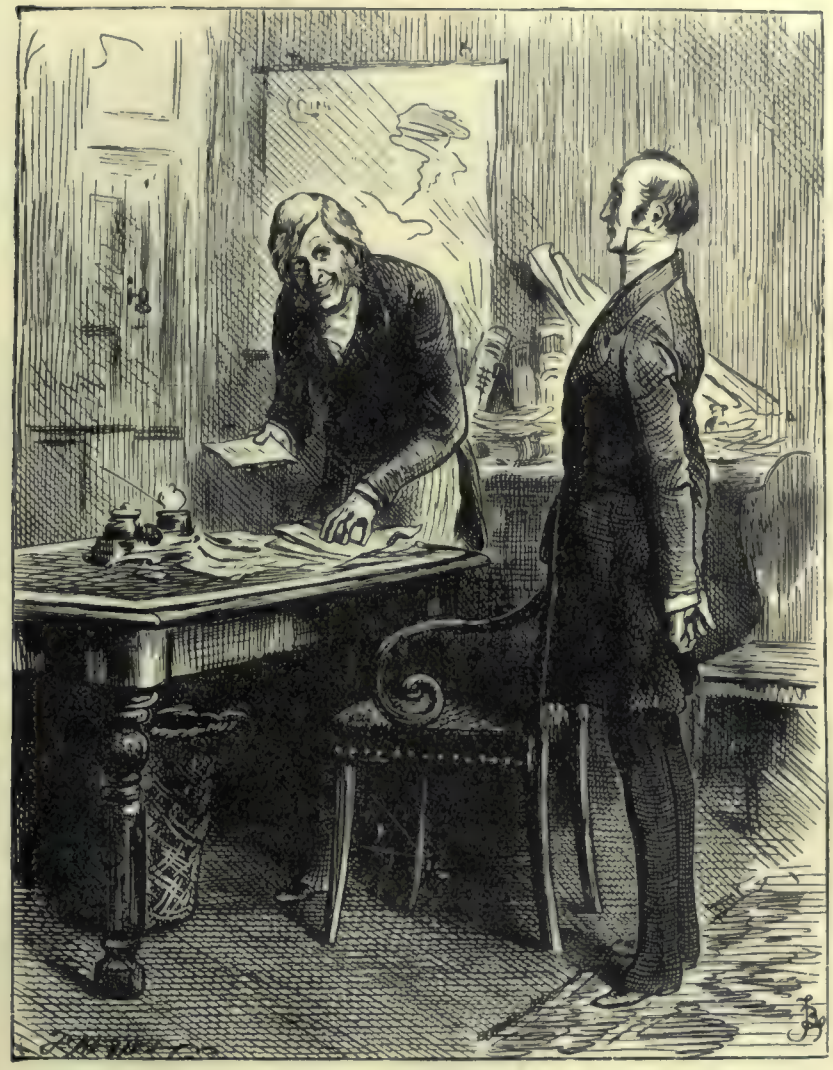
LISTENING TO THE SEA—Chap. viii.

AND WHEN HE GOT THERE, SAT DOWN IN A CHAIR, AND FELL INTO A SILENT FIT OF LAUGHTER WITH WHICH HE WAS SOMETIMES SEIZED, AND WHICH WAS ALWAYS PARTICULARLY AWFUL—Chap. X.

WHEN THE DOCTOR SMILED AUSPICIOUSLY AT HIS AUTHOR, OR KNIT HIS BROWS, OR SHOOK HIS HEAD AND MADE WRY FACES AT HIM, AS MUCH AS TO SAY, "DON'T TELL ME, SIR; I KNOW BETTER," IT WAS TERRIFIC—Chap. xi.



"YOUR FATHER'S REGULARLY RICH, AIN'T HE!" INQUIRED MR. TOOTS.
"YES, SIR," SAID PAUL; "HE'S DOMBEY AND SON"—Chap. xii.



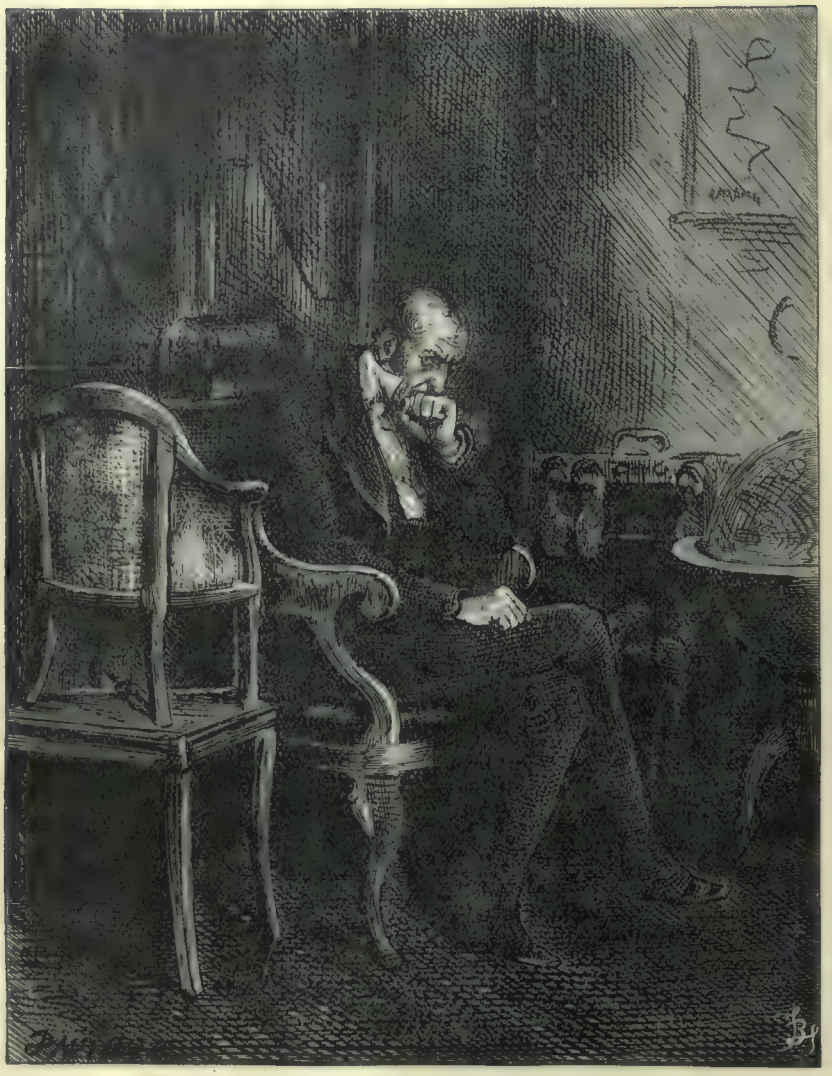
"You respect nobody, Carker, I think," said Mr. Dombey. "No!" inquired Carker, with another wide and most feline show of his teeth—Chap. xiii.

During this conversation, Walter had looked from one brother to the other with pain and amazement—Chap. xiii.

PAUL ALSO ASKED HIM, AS A PRACTICAL MAN, WHAT HE THOUGHT ABOUT KING ALFRED'S IDEA OF MEASURING TIME BY THE BURNING OF CANDLES, TO WHICH THE WORKMAN REPLIED THAT HE THOUGHT IT WOULD BE THE RUIN OF THE CLOCK TRADE IF IT WAS TO COME UP AGAIN—Chap. xiv.

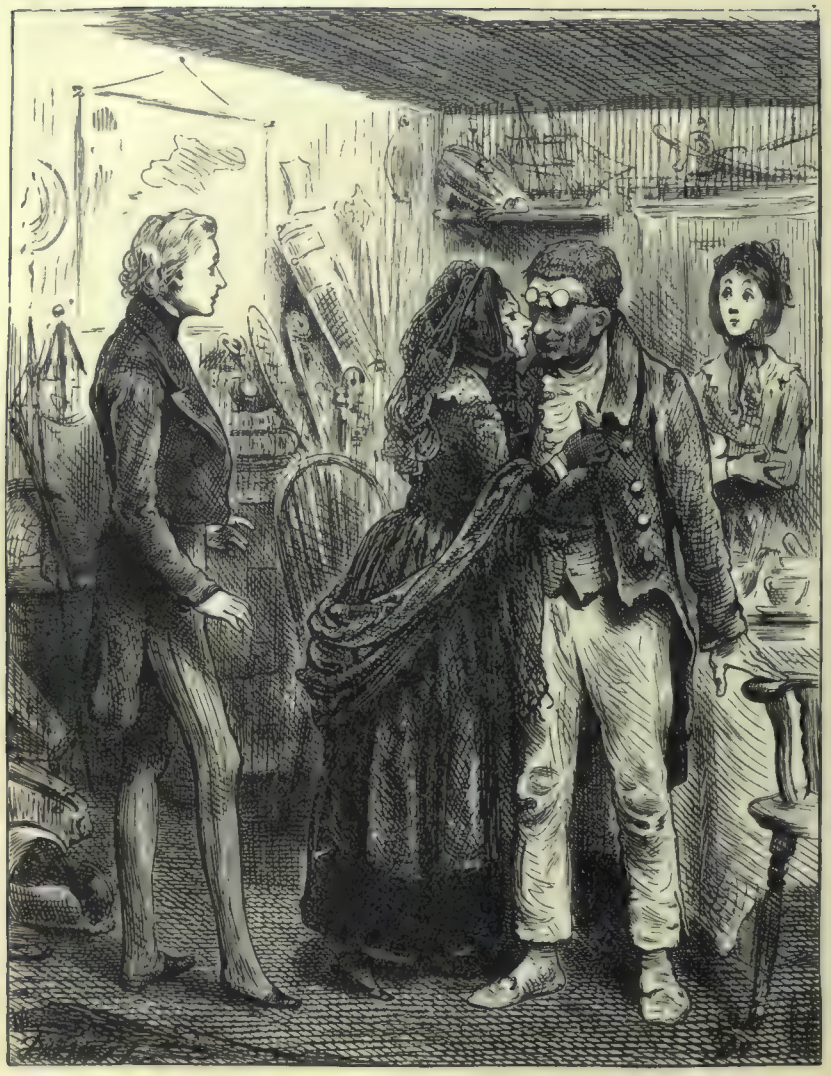
THE BREAKING-UP PARTY AT DOCTOR BLIMBER'S—Chap. xiv.

BEFORE THEY HAD GONE VERY FAR, THEY ENCOUNTERED A WOMAN SELLING FLOWERS; WHEN THE CAPTAIN, STOPPING SHORT, AS IF STRUCK BY A HAPPY IDEA, MADE A PURCHASE OF THE LARGEST BUNDLE IN HER BASKET—Chap. XV.



ALL THIS TIME, THE BEREAVED FATHER HAS NOT BEEN SEEN EVEN BY HIS ATTENDANT; FOR HE SITS IN A CORNER OF HIS OWN DARK ROOM—Chap. xviii.

IT WAS REPEATED OFTEN—VERY OFTEN, IN THE SHADOWY SOLITUDE; AND BROKEN MURMURS OF THE STRAIN STILL TREMBLED ON THE KEYS, WHEN THE SWEET VOICE WAS HUSHED IN TEARS—Chap. xviii.



TOOK UNCLE SOL'S SNUFF-COLOURED LAPPELS, ONE IN EACH HAND; KISSED HIM ON THE CHEEK, ETC.—Chap. xix.

"Take advice from plain old Joe, and never educate that sort of people, sir," returned the Major. "Damme, sir, it never does! It always fails!"—Chap. xx.

Withers the Wan, at this period, handing round the tea, Mr. Dombey again addressed himself to Edith—Chap. xxi.

"DO YOU KNOW THAT THERE IS SOME ONE HERE!" SHE RETURNED, NOW LOOKING AT HIM STEADILY—Chap. XXXVI.

"LET YOU ALONE!" SAID MR. CARKER. "WHAT! I HAVE GOT YOU, HAVE I!" THERE WAS NO DOUBT OF THAT, AND TIGHTLY TOO. "YOU DOG," SAID MR. CARKER, THROUGH HIS SET JAWS, "I'LL STRANGLE YOU!"—Chap. xxii.

"What do you want with Captain Cuttle, I should wish to know!" said Mrs. Macstinger.
"Should you! Then I'm sorry that you won't be satisfied," returned Miss Nipper—Chap. xxiii.

THE FLOWERS WERE SCATTERED ON THE GROUND LIKE DUST; THE EMPTY HANDS WERE SPREAD UPON THE FACE; AND ORPHANED FLORENCE, SHRINKING DOWN UPON THE GROUND, WEPT LONG AND BITTERLY—Chap. xxiv.

THE CAPTAIN'S VOICE WAS SO TREMENDOUS, AND HE CAME OUT OF HIS CORNER WITH SUCH WAY ON HIM, THAT ROB RETREATED BEFORE HIM INTO ANOTHER CORNER; HOLDING OUT THE KEYS AND PACKET, TO PREVENT HIMSELF FROM BEING RUN DOWN—Chap. XXV.

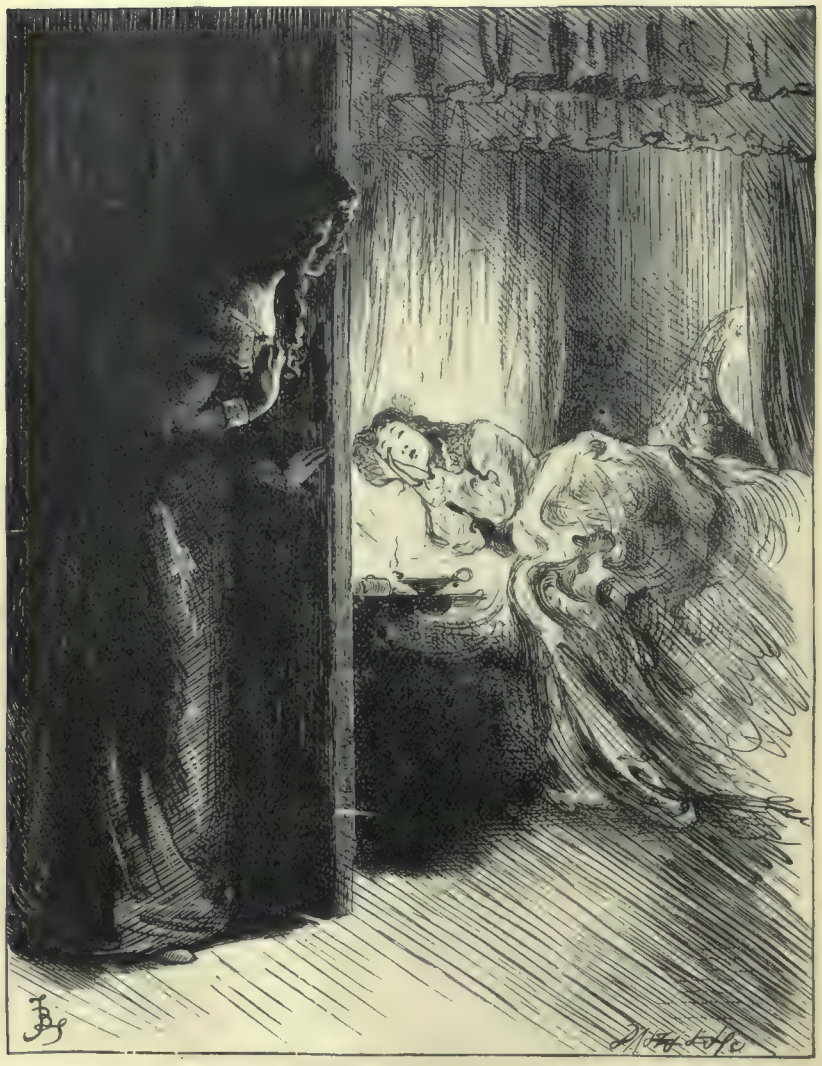
"Go and meet her!"—Chap. xxvii.

"THANK YOU. I HAVE NO DESIRE TO READ IT," WAS HER ANSWER—Chap. xxvi.

"A CHILD!" SAID EDITH, LOOKING AT HER. "WHEN WAS I A CHILD! WHAT CHILDHOOD DID YOU EVER LEAVE TO ME!"—Chap. XXVIII.

LUCRETIA TOX'S REVERIE—Chap. xxix.

ONE OF THE VERY TALL YOUNG MEN ON HIRE, WHOSE ORGAN OF VENERATION WAS IMPERFECTLY DEVELOPED, THRUSTING HIS TONGUE INTO HIS CHEEK, FOR THE ENTERTAINMENT OF THE OTHER VERY TALL YOUNG MAN ON HIRE, AS THE COUPLE TURNED INTO THE DINING-ROOM—Chap. XXX.



She started, stopped, and looked in—Chap. xxx.

IN A FIRM, FREE HAND, THE BRIDE SUBSCRIBES HER NAME IN THE REGISTER—Chap. xxxi.

"Go," said the good-humoured manager, gathering up his skirts, and standing astride on the hearth-rug, "like a sensible fellow, and let us have no turning out, or any such violent measures"—Chap. xxxii.

And reading softly to himself, in the little back parlour, and stopping now and then to wipe his eyes, the Captain, in a true and simple spirit, committed Walter's body to the deep—Chap. xxxii.

A CERTAIN SKILFUL ACTION OF HIS FINGERS AS HE HUMMED SOME BARS, AND BEAT TIME ON THE SEAT BESIDE HIM, SEEMED TO DENOTE THE MUSICIAN—Chap. xxxiii.

"SHE'S COME BACK HARDER THAN SHE WENT!" CRIED THE MOTHER, LOOKING UP IN HER FACE, AND STILL HOLDING TO HER KNEES—Chap. XXXIV.

WITHERS, MEETING HIM ON THE STAIRS, STOOD AMAZED AT THE BEAUTY OF HIS TEETH, AND AT HIS BRILLIANT SMILE—Chap. XXXVII.

RAN SNIGGERING OFF TO GET CHANGE, AND TOSSED IT AWAY WITH A PIEMAN
Chap. xxxviii.

"And you're a-going to desert your colours, are you, my lad," said the captain, after a long examination of his face—Chap. xxxix.

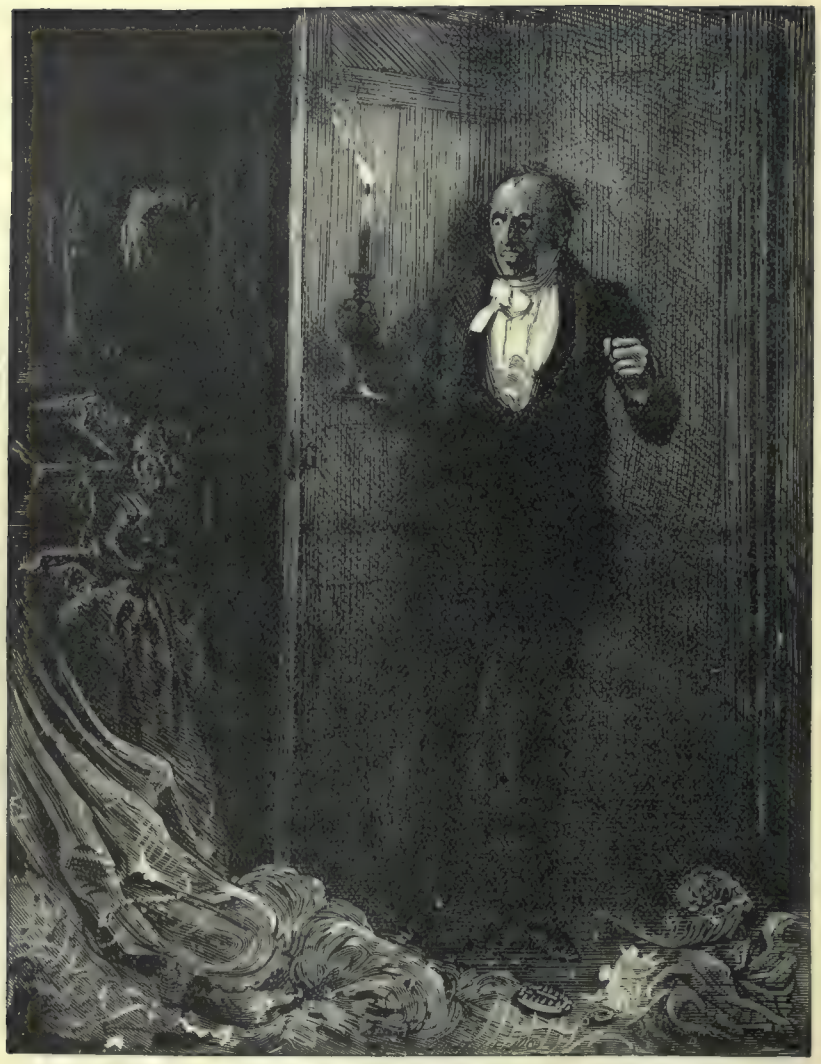
Mr. Toots replies by launching wildly out into Miss Dombey's praises, and by insinuations that sometimes he thinks he should like to blow his brains out—Chap. xli.

"Dombey," says Cousin Feenix, "upon my soul I am very much shocked to see you on such a melancholy occasion"—Chap. xli.

"Do you call it managing this establishment, madam," said Mr. Dombey, "to leave a person like this at liberty to come and talk to me!"—Chap. xliv.

"Miss Dombey," returned Mr. Toots, "if you'll only name one, you'll—you'll give me an appetite. To which," said Mr. Toots, with some sentiment, "I have long been a stranger"—Chap. xliv.

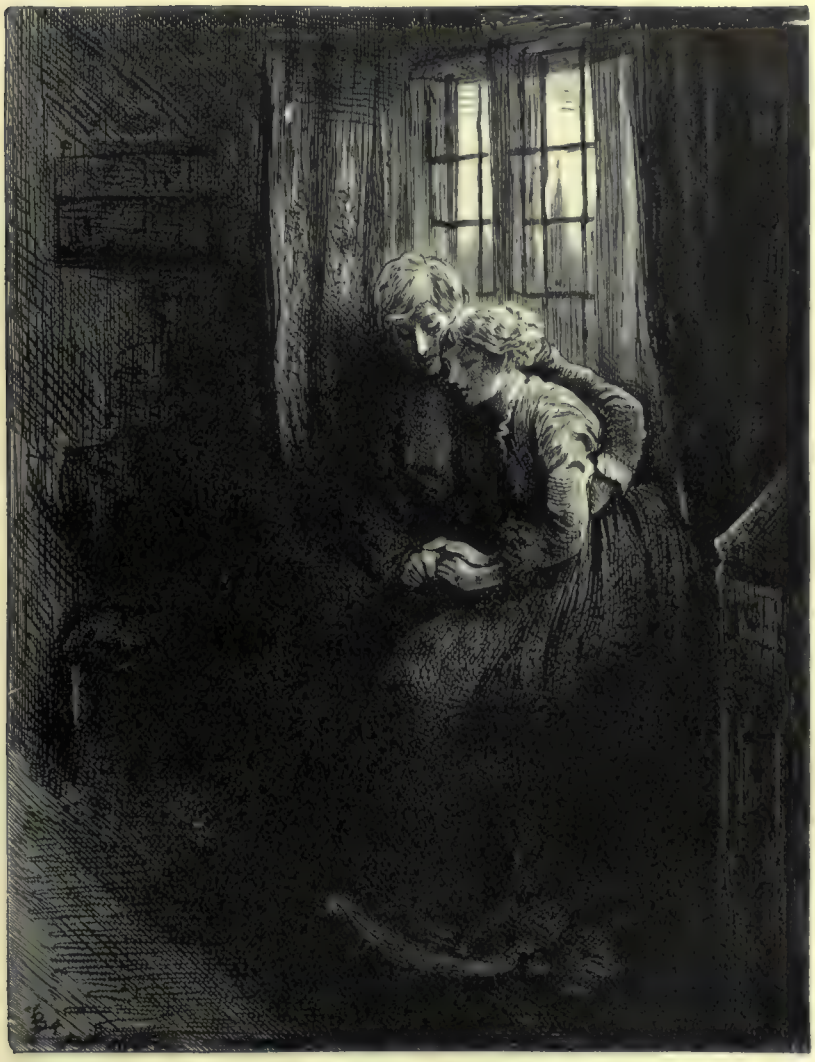
FLUNG IT DOWN, AND TROD UPON THE GLITTERING HEAP—Chap. xlvii.



THROWN DOWN IN A COSTLY MASS UPON THE GROUND WAS EVERY ORNAMENT SHE HAD HAD SINCE SHE HAD BEEN HIS WIFE; EVERY DRESS SHE HAD WORN; AND EVERYTHING SHE HAD POSSESSED—Chap. xlvii.

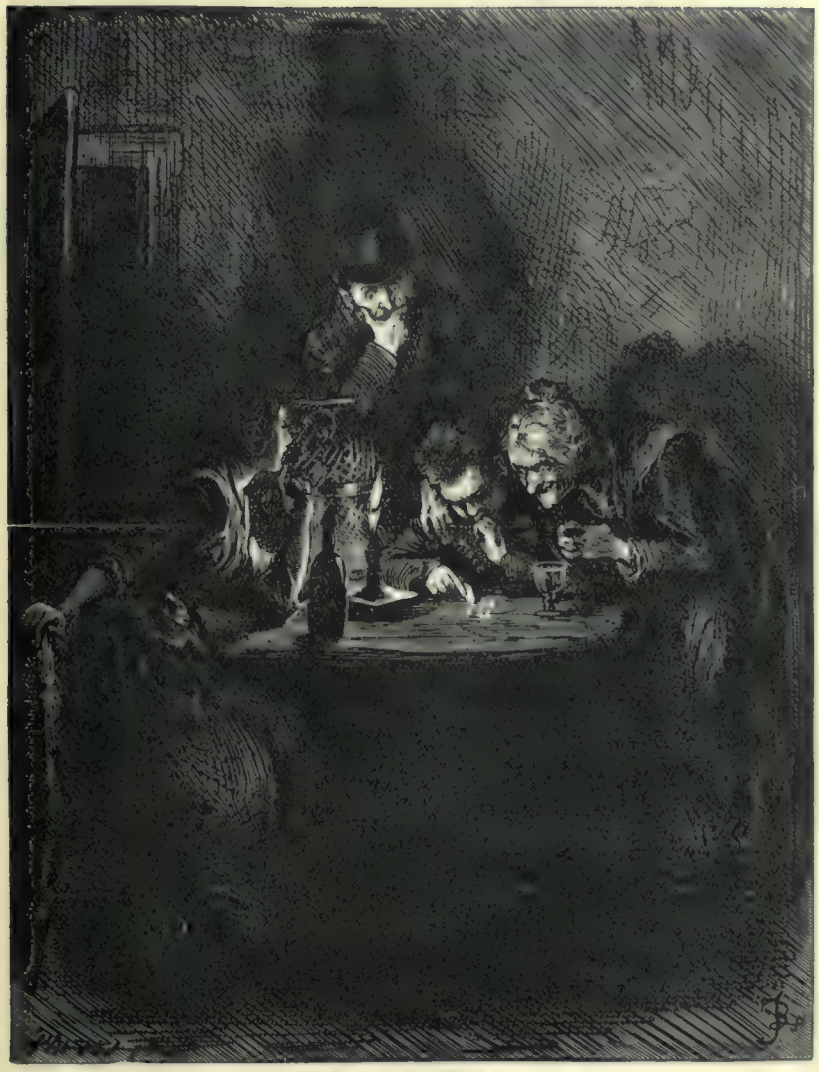
FLORENCE MADE A MOTION WITH HER HAND TOWARDS HIM, REELED AND FELL UPON THE FLOOR—Chap. xlviii.

WHEN HE HAD FILLED HIS PIPE IN AN ABSOLUTE REVERIE OF SATISFACTION, FLORENCE LIGHTED IT FOR HIM—Chap. xlix.



BLESSED TWILIGHT STEALING ON, AND SHADING HER SO SOOTHINGLY AND GRAVELY AS SHE FALLS ASLEEP, LIKE A HUSHED CHILD, UPON THE BOSOM SHE HAS CLUNG TO!
Chap. I.

IT APPEARS THAT HE MET EVERYBODY CONCERNED IN THE LATE TRANSACTION, EVERYWHERE, AND SAID TO THEM, "SIR," OR "MADAM," AS THE CASE WAS, "WHY DO YOU LOOK SO PALE!" AT WHICH EACH SHUDDERED FROM HEAD TO FOOT, AND SAID, "OH, PERCH!" AND RAN AWAY—Chap. II.



D. I. J. O. N—Chap. lii.

STILL UPON HER KNEES, AND WITH HER EYES UPON THE FIRE—Chap. liii.

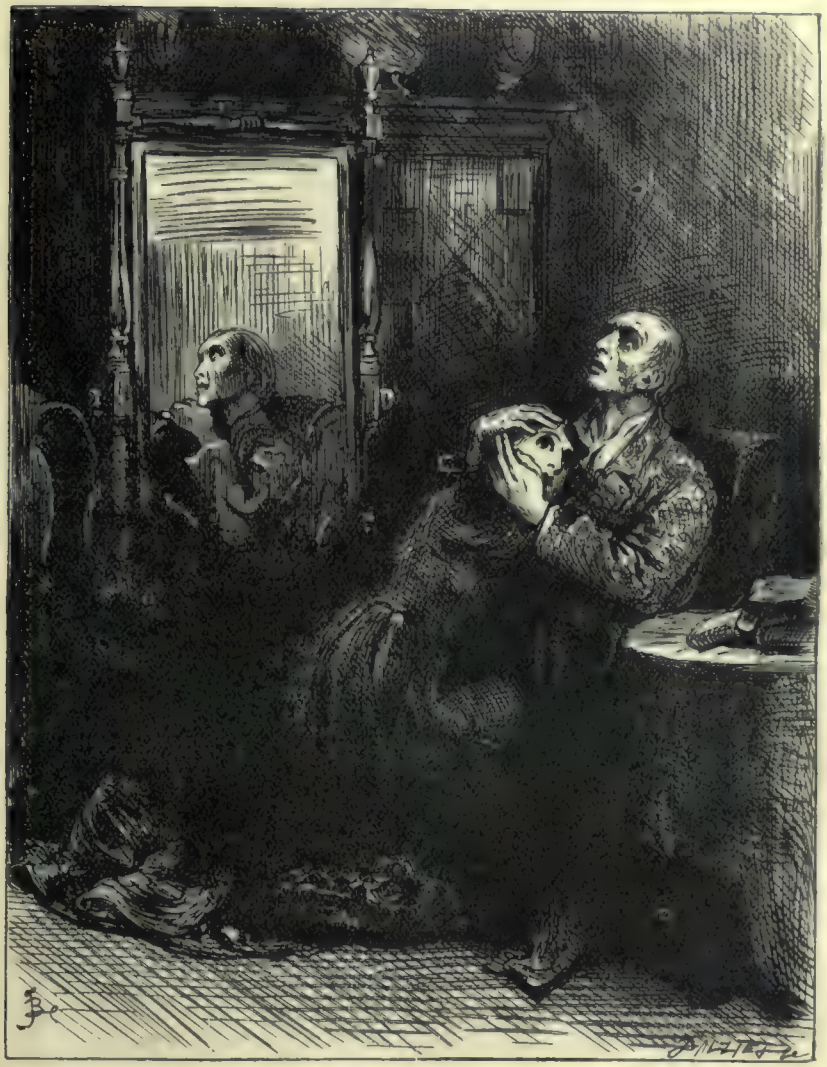
He saw the face change from its vindictive passion to a faint sickness and terror—Chap. iv.

After this, he smoked four pipes successively in the little parlour by himself, and was discovered chuckling at the expiration of as many hours—Chap. lvi.

"WY, IT'S MEAN . . . . THAT'S WHERE IT IS. IT'S MEAN!"—Chap. lvi.

"JOE HAD BEEN DECEIVED, SIR, TAKEN IN, HOODWINKED, BLINDFOLDED. BUT WAS BROAD AWAKE AGAIN, AND STARING"—Chap. lviii.

"YES, MRS. PIPCHIN, IT IS," REPLIES COOK, ADVANCING. "AND WHAT THEN PRAY!"—Chap. lix.



"Oh, my God, forgive me, for I need it very much!"—Chap. lix.

"No, no!" cried Florence, shrinking back as she rose up, and putting out her hands to keep her off. "Mamma!"—Chap. lxi.

Captain Cuttle gives them the Lovely Peg—Chap. lxii.

"Dear Grandpapa, why do you cry when you kiss me?"—Chap. lxii.

THE PERSONAL HISTORY OF DAVID COPPERFIELD

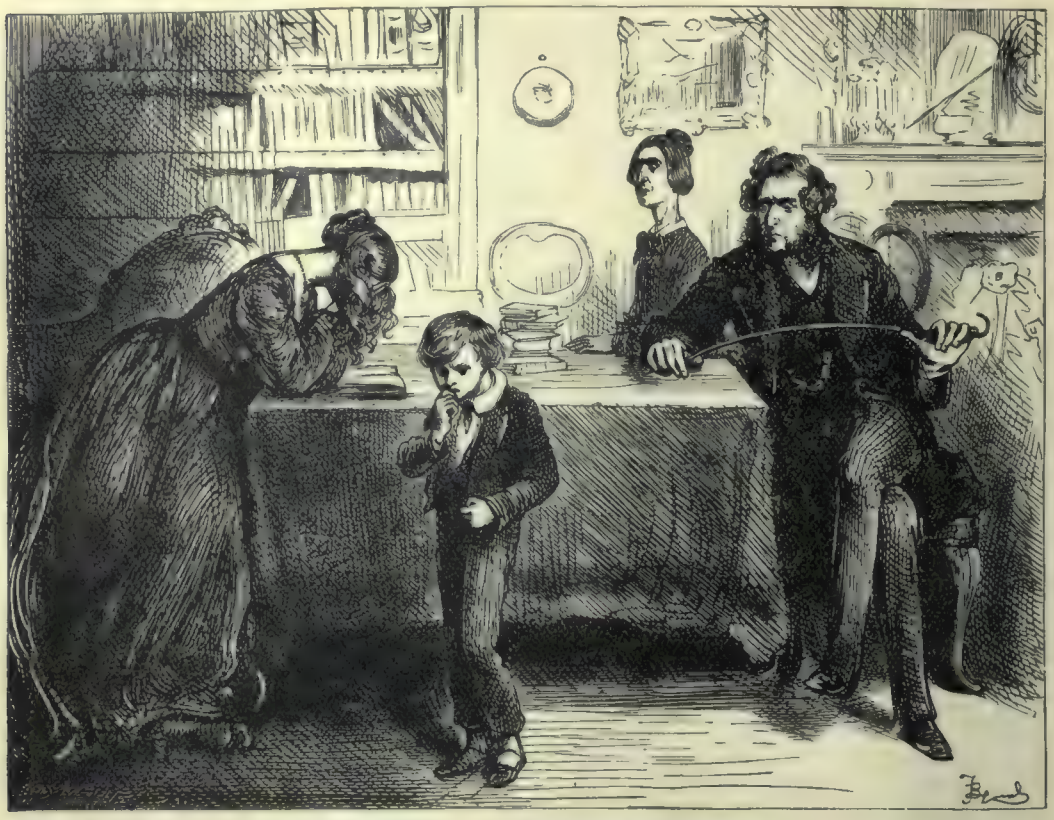
SIXTY-ONE ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRED BARNARD

PEGGOTTY SEEMED TO SWELL AND GROW IMMENSELY LARGE. I PROPPED MY EYELIDS OPEN WITH MY TWO FORE-FINGERS AND LOOKED PERSEVERINGLY AT HER, AS SHE SAT AT WORK—Chap. ii.

"DEAD, MR. PEGGOTTY!" I HINTED, AFTER A RESPECTFUL PAUSE.
"DROWNDEAD," SAID MR. PEGGOTTY—Chap. iii.

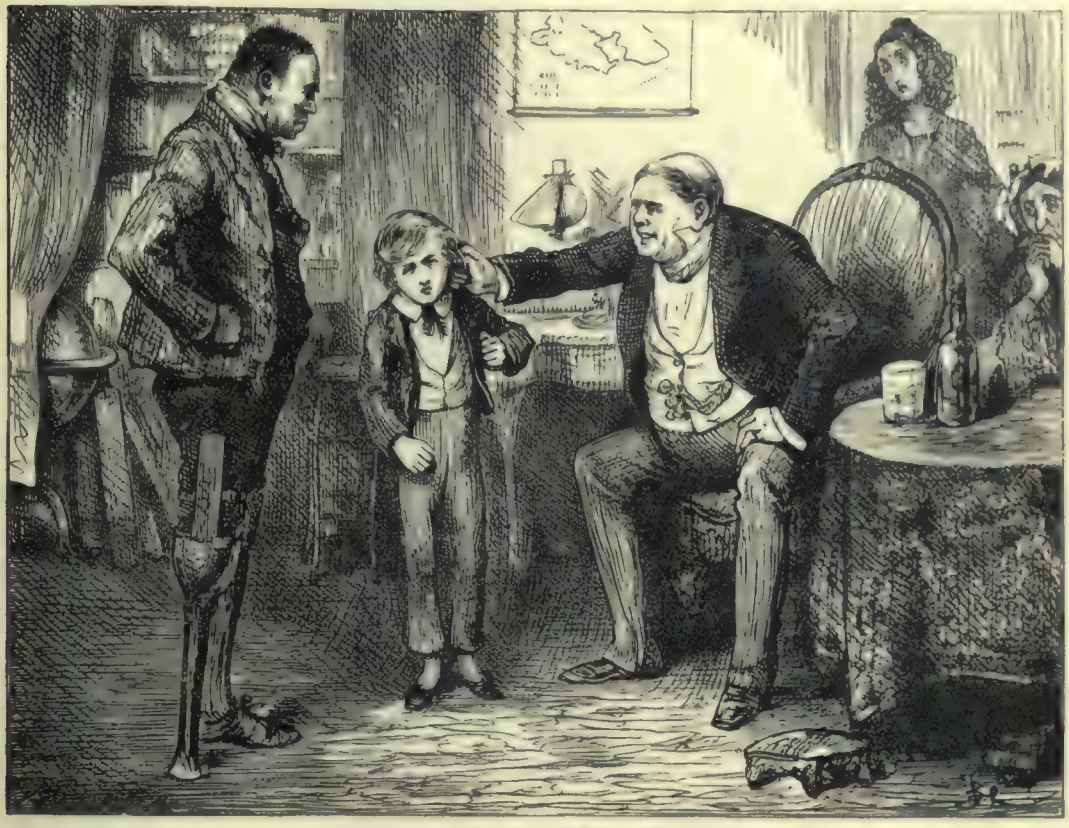
"THAT'S NOT IT!" SAID I, "THAT SHIP-LOOKING THING!" "THAT'S IT, MAS'R DAVY," RETURNED HAM—Chap. iii.

And when we came at last to the five thousand cheeses (canes he made it that day, I remember), my mother burst out crying—Chap. iv.



I saw to my amazement, Peggotty burst from a hedge and climb into the cart—Chap. v.

"He knows me, and I know him. Do you know me! Hey!" said Mr. Creakle, pinching my ear with ferocious playfulness—Chap. vi.



"Let him deny it," said Steerforth—Chap. vii.

"Don't go, Steerforth, if you please. These are two Yarmouth boatmen—very kind, good people—who are relations of my nurse, and have come from Gravesend to see me"—Chap. vii.

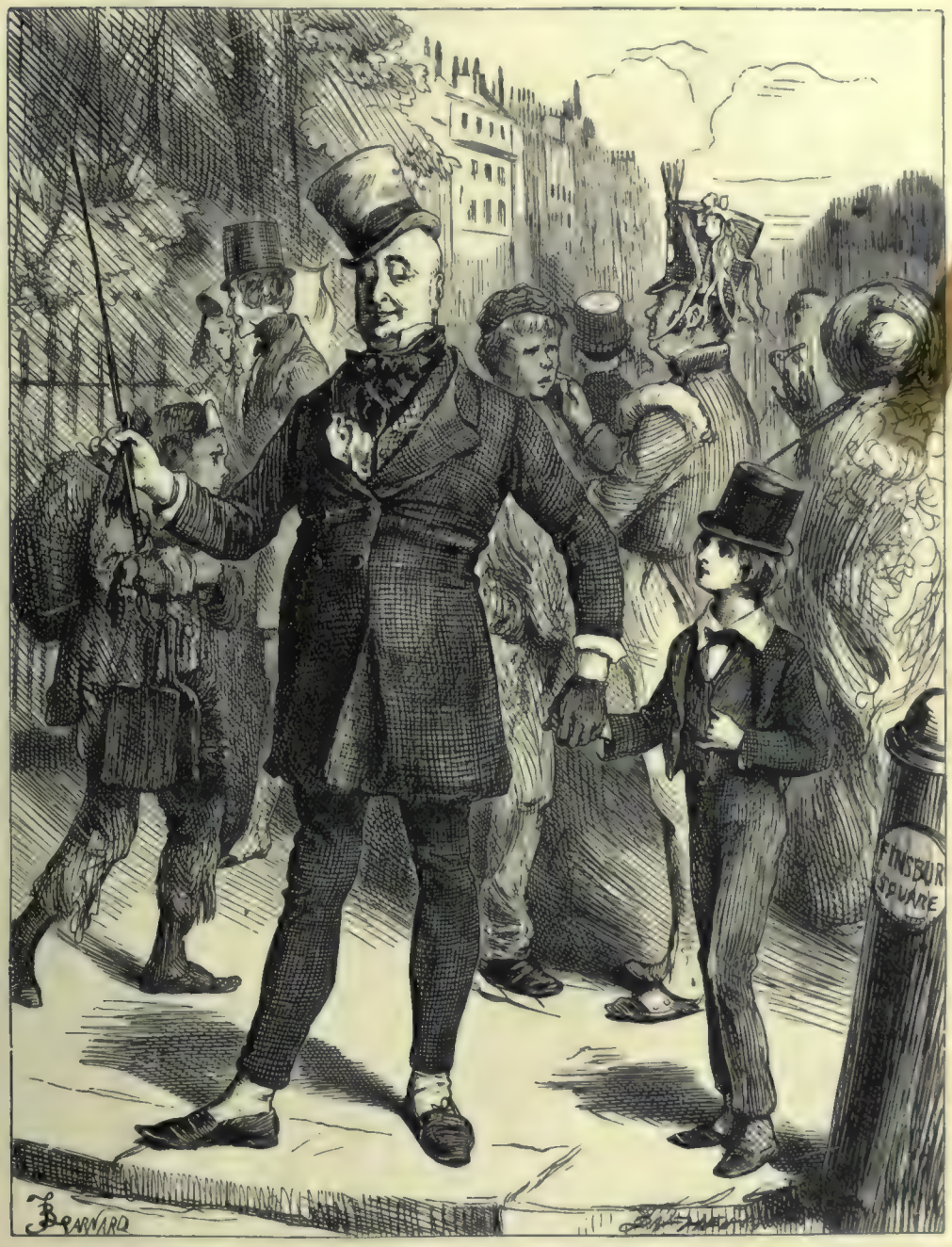
"Father!" said Minnie playfully. "What a porpoise you do grow!"—Chap. ix.

I BEGIN LIFE ON MY OWN ACCOUNT, AND DON'T LIKE IT—Chap. xi.

I AM PRESENTED TO MRS. MICAWBER—Chap. xi.

THE YOUNG MAN STILL REPLIED: "COME TO THE POLLIS!" AND WAS DRAGGING ME AGAINST THE DONKEY IN A VIOLENT MANNER, AS IF THERE WERE ANY AFFINITY BETWEEN THAT ANIMAL AND A MAGISTRATE—Chap. xii.

"OH, MY LUNGS AND LIVER, WILL YOU GO FOR THREEPENCE!"—Chap. xiii.



MR. MICAWBER, IMPRESSING THE NAMES OF THE STREETS AND THE SHAPES OF CORNER HOUSES UPON ME AS WE WENT ALONG, THAT I MIGHT FIND MY WAY BACK EASILY IN THE MORNING—Chap. xi.

THE BATTLE ON THE GREEN—Chap. xiv.

SHE ALWAYS ROUSED HIM WITH A QUESTION OR CARESS—Chap. xv.

"Oh, thank you, Master Copperfield," said Uriah Heep, "for that remark! It is so true! 'umble as I am, I know it is so true! Oh, thank you, Master Copperfield!"—Chap. xvi.

The doctor's walk—Chap. xvii.

"I ASK AN INESTIMABLE PRICE FOR IT, MISS LARKINS" . . . "INDEED! WHAT IS THAT!" RETURNS MISS LARKINS. "A FLOWER OF YOURS, THAT I MAY TREASURE IT AS A MISER DOES GOLD"—Chap. xviii.

"OH, REALLY! YOU KNOW HOW IGNORANT I AM, AND THAT I ONLY ASK FOR INFORMATION, BUT ISN'T IT ALWAYS SO! I THOUGHT THAT KIND OF LIFE WAS ON ALL HANDS UNDERSTOOD TO BE—EH!"—Chap. xx.

PRESENTLY THEY BROUGHT HER TO THE FIRESIDE, VERY MUCH CONFUSED, AND VERY SHY—Chap. xxi.

"THAT IS A BLACK SHADOW TO BE FOLLOWING THE GIRL," SAID STEERFORTH, STANDING STILL; "WHAT DOES IT MEAN!"—Chap. xxii.

"Trot! my dear Trot!" cried my aunt, in a terrified whisper, and pressing my arm. "I don't know what to do"—Chap. xxiii.

And Mrs. Crupp said, thank heaven she had now found summun she could care for—Chap. xxiii.

HAMLET'S AUNT BETRAYS THE FAMILY FAILING, AND INDULGES IN A SOLILOQUY ON "BLOOD"—Chap. XXV.

DORA—Chap. XXVI.

"HERE," DRAWING THE CLOTH OFF WITH GREAT PRIDE AND CARE, "ARE TWO PIECES OF FURNITURE TO COMMENCE WITH"—Chap. xxvii.

MR. MICAWBER IN HIS ELEMENT—Chap. xxviii.

He was fast asleep; lying easily, with his head upon his arm, as I had often seen him lie at school
Chap. xxix.

"Give me breath enough," says I to my daughter Minnie, "and I'll find passages, my dear"
Chap. xxx

"READ IT, SIR," HE SAID, IN A LOW SHIVERING VOICE. "SLOW, PLEASE. I DOEN'T KNOW AS I CAN UNDERSTAND"—Chap. XXXI.

"TAKE A WORD OF ADVICE, EVEN FROM THREE FOOT NOTHING, TRY NOT TO ASSOCIATE BODILY DEFECTS WITH MENTAL, MY GOOD FRIEND, EXCEPT FOR A SOLID REASON"—Chap. xxxii.

UNDER THE LILAC TREE—Chap. xxxiii.

I PARTED FROM HIM, POOR FELLOW, AT THE CORNER OF THE STREET, WITH HIS GREAT KITE AT HIS BACK, A VERY MONUMENT OF HUMAN MISERY—Chap. xxxiv.

"DEUCE TAKE THE MAN!" SAID MY AUNT STERNLY, "WHAT'S HE ABOUT! DON'T BE GALVANIC, SIR!"
Chap. xxxv.

"I HARDLY EVER TAKE BREAKFAST, SIR," HE REPLIED WITH HIS HEAD THROWN BACK IN AN EASY CHAIR. "I FIND IT BORES ME"—Chap. xxxvi.

"YOU HAVE HEARD MISS MURDSTONE," SAID MR. SPENLOW, TURNING TO ME. "I BEG TO ASK MR. COPPERFIELD, IF YOU HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY IN REPLY!"—Chap. xxxviii.

"Papa, you are not well. Come with me!"—Chap. xxxix.

I stood face to face with Mr. Peggotty!—Chap. xl.

"I WONDER WHY YOU EVER FELL IN LOVE WITH ME!" SAID DORA, BEGINNING ON ANOTHER BUTTON OF MY COAT
Chap. xii.

HE CAUGHT THE HAND IN HIS, AND WE STOOD IN THAT CONNECTION, LOOKING AT EACH OTHER—Chap. xiii.

HOLDING THE PENS—Chap. xliv.

"THEN, I HAVE GOT IT, BOY!" SAID MR. DICK—Chap. xlv.

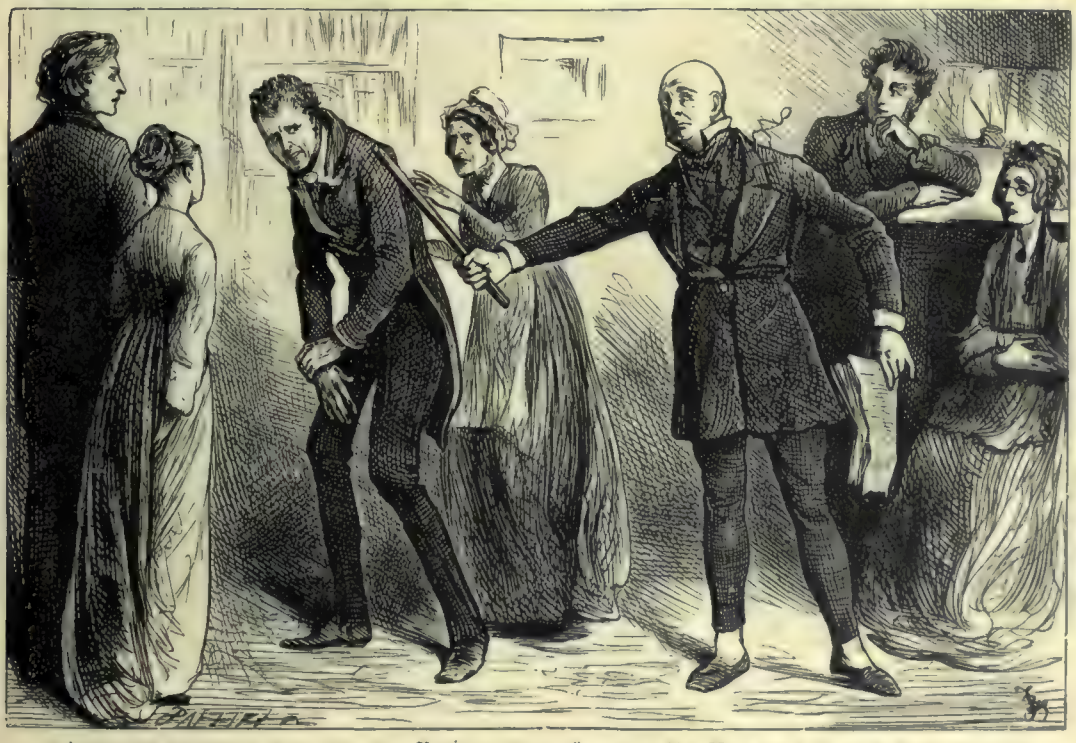
Mr. Littimer tells his story—Chap. xlvi.

"Oh, the river!" she cried passionately. "Oh, the river!"—Chap. xlvii.

"When I can run about again, as I used to do, aunt," said Dora, "I shall make Jip race. He is getting quite slow and lazy"—Chap. xlviii.

"And the name of the whole atrocious mass is—Heep!"—Chap. xlix.

ROSA DARTLE SPRANG UP FROM HER SEAT: RECOILED, AND IN RECOILING STRUCK AT HER, WITH A FACE OF SUCH MALIGNITY, SO DARKENED AND DISFIGURED BY PASSION, THAT I HAD ALMOST THROWN MYSELF BETWEEN THEM Chap. l.

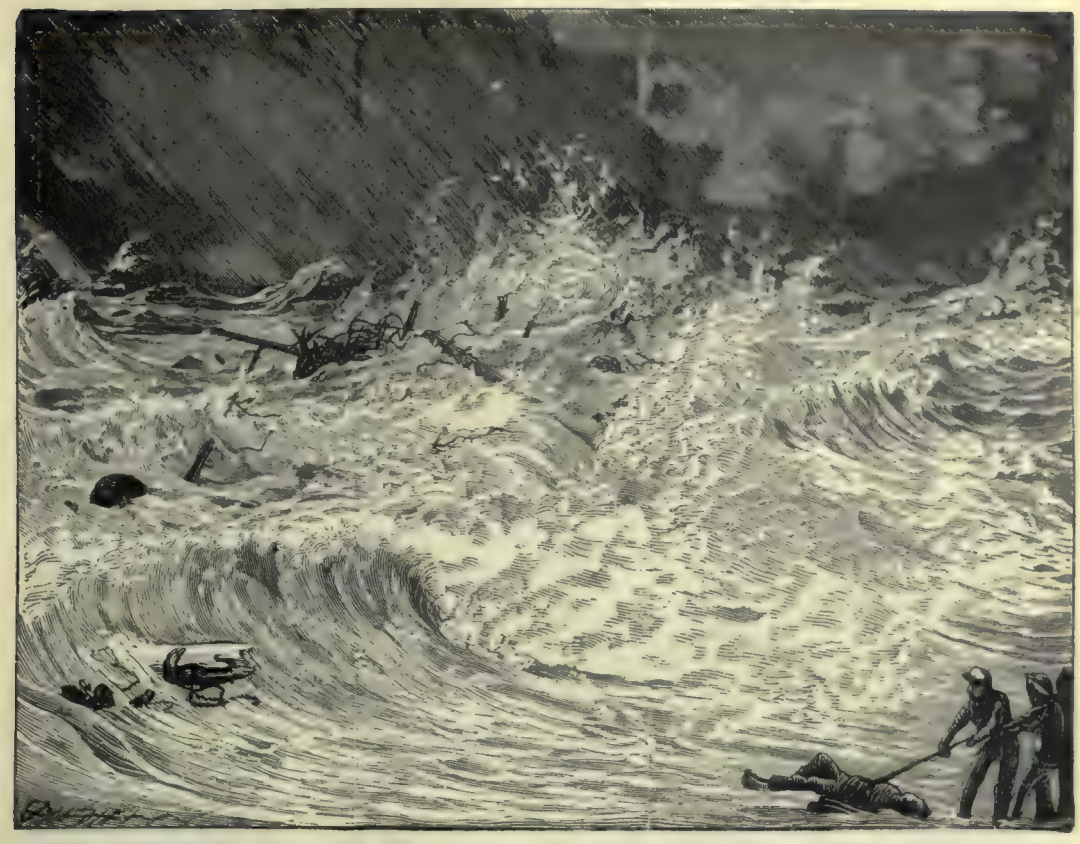


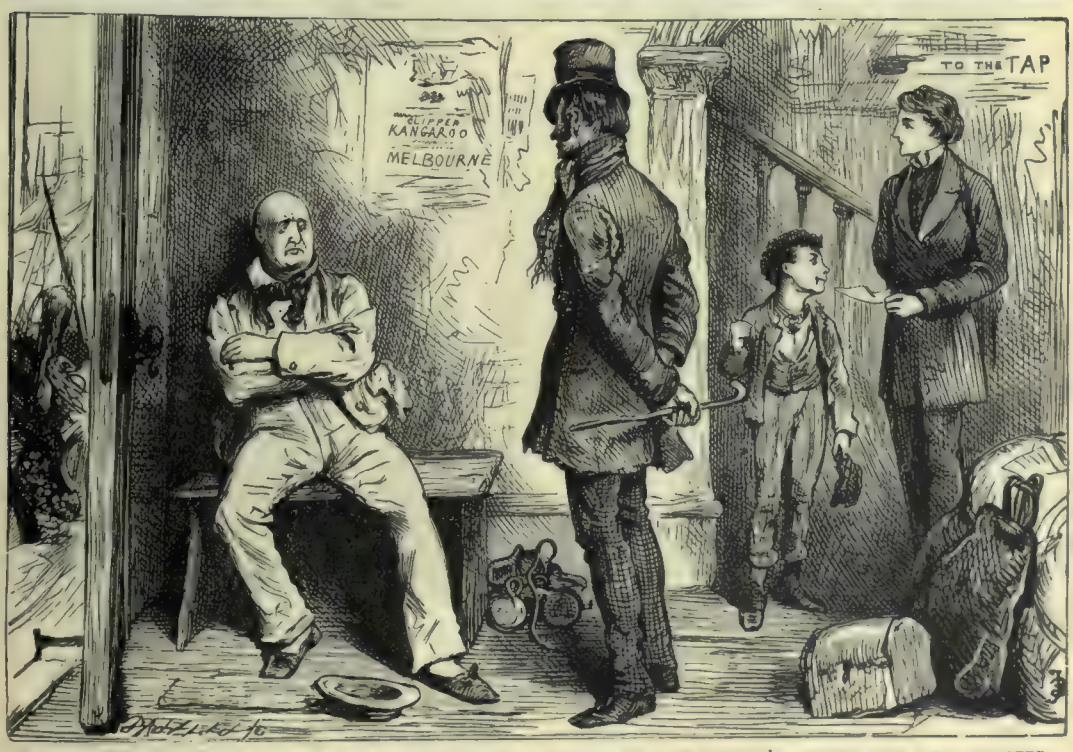
"APPROACH ME AGAIN, YOU—YOU—YOU HEEP OF INFAMY," GASPED MR. MICAWBER, "AND IF YOUR HEAD IS HUMAN, I'LL BREAK IT. COME ON, COME ON"—Chap. lii.

"I IS MUCH BETTER AS IT IS!"—Chap. liii.

I HAVE MYSELF DIRECTED SOME ATTENTION, DURING THE PAST WEEK, TO THE ART OF BAKING—Chap. liv.

THEY DREW HIM TO MY VERY FEET—INSENSIBLE—DEAD—Chap. lv.





I FOUND MR. MICAWBER SITTING IN A CORNER, LOOKING DARKLY AT THE SHERIFF'S OFFICER WHO HAD EFFECTED THE CAPTURE—Chap. lvii.

THE STORM—Chap. lv.

I WALKED UP TO WHERE HE WAS SITTING, AND SAID, "HOW DO YOU DO, MR. CHILLIP!"—Chap. lix.

FOR AN INSTANT, A DISTRESSFUL SHADOW CROSSED HER FACE; BUT, EVEN IN THE START IT GAVE ME, IT WAS GONE.—Chap. lx.

I took Agnes in my arm to the back of her chair, and we both leaned over her—Chap. lxii.

"If a ship's cook that was turning settler, Mas'r Davy, didn't make offers fur to marry Mrs. Gummidge, I'm gormed—and I can't say no fairer than that!"—Chap. lxiii.

"TROTWOOD, YOU WILL BE GLAD TO HEAR THAT I SHALL FINISH THE MEMORIAL WHEN I HAVE NOTHING ELSE TO DO, AND THAT YOUR AUNT'S THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY WOMAN IN THE WORLD, SIR!"—Chap. lxiv.

BUT ONE FACE, SHINING ON ME LIKE A HEAVENLY LIGHT BY WHICH I SEE ALL OTHER OBJECTS, IS ABOVE THEM AND BEYOND THEM ALL—Chap. lxiv.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND

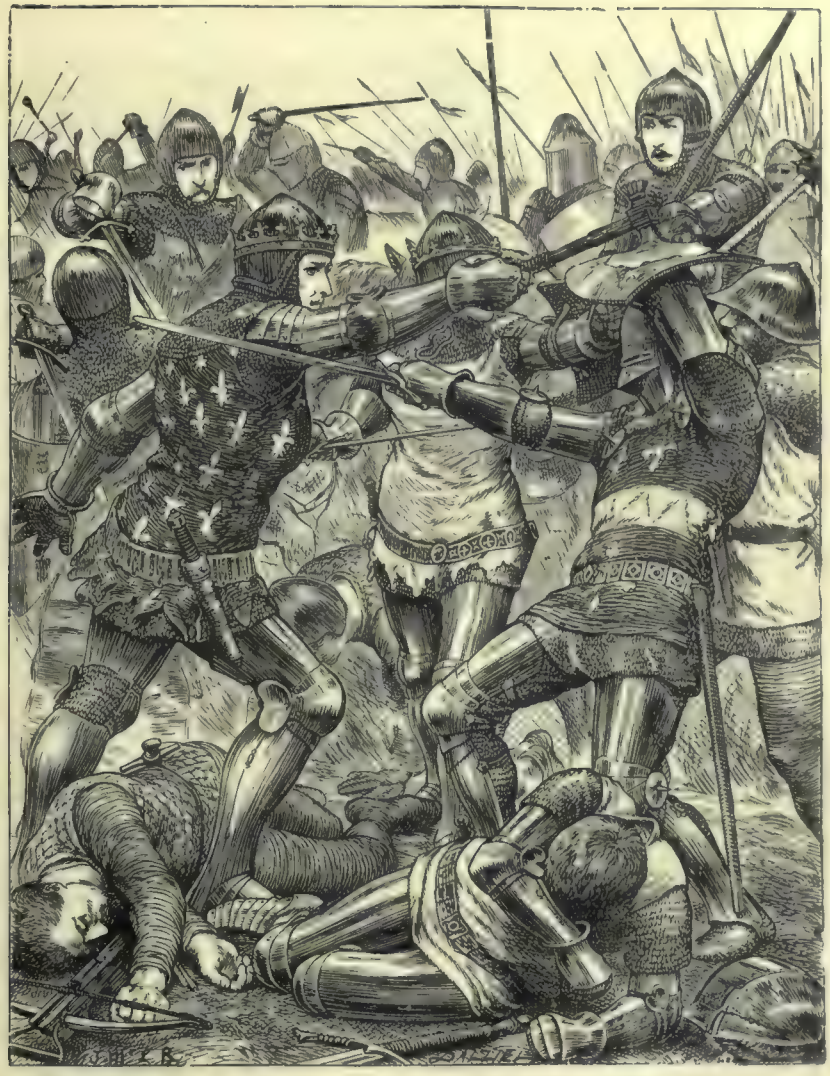
FIFTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS
BY J. McL. RALSTON

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY AND THE DANES—Chap. iv.

The escape of Queen Matilda from Oxford Castle—Chap. xi.

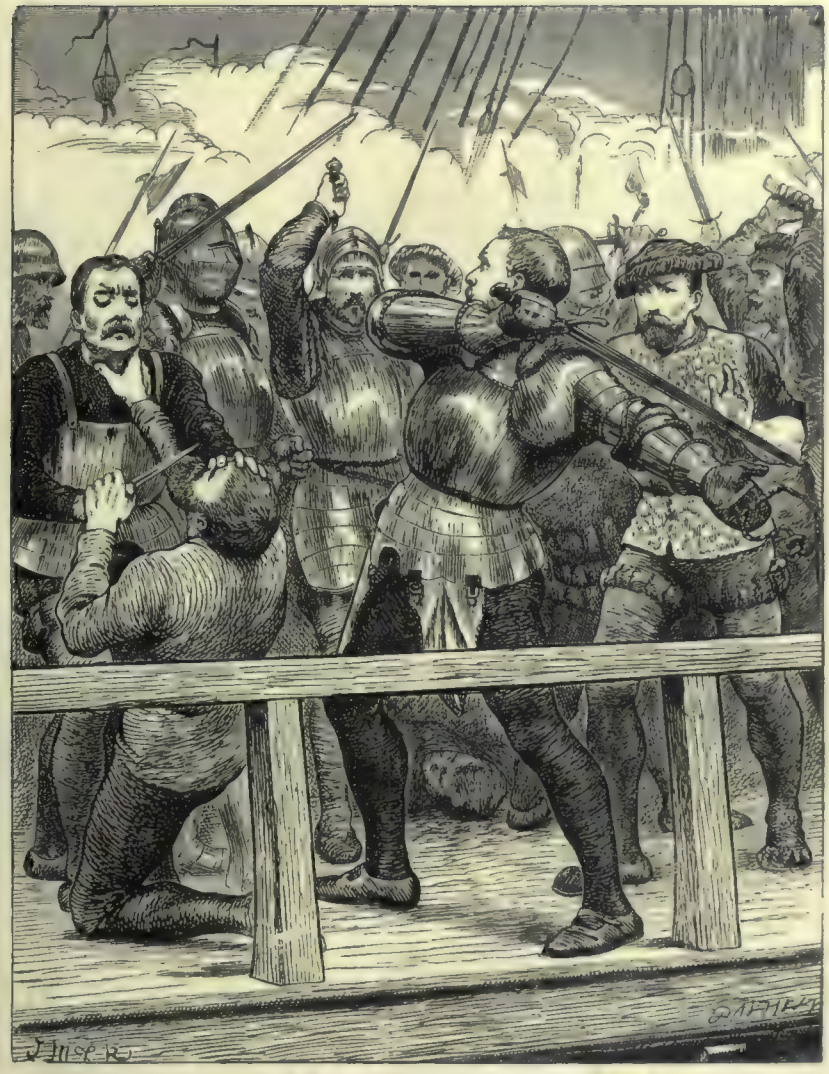
Hubert de Burgh and the Black Band—Chap. xv.

THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER DOING PENANCE—Chap. xii., Part Third



King John of France at the Battle of Poitiers—Chap. xviii.

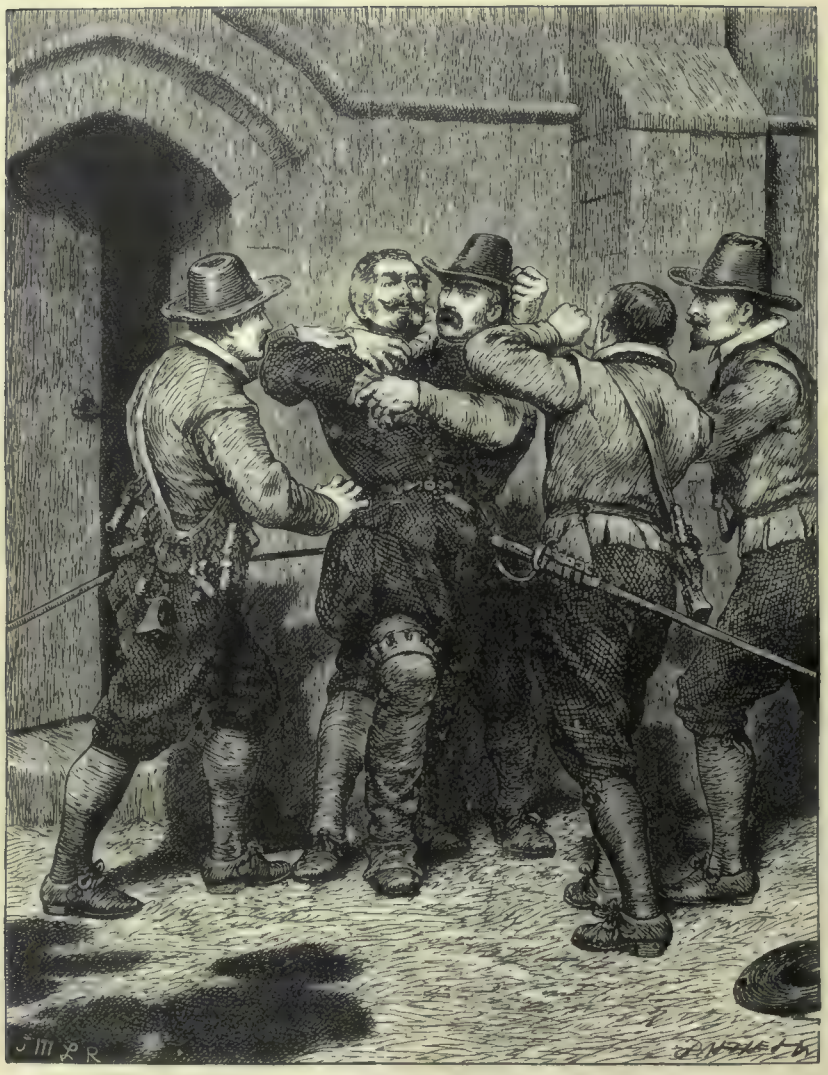
LAMBERT SIMNEL—Chap. xxvi.



SIR EDWARD HOWARD—Chap. xxvii.

BEFORE HE WENT AWAY, THE LANDLORD CAME BEHIND HIS CHAIR—Chap. xxxiv., First Part

Mary Queen of Scots leaving France—Chap. xxxi.



THE SEIZURE OF GUY FAWKES—Chap. xxxii., First Part

Oliver Cromwell and Ireton at the Blue Boar—Chap. xxxiii., Fourth Part

Execution of Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle—Chap. xxxiii., Fourth Part

CHARLES THE FIRST TAKING LEAVE OF HIS CHILDREN—Chap. xxxiii., Fourth Par

BLEAK HOUSE

SIXTY-ONE ILLUSTRATIONS
BY FRED BARNARD

"Who copied that?"—Chap. ii.

I am introduced to Conversation Kenge—Chap. iii.

In an atmosphere of Borrioboola—Gha—Chap. iv.

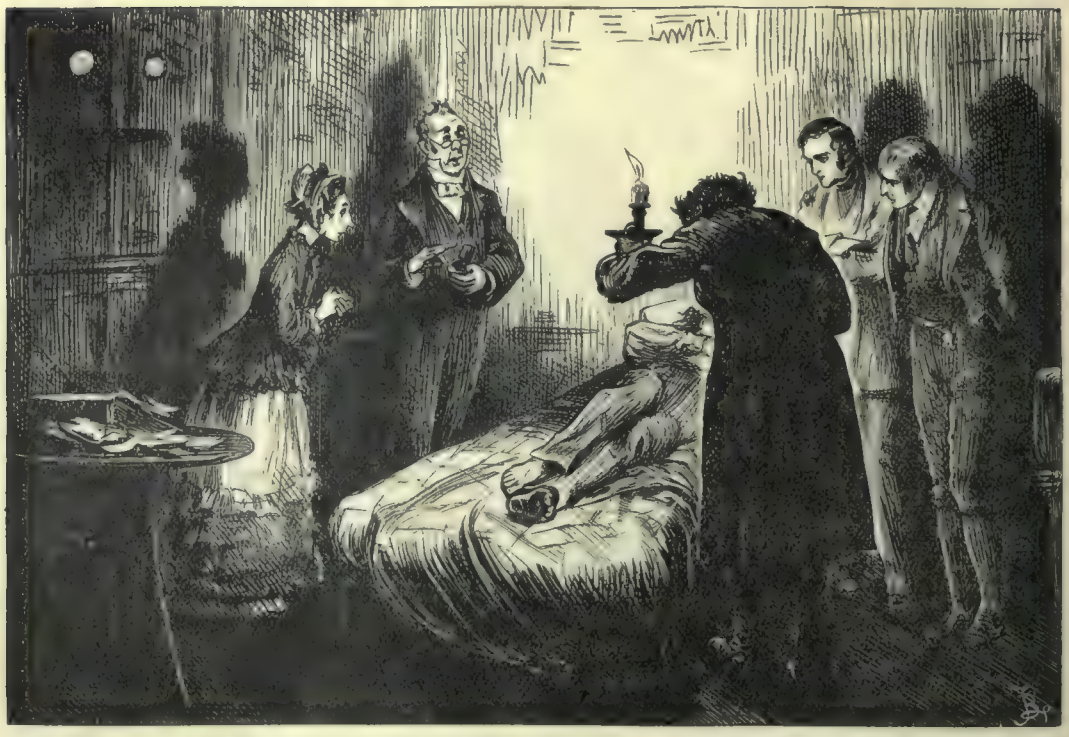
The Lord Chancellor relates the death of Tom Jarndyce—Chap. v.

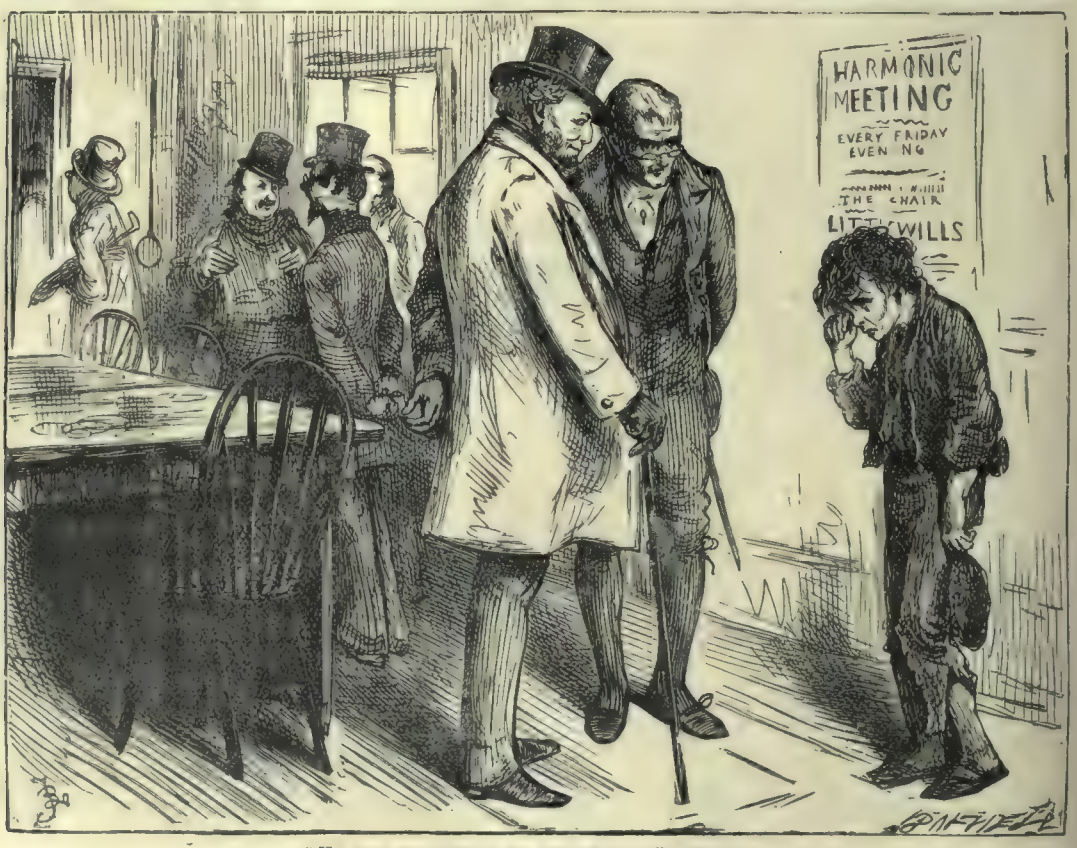
"WE ARE NOT SO PREJUDICED AS TO SUPPOSE THAT IN PRIVATE LIFE YOU ARE OTHERWISE THAN A VERY ESTIMABLE MAN, WITH A GREAT DEAL OF POETRY IN YOUR NATURE, OF WHICH YOU MAY NOT BE CONSCIOUS"
Chap. vi.

THE GROWLERY—Chap. viii.

"ALFRED, MY YOUNGEST (FIVE), HAS VOLUNTARILY ENROLLED HIMSELF IN THE INFANT BONDS OF JOY, AND IS PLEDGED NEVER, THROUGH LIFE, TO USE TOBACCO IN ANY FORM"—Chap. viii.

"IF I WERE IN YOUR PLACE I WOULD SEIZE EVERY MASTER IN CHANCERY BY THE THROAT TO-MORROW MORNING, AND SHAKE HIM UNTIL HIS MONEY ROLLED OUT OF HIS POCKETS, AND HIS BONES RATTLED IN HIS SKIN"
Chap. ix.





"HE WOS WERY GOOD TO ME, HE WOS!"—Chap. xi.

"WHY, DO YOU KNOW HOW PRETTY YOU ARE, CHILD!" SHE SAYS, TOUCHING HER SHOULDER WITH HER TWO FORE-FINGERS—Chap. xii.

DEPORTMENT—Chap. xiv.

"Honoured, indeed," said she, "by another visit from the wards in Jarndyce!"—Chap. xiv.

'I'm fly,' says Jo. "But fen larks, you know. Stow hooking it"—Chap. xvi.

TO MY GREAT SURPRISE, ON GOING IN, I FOUND MY GUARDIAN STILL THERE, AND SITTING LOOKING AT THE ASHES
Chap. xvii.

"I HAVE FRIGHTENED YOU!" SHE SAID—Chap. xviii.

"Jo"—Chap. xvi.

"WHO UD GO AND LET A NICE INNOCENT LODGING TO SUCH A REG'LAR ONE AS ME!"—Chap. xix.

"I AM GROWN UP, NOW, GUPPY. I HAVE ARRIVED AT MATURITY"—Chap. xx.

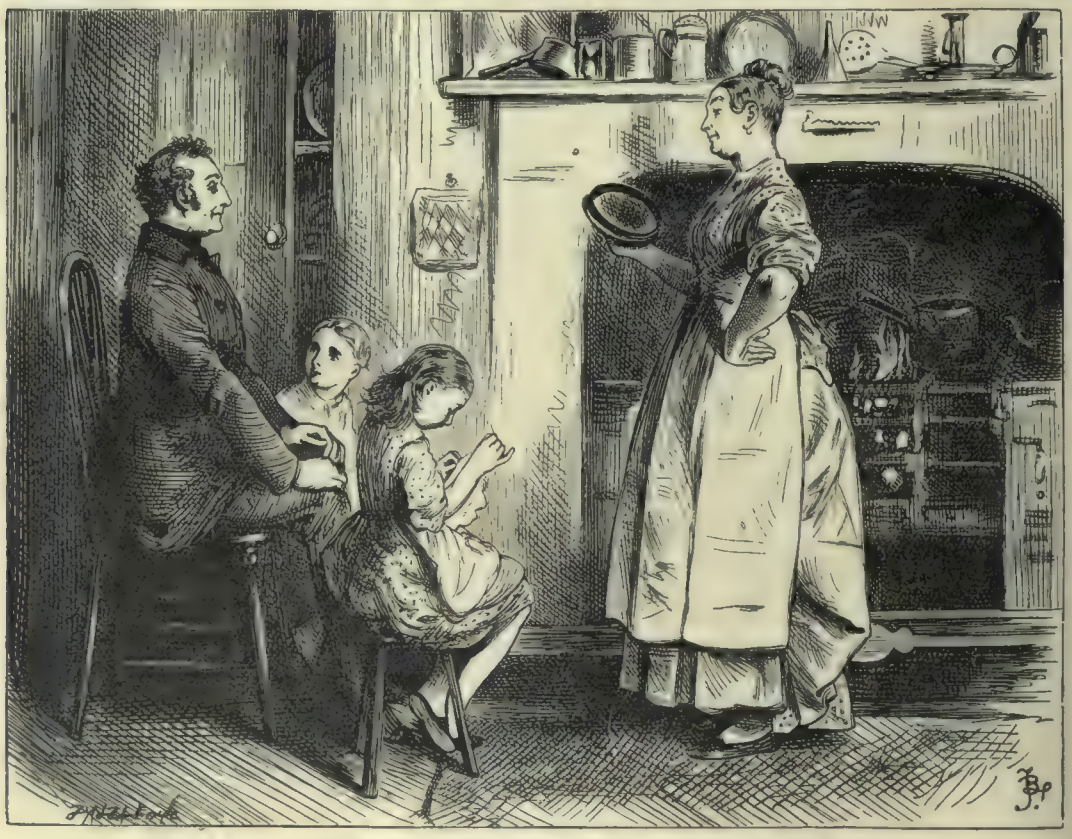
GRANDFATHER SMALLWEED ASTONISHES MR. GEORGE—Chap. xxi.

"THERE SHE IS!" CRIES JO—Chap. xxii.

"O, YOU RIDICULOUS CHILD!" OBSERVED MRS. JELLYBY, WITH AN ABSTRACTED AIR, AS SHE LOOKED OVER THE DESPATCH LAST OPENED; "WHAT A GOOSE YOU ARE!"—Chap. xxiii.

"OF ALL MY OLD ASSOCIATIONS, OF ALL MY OLD PURSUITS AND HOPES, OF ALL THE LIVING AND THE DEAD WORLD, THIS ONE POOR SOUL ALONE COMES NATURAL TO ME, AND I AM FIT FOR"—Chap. xxiv.

"WHAT'S GONE OF YOUR FATHER AND YOUR MOTHER, EH!"—Chap. XXV.



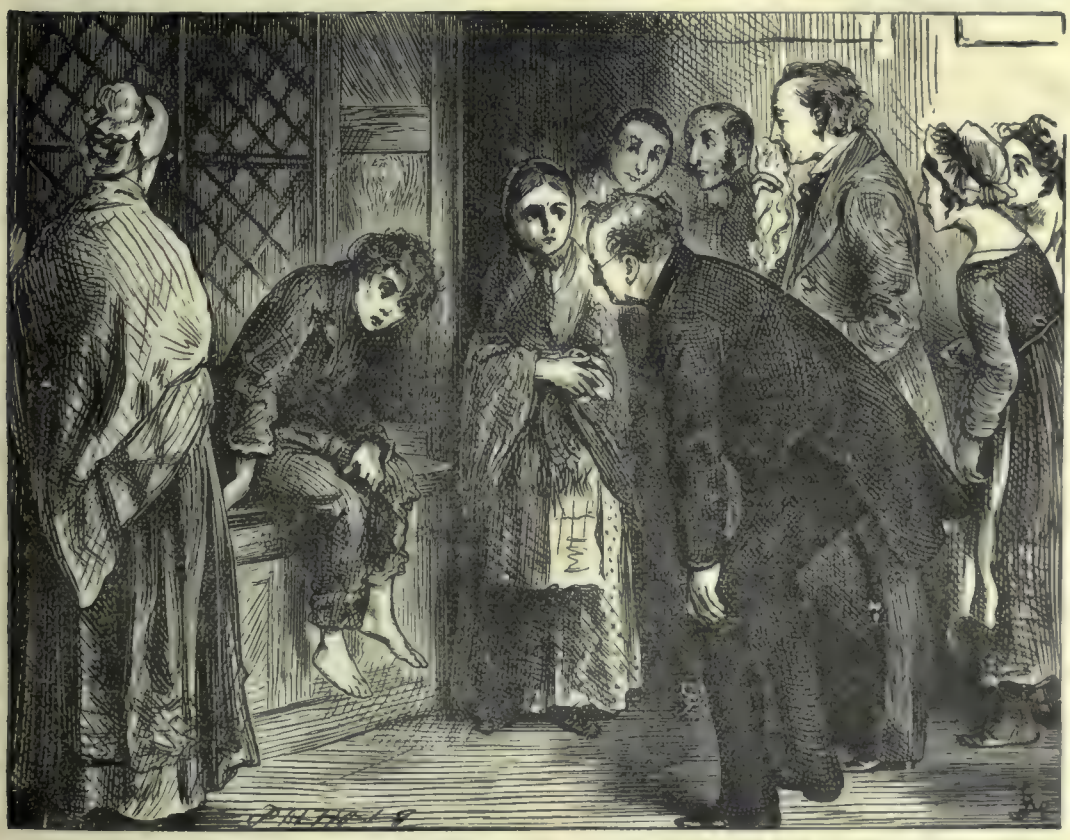
"I BELIEVE YOU!" SAYS MRS. BAGNET. "HE'S A BRITON. THAT'S WHAT WOOLWICH IS. A BRITON!" Chap. XXVII.

THE IRONMASTER—Chap. xxviii.

MR. GUPPY'S CATECHISM—Chap. xxix.

"O MY CHILD, O MY CHILD!"—Chap. xxix.

"NEVER HAVE A MISSION, MY DEAR CHILD"—Chap. xxx.

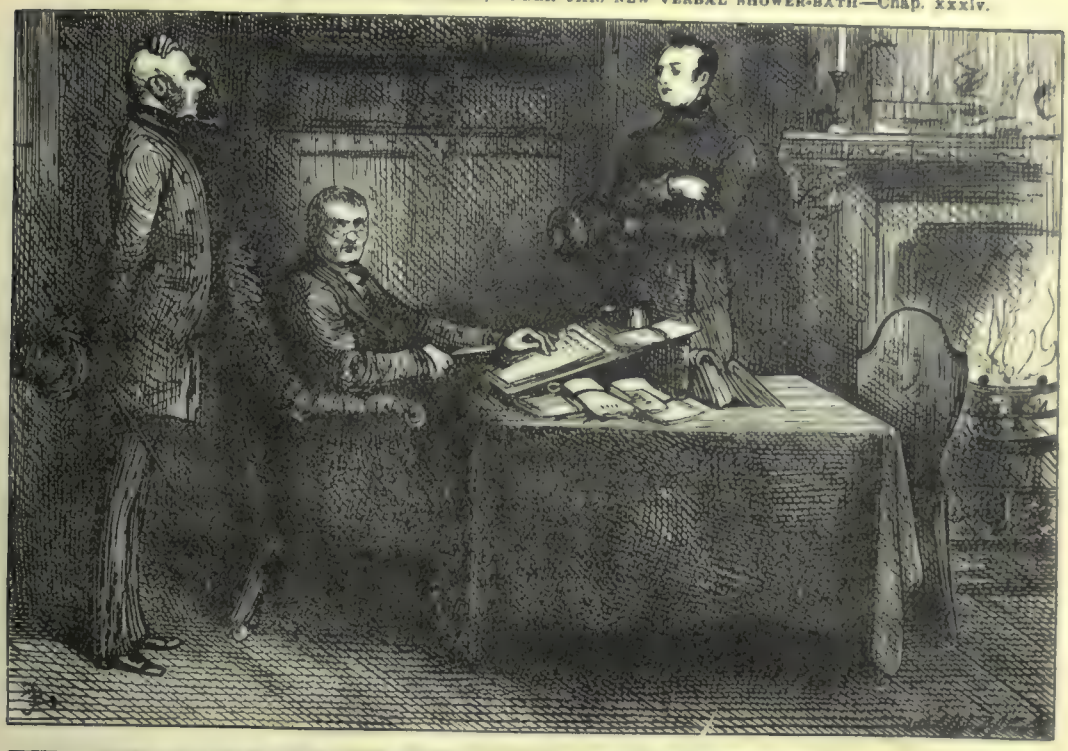


AND HE SHIVERED IN THE WINDOW-SEAT WITH CHARLEY STANDING BY HIM, LIKE SOME WOUNDED ANIMAL THAT HAD BEEN FOUND IN A DITCH—Chap. xxx.

'My love, you know these two gentlemen!" . . . "Yes!" says Mrs. Snagsby, and in a rigid manner acknowledges their presence—Chap. xxxiii.

"I have come down," repeats Grandfather Smallweed, hooking the air towards him with all his ten fingers at once, "to look after the property"—Chap. xxxiii.

PUTS HIS HAND ON HIS BALD HEAD AGAIN, UNDER THIS NEW VERBAL SHOWER-BATH—Chap. xxxiv.



MY MOTHER—Chap. xxxvi.

"For I am constantly being taken in these nets," said Mr. Skimpole, looking beamingly at us over a glass of wine-and-water, "and am constantly being bailed out—like a boat"—Chap. xxxvii.

We danced for an hour with great gravity—Chap. xxxviii.

She made no sound of laughter: but she rolled her head, and shook it, and put her handkerchief to her mouth, and appealed to Caddy with her elbow—Chap. xxxviii.

"You are to be congratulated, Mr. Guppy, you are a fortunate young man, sir"—Chap. xxxix.

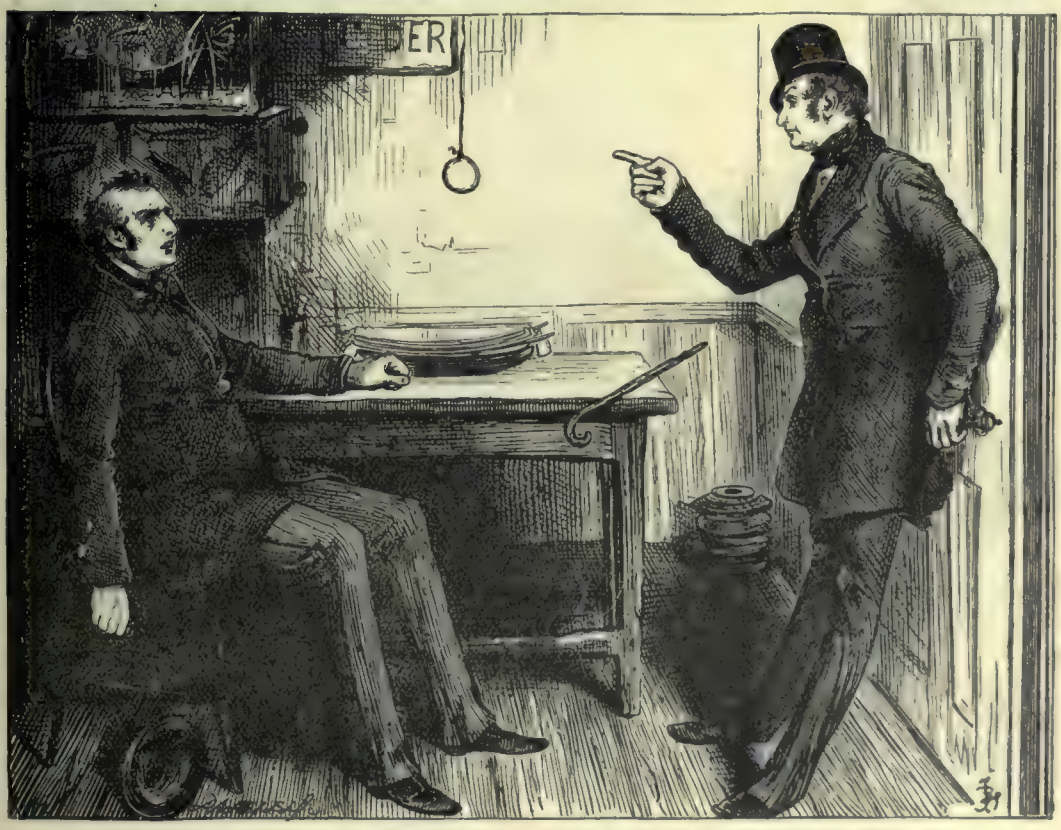
UNDER THE LINCOLN'S INN TREES—Chap. xxxix

A BIRD OF ILL OMEN—Chap. xli.

"TURNS THE KEY UPON HER, MISTRESS," ILLUSTRATING WITH THE CELLAR KEY—Chap. xlii.

HERE, AGAINST A HOARDING OF DECAYING TIMBER, HE IS BROUGHT TO BAY—Chap. xlvi.

THE CART IS SHAKEN ALL TO PIECES, AND THE RUGGED ROAD IS VERY NEAR ITS END—Chap xlvii.



MR. BUCKETT URGING A SENSIBLE VIEW OF THE CASE WITH HIS FAT FOREFINGER—Chap. xlix.

PEEPY WAS SUFFICIENTLY DECORATED TO WALK HAND-IN-HAND WITH THE PROFESSOR OF DEPORTMENT—Chap. I.

"ESTHER, DEAR," SHE SAID VERY QUIETLY, "I AM NOT GOING HOME AGAIN"—Chap. II.

"HAS'NT A DOUBT—ZAMPLE—FAR BETTER HANG WRONG F'LER THAN NO F'LER"—Chap. liii.

"CAN YOU MAKE A HAUGHTY GENTLEMAN OF HIM . . . . THE POOR INFANT!"—Chap. liv.

He puts his hands together . . . . and raising them towards her breast, bows down his head, and cries—Chap. lv.

Mr. Bucket in Lady Dedlock's boudoir—Chap. lvi.

THE OLD HOUSEKEEPER WEEPING SILENTLY; VOLUMNIA IN THE GREATEST AGITATION, WITH THE FRESHEST BLOOM ON HER CHEEKS; THE TROOPER WITH HIS ARMS FOLDED AND HIS HEAD A LITTLE BENT, RESPECTFULLY ATTENTIVE
Chap. lviii.

SHE LAY THERE, WITH ONE ARM CREEPING ROUND A BAR OF THE IRON GATE, AND SEEMING TO EMBRACE IT —Chap. lix.

"MISS SUMMERSON," SAID MR. VHOLES, VERY SLOWLY RUBBING HIS GLOVED HANDS, ... "THIS WAS AN ILL-ADVISED MARRIAGE OF MR. C'S"—Chap. lx.

"To which I say that again," cried Mr. Smallweed, in a shrill, sharp voice—Chap. lxii.

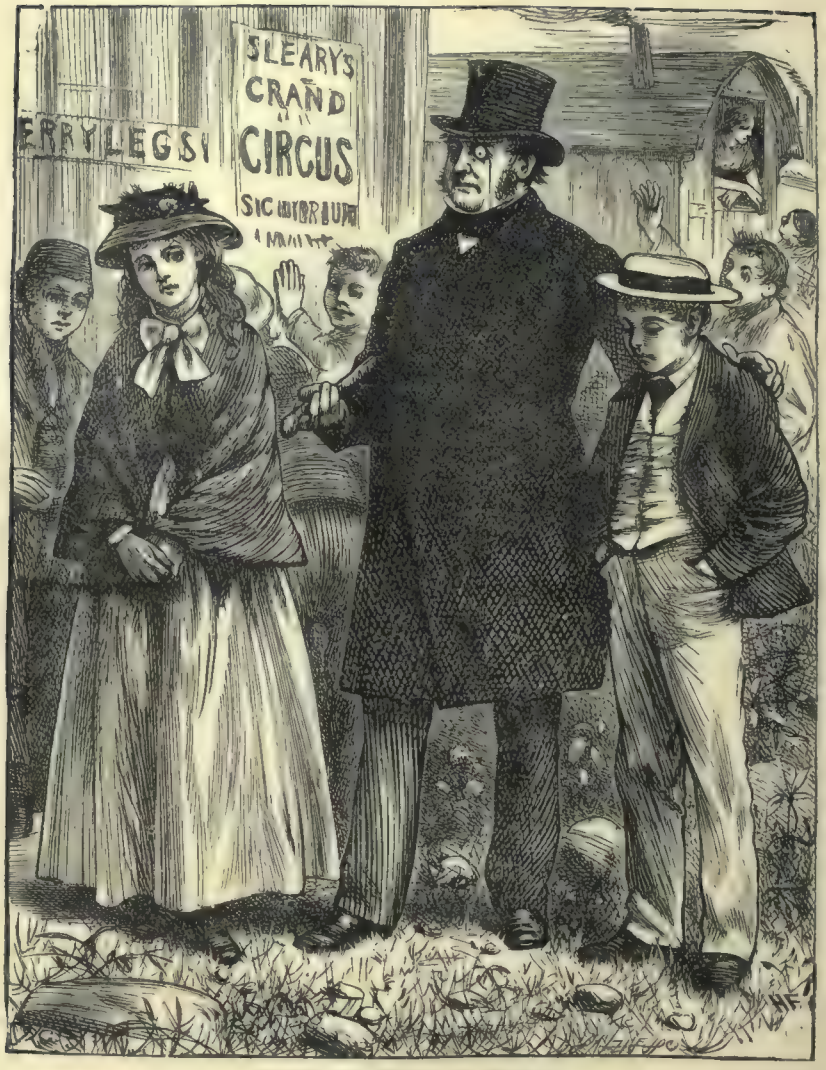
"Get out with you. If we ain't good enough for you, go and procure somebody that is good enough. Go along and find 'em"—Chap. lxiv.

"But I never own to it before the old girl. Discipline must be maintained"—Chap. lxvi.

Volumnia's devotion to Sir Leicester—Chap. lxvi.

HARD TIMES

TWENTY ILLUSTRATIONS
BY H. FRENCH



"LOUISA!! THOMAS!"—Chap. iii.

"THIS IS A VERY OBTRUSIVE LAD!" SAID MR. GRADGRIND—Chap. vi.

"HEAVEN'S MERCY, WOMAN!" HE CRIED, FALLING FARTHER OFF FROM THE FIGURE, "HAST THOU COME BACK AGEN!"—Chap. x.

"It would be a fine thing to be you, Miss Louisa!"—Chap. ix.

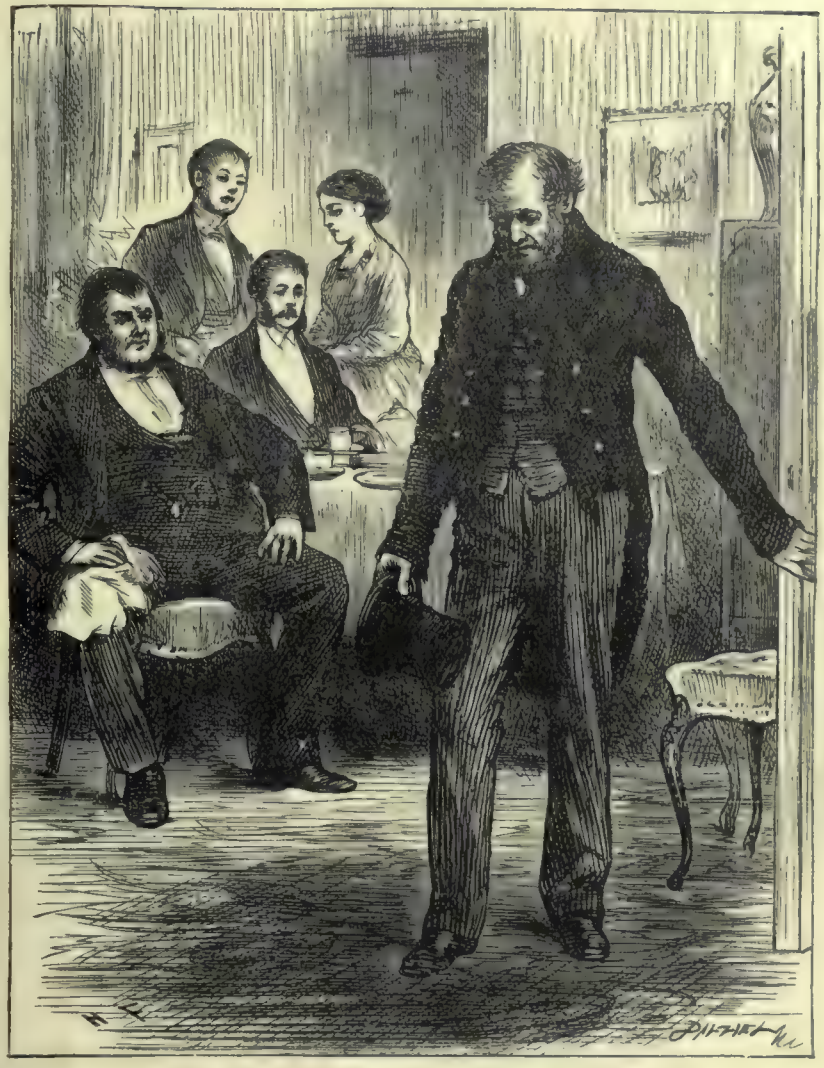
He felt a touch upon his arm—Chap. xii.

He went down on his knee before her on the poor mean stairs, and put an end of her shawl to his lips—Chap. xiv.

"What a comical brother-in-law you are!"—Book 2, chap. iii.

"LOUISA, MY DEAR, YOU ARE THE SUBJECT OF A PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE THAT HAS BEEN MADE TO ME"
Chap. XV.

"THIS, SIR," SAID BOUNDERBY, "IS MY WIFE, MRS. BOUNDERBY"—Book 2, chap. ii.



"HEAVEN HELP US ALL IN THIS WORLD!"—Book 2, chap. v.

"Mrs. Bounderby, I esteem it a most fortunate accident that I find you alone here"
Book 2, chap. vii.

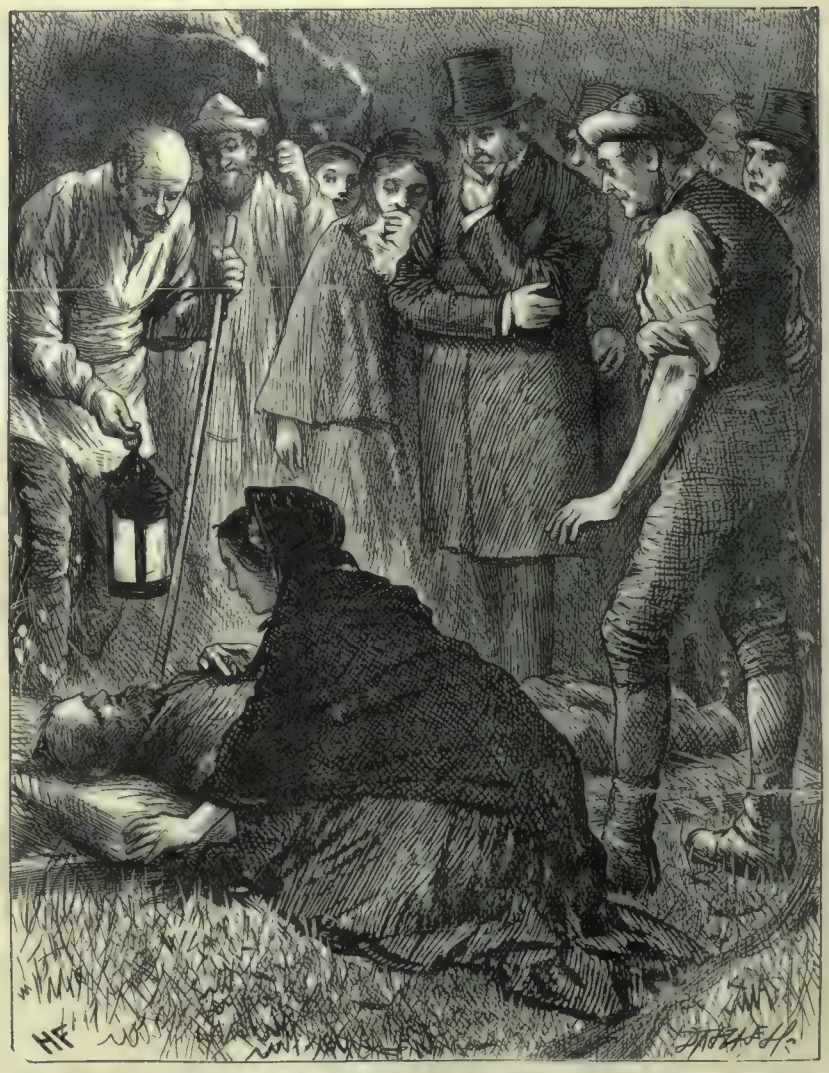
Mrs. Sparsit advanced closer to them—Book 2, chap. xi.

LEFT ALONE WITH HER MOTHER, LOUISA SAW HER LYING WITH AN AWFUL LULL UPON HER FACE—Book 2, chap. ix

"I ONLY ENTREAT YOU TO BELIEVE, MY FAVOURITE CHILD, THAT I HAVE MEANT TO DO RIGHT"—Book 3, chap. i.

"You have seen me once before, young lady," said Rachael—Book 3, chap. iv.

"Now, Thethilia, I don't athk to know any thecreth, but I thuppothe I may conthider thith to be Mith Thquire"—Book 3, chap. vii.



SHE STOOPED DOWN ON THE GRASS AT HIS SIDE, AND BENT OVER HIM—Book 3, chap. vi.

HERE WAS LOUISA, ON THE NIGHT OF THE SAME DAY, WATCHING THE FIRE AS IN THE DAYS OF YORE—Book 3, chap. ix.

He drew up a placard, offering twenty pounds reward, for the apprehension of Stephen Blackwood—Book 3, chap. iv.

LITTLE DORRIT

FIFTY-EIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS
BY J. MAHONEY

IN MARSEILLES THAT DAY THERE WAS A VILLAINOUS PRISON. IN ONE OF ITS CHAMBERS, SO REPULSIVE A PLACE, THAT EVEN THE OBTRUSIVE STARS BLINKED AT IT, AND LEFT IT TO SUCH REFUSE OF REFLECTED LIGHT AS IT COULD FIND FOR ITSELF, WERE TWO MEN—Book 1, chap. i.

"NOTHING CHANGED," SAID THE TRAVELLER, STOPPING TO LOOK ROUND. "DARK AND MISERABLE AS EVER"
Book 1, chap. iii.

THE OBSERVER STOOD WITH HER HAND UPON HER OWN BOSOM, LOOKING AT THE GIRL—Book 1, chap. ii

"But what—hey?—Lord forgive us!"—Mrs. Flintwinch muttered some ejaculation to this effect, and turned giddy—for Mr. Flintwinch awake, was watching Mr. Flintwinch asleep—Book 1, chap. iv.

They looked tempting; eight in number, circularly set out on a white plate, on a tray covered with a white napkin, flanked by a slice of buttered French roll and a little compact glass of cool wine and water—Book 1, chap. v.

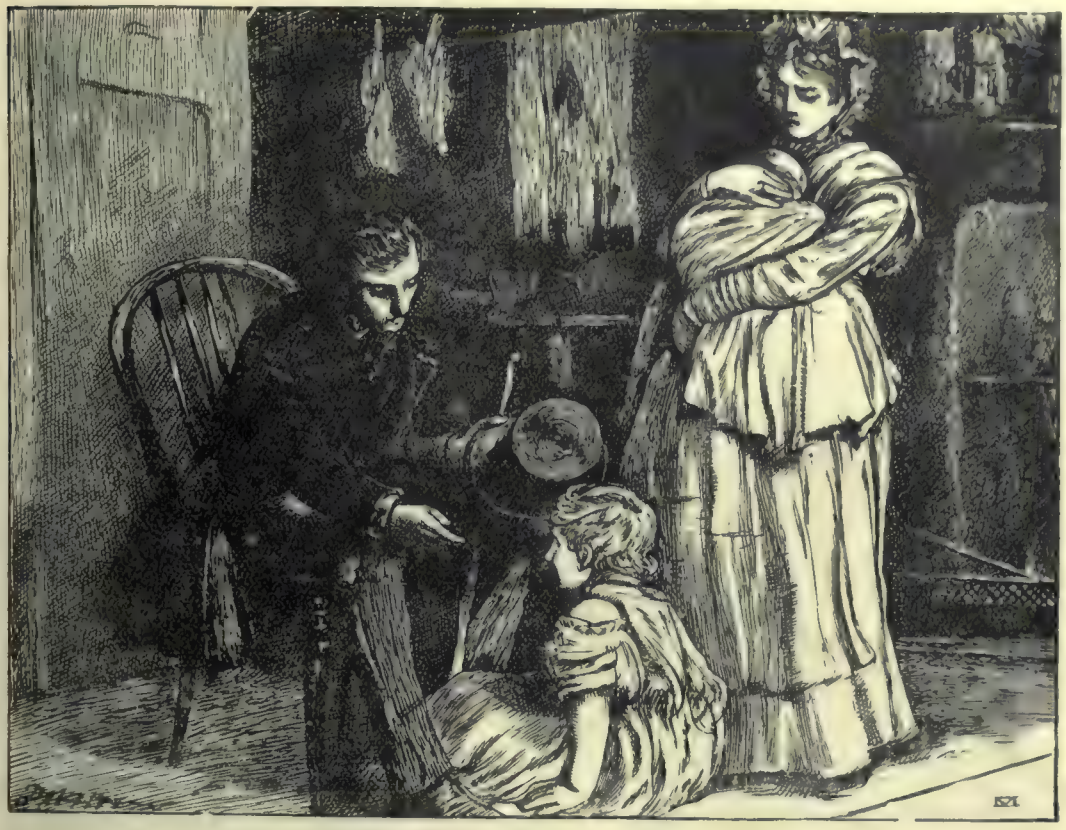
"Give me the money again," said the other eagerly, "and I'll keep it and never spend it"
Book I, chap. vi.

In the back garret—a sickly room, with a turned up bedstead in it, so hastily and recently turned up that the blankets were boiling over, as it were, and keeping the lid open—a half finished breakfast of coffee and toast, for two persons, was jumbled down anyhow on a rickety table
Book I, chap. ix.

"Is it," said Barnwell Junior, taking heed of his visitor's brown face, "anything—about—tonnage—or that sort of thing?"—Book 1, chap. x.

One man, slowly moving on towards Chalons, was the only visible figure on the landscape. Cain might have looked as lonely and avoided—Book 1, chap. xi.

And stooping down to pinch the cheek of another young child who was sitting on the floor, staring at him, asked Mrs. Plornish how old that fine boy was? "Four year, just turned, sir," said Mrs. Plornish. "He's a fine little fellow, a'int he, sir, but this one is rather sickly." She tenderly hushed the baby in her arms as she said it—Book 1, chap. xi.



The parlour fire ticked in the grate. There was only one person on the parlour hearth, and the loud watch in his pocket ticked audibly. The servant maid had ticked the two words, "Mr. Clennam," so softly, that she had not been heard; and he consequently stood, within the door she had closed, unnoticed—Book 1, chap. xiii.

HIS DOOR WAS SOFTLY OPENED, AND THESE SPOKEN WORDS STARTLED HIM, AND CAME AS IF THEY WERE AN ANSWER, "LITTLE DORRIT"
Book 1, chap. xiii.

They went to the closed gate, and peeped through into the courtyard. "I hope he is sound asleep," said Little Dorrit, kissing one of the bars, "and does not miss me." The gate was so familiar, and so like a companion, that they put down Maggy's basket in a corner to serve for a seat, and keeping close together, rested there for some time—Book 1, chap. xiv

Then the bell rang once more, and then once more, and then kept on ringing; in despite of which importunate summons, Affery still sat behind her apron, recovering her breath. At last Mr. Flintwinch came shuffling down the staircase into the hall, muttering and calling "Affery woman! all the way. Affery still remaining behind her apron, he came stumbling down the kitchen stairs, candle in hand—Book 1, chap. xv.

As Arthur came over the stile and down to the water's edge, the lounger glanced at him for a moment and then resumed his occupation of idly tossing stones into the water with his foot
Book 1, chap. xvii.

O don't cry!" said Little Dorrit piteously. "Don't, don't! Good-bye, John. God bless you!"
"Good-bye, Miss Amy. Good-bye!" And so he left her—Book 1, chap. xviii.

As she stood behind him, leaning over his chair so lovingly, he looked with downcast eyes at the fire. An uneasiness stole over him that was like a touch of shame; and when he spoke, as he presently did, it was in an unconnected and embarrassed manner—Book 1, chap. xix.

They spoke no more, all the way back to the lodging where Fanny and her uncle lived. When they arrived there they found the old man practising his clarionet in the dolefullest manner in a corner of the room—Book 1, chap. xx.

ARTHUR CLENNAM WITH THE CARD IN HIS HAND, BETOOK HIMSELF TO THE ADDRESS SET FORTH ON IT, AND SPEEDILY ARRIVED THERE. IT WAS A VERY SMALL ESTABLISHMENT, WHEREIN A DECENT WOMAN SAT BEHIND THE COUNTER WORKING AT HER NEEDLE—Book 1, chap. xxii.

"WHAT NIMBLE FINGERS YOU HAVE," SAID FLORA, "BUT ARE YOU SURE YOU ARE WELL?" . . . "OH YES, INDEED!" FLORA PUT HER FEET UPON THE FENDER AND SETTLED HERSELF FOR A THOROUGH GOOD ROMANTIC DISCLOSURE Book 1, chap. xxiv.

MOUNTING TO HIS ATTIC, ATTENDED BY MRS. PLORNISH AS INTERPRETER, HE FOUND MR. BAPTIST WITH NO FURNITURE BUT HIS BED ON THE GROUND, A TABLE AND A CHAIR, CARVING WITH THE AID OF A FEW SIMPLE TOOLS, IN THE BLITHEST WAY POSSIBLE. "NOW, OLD CHAP," SAID MR. PANCKS, "PAY UP!"—Book I, chap. xxxiii.

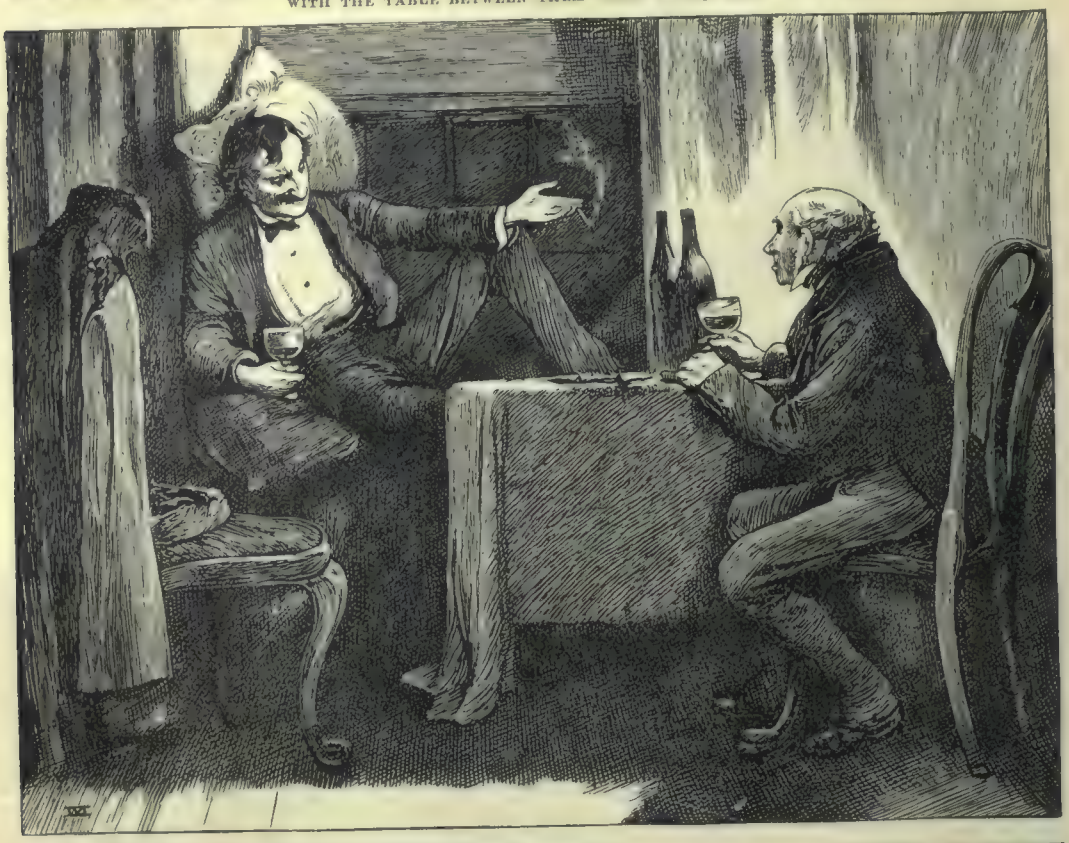
MR. DOYCE HAD BEEN TO TWICKENHAM TO PASS THE DAY. CLENNAM HAD EXCUSED HIMSELF, MR. DOYCE WAS JUST COME HOME. HE PUT IN HIS HEAD AT THE DOOR OF CLENNAM'S SITTING-ROOM TO SAY GOOD NIGHT. "COME IN, COME IN!" SAID CLENNAM—Book I, chap. xxvi.

He was slowly resuming his way, when he saw a figure in the path before him which he had, perhaps, already associated with the evening and its impressions. Minnie was there alone.—Book 1, chap. xxviii.

Why she should then stoop down and look in at the key-hole of the door, as if an eye would open it, it would be difficult to say. From this posture she started suddenly, with a half scream, feeling something on her shoulder. It was the touch of a hand; of a man's hand.—Book 1, chap. xxix.

THE STRANGER, TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THIS FITFUL ILLUMINATION OF HIS VISAGE, LOOKED INTENTLY AND WONDERINGLY AT HIM
Book 1, chap. XXX.

On their arrival at Mr. Blandois's room, a bottle of port wine was ordered by that gallant gentleman; who coiled himself up on the window-seat, while Mr. Flintwinch took a chair opposite to him, with the table between them—Book 1. chap. xxx.

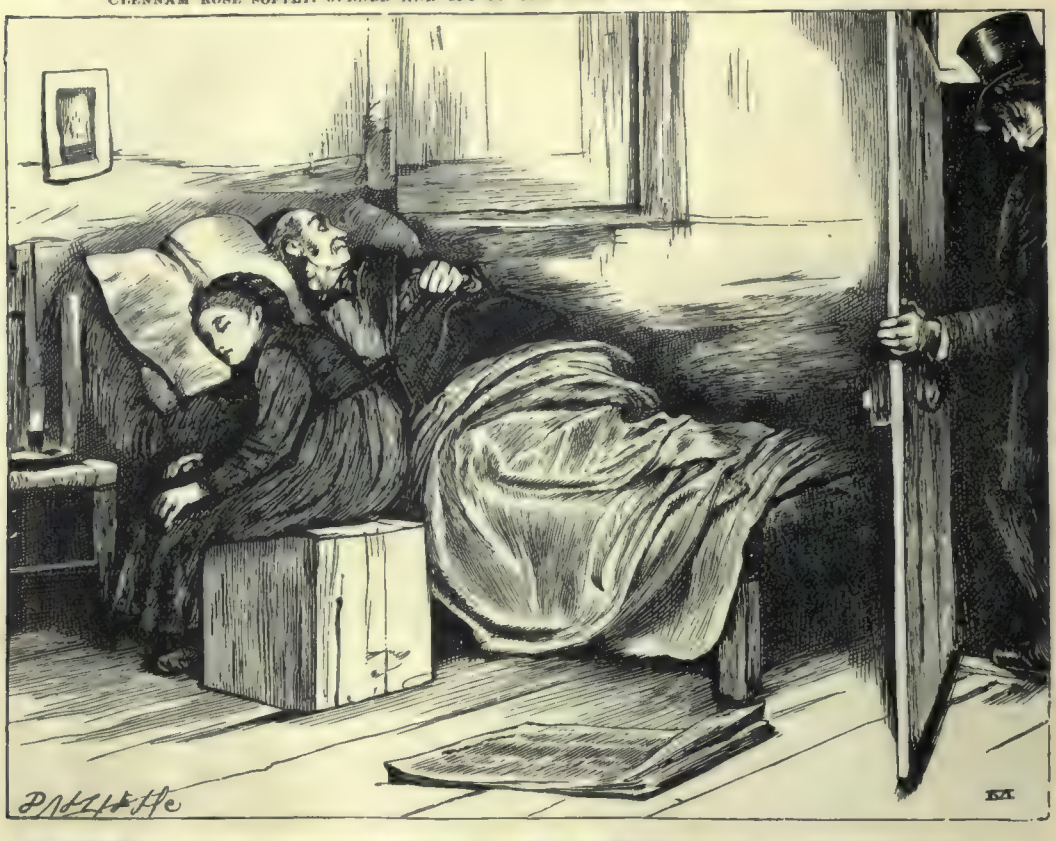


They were within five minutes of their destination, when, at the corner of her own street, they came upon Fanny, in her new bonnet, bound for the same port—Book 1, chap. xxxi.

"Dear Little Dorrit, let me lay it down." She yielded to him, and he put it aside! Her hands were then nervously clasping together—Book 1, chap. xxxii.

"What a good fellow you are, Clennam!" exclaimed the other stopping to look at him, as if with irrepressible admiration. "What a capital fellow! *You* have never been disappointed. That's easy to see."—Book 1, chap. xxxiv.

WORN OUT WITH HER OWN EMOTIONS, AND YIELDING TO THE SILENCE OF THE ROOM, HER HAND SLOWLY SLACKENED AND FAILED IN ITS FANNING MOVEMENT, AND HER HEAD DROPPED DOWN ON THE PILLOW AT HER FATHER'S SIDE. CLENNAM ROSE SOFTLY, OPENED AND CLOSED THE DOOR WITHOUT A SOUND—Book 1, chap. xxxv.



THROUGH THESE SPECTATORS, THE LITTLE PROCESSION, HEADED BY THE TWO BROTHERS, MOVED SLOWLY TO THE GATE. MR. DORRIT, YIELDING TO THE VAST SPECULATION HOW THE POOR CREATURES WERE TO GET ON WITHOUT HIM, WAS GREAT, AND SAD, BUT NOT ABSORBED—Book 1, chap. xxxvi.

"Permit me!" said the traveller, rising and holding the door open. "Good repose! To the pleasure of seeing you once more! To to-morrow!" As he kissed her hand, with his best manner, and his daintiest smile, the young lady drew a little nearer to her father, and passed him with a dread of touching him—Book 2, chap. i.

Nevertheless, as they wound round the rugged way while the convent was yet in sight, she more than once looked round, and descried Mr. Blandois, backed by the convent smoke which rose high from the chimneys in a golden film, always standing on one jutting point looking down after them] Book 2, chap. iii.]

"It ought to bring a judgment on us. Brother, I protest against it in the sight of God;" As his hand went above his head And came down upon the table, it might have been a blacksmith's
Book 2, chap. v.

Little Dorrit was in front, with her brother and Mrs. General (Mr. Dorrit had remained at home). but on the brink of the quay, they all came together. She started again to find Blandois close to her, handing Fanny into the boat—Book 2, chap. vi.

"Good-bye, my love! Good-bye!" The last words were spoken aloud as the vigilant Blandois stopped, turned his head, and looked at them from the bottom of the staircase—Book 2, chap. vii.

He stopped at the corner, seeming to look back expectantly up the street as if he had made an appointment with some one to meet him there; but he kept a careful eye on the three. When they came together, the man took off his hat and made Miss Wade a bow—Book 2, chap. ix.

"Despatch then! Achieve then! Bring Mr. Flintwinch! Announce me to my lady!" cried the stranger, clanking about the stone floor. "Pray tell me, Affery," said Arthur aloud and sternly, as he surveyed him from head to foot with indignation, "who is this gentleman?"—Book 2, chap. x.

There is a curtain, more dirt-coloured than red, which divides it, and the part behind the curtain makes the private sitting-room. When I first saw her there she was alone, and her work had fallen out of her hand, and she was looking up at the sky shining through the tops of the windows

Book 2, chap. xi.

"And you have really invested," Clennam had already passed to that word, "your thousand pounds, Pancks?" . . . "To be sure, sir!" replied Pancks boldly, with a puff of smoke, "and only wish it ten"
Book 2, chap. xiii.

Little Dorrit used to sit and muse here, much as she had been used to while away the time on her balcony in Venice. Seated thus one day, she was softly touched on the shoulder, and Fanny said, "Well, my dear," and took her seat at her side—Book 2, chap. xiv.

"To preserve your approbation, Mrs. General," said Fanny, returning the smile with one in which there was no trace of those ingredients. "Will of course be the highest object of my married life; to lose it, would of course be perfect wretchedness"—Book 2, chap. xv.

"Where is this missing man? Have you come to give us information where he is? I hope you have." "So far from it, I—hum, have come to seek information." . . . "Unfortunately for us, there is none to be got here. Flintwinch, show the gentleman the hand-bill. Give him several to take away. Hold the light for him to read it"—Book 2, chap. xvii.

THE SUN HAD GONE DOWN FULL FOUR HOURS, AND IT WAS LATER THAN MOST TRAVELLERS WOULD LIKE IT TO BE FOR FINDING THEMSELVES OUTSIDE THE WALLS OF ROME, WHEN MR. DORRIT'S CARRIAGE, STILL ON ITS LAST WEARISOME STAGE, RATTLED OVER THE SOLITARY CAMPAGNA—Book 2, chap. xix.

AS EACH OF THE TWO HANDSOME FACES LOOKED AT EACH OTHER, CLENNAM FELT HOW EACH OF THE TWO NATURES MUST BE CONSTANTLY TEARING THE OTHER TO PIECES—Book 2, chap. xx.

ONE FIGURE REPOSED UPON THE BED, THE OTHER KNEELING ON THE FLOOR, DROOPED OVER IT THE ARMS EASILY AND PEACEFULLY RESTING ON THE COVERLET; . . . THE TWO BROTHERS WERE BEFORE THEIR FATHER; FAR BEYOND THE TWILIGHT JUDGMENTS OF THIS WORLD; HIGH ABOVE ITS MISTS AND OBSCURITIES—Book 2, chap. xix.

After one of the nights that I have spoken of, I came down into a greenhouse before breakfast. Charlotte (the name of my false young friend) had gone down before me, and I heard her aunt speaking to her about me, as I entered. I stopped where I was, among the leaves and listened
Book 2, chap. xxi.

"If I draw you into this black closet and speak here." ... "Why do you hide your face?" ... "Because I am afraid of seeing something." ... "You can't be afraid of seeing anything in this darkness, Affery"—Book 2, chap. xxiii.

"He couldn't have a better nurse to bring him round," Mr. Sparkler made bold to opine. . . . "For a wonder I can agree with you," returned his wife, languidly turning her eyelids a little in his direction, "and can adopt your words"—Book 2, chap. xxiv.

The day was sunny, and the Marshalsea, with the hot noon striking upon it was unwontedly quiet. Arthur Clennam dropped into a solitary arm-chair, itself as faded as any debtor in the gaol, and yielded himself to his thoughts—Book 2, chap. xxvii.

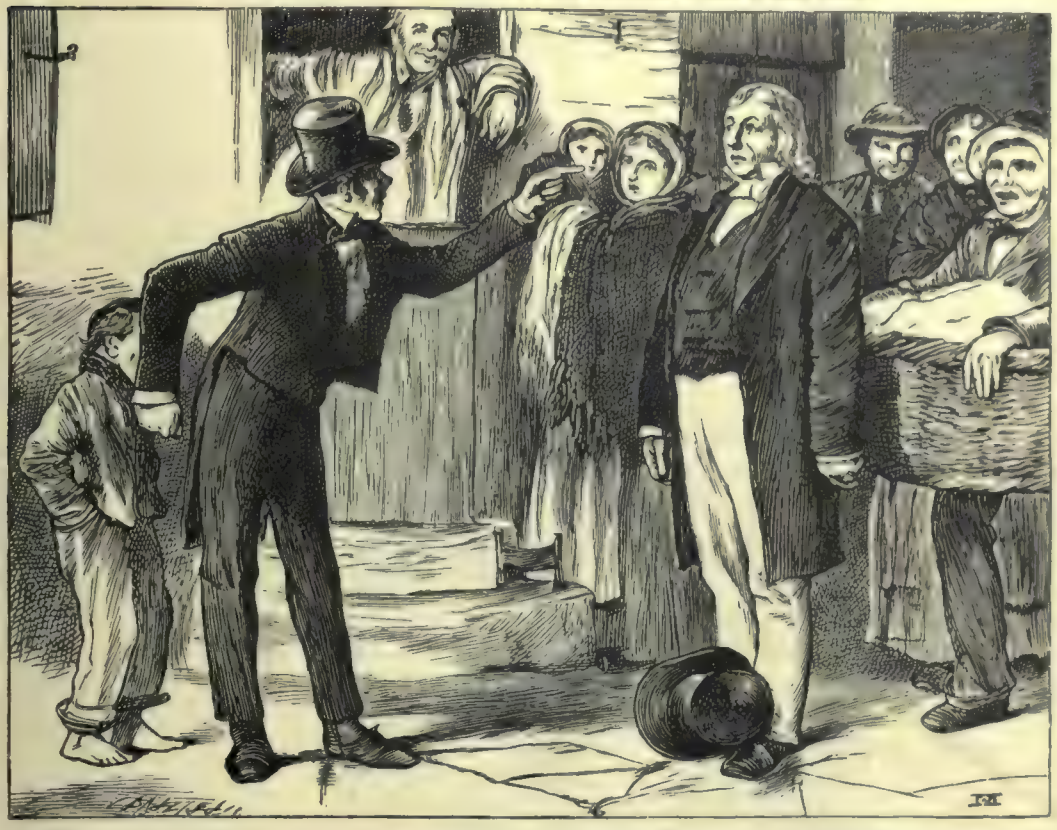
He arose and opened it, and an agreeable voice accosted him with "How do you do, Mr. Clennam? I hope I am not unwelcome in calling to see you." It was the sprightly young Barnacle, Ferdinand—Book 2, chap. xxviii.

And she came towards him with her hands laid on his breast to keep him in his chair, and with her knees upon the floor at his feet, and with her lips raised up to kiss him, and with her tears dropping on him as the rain from heaven had dropped upon the flowers, Little Dorrit, a loving presence, called him by his name—Book 2, chap. xxix.

In a moment, Affery had thrown the stocking down, started up, caught hold of the window-sill with her right hand, lodged herself upon the window seat with her right knee, and was flourishing her left hand, beating expecting assailants off—Book 2, chap. xxx.

The sun had set, and the streets were dim in the dusky twilight, when the figure, so long unused to them, hurried on its way—Book 2, chap. xxxi.

MR. PANCKS AND THE PATRIARCH WERE INSTANTLY THE CENTRE OF A PRESS, ALL EYES AND EARS; WINDOWS WERE THROWN OPEN, AND DOORSTEPS WERE THRONGED—Book 2, chap. xxxii.



SUCH A BOX HAD AFFERY FLINTWINCH SEEN IN THE FIRST OF HER DREAMS, GOING OUT OF THE OLD HOUSE . . . THIS, TATTYCORAM PUT ON THE GROUND AT HER OLD MASTER'S FEET; THIS TATTYCORAM FELL ON HER KNEES BY, AND PUT HER HANDS UPON . . .—Book 2, chap. xxxiii.

LITTLE DORRIT AND HER HUSBAND WALKED OUT OF THE CHURCH ALONE—Chap. xxxiv.

REPRINTED PIECES

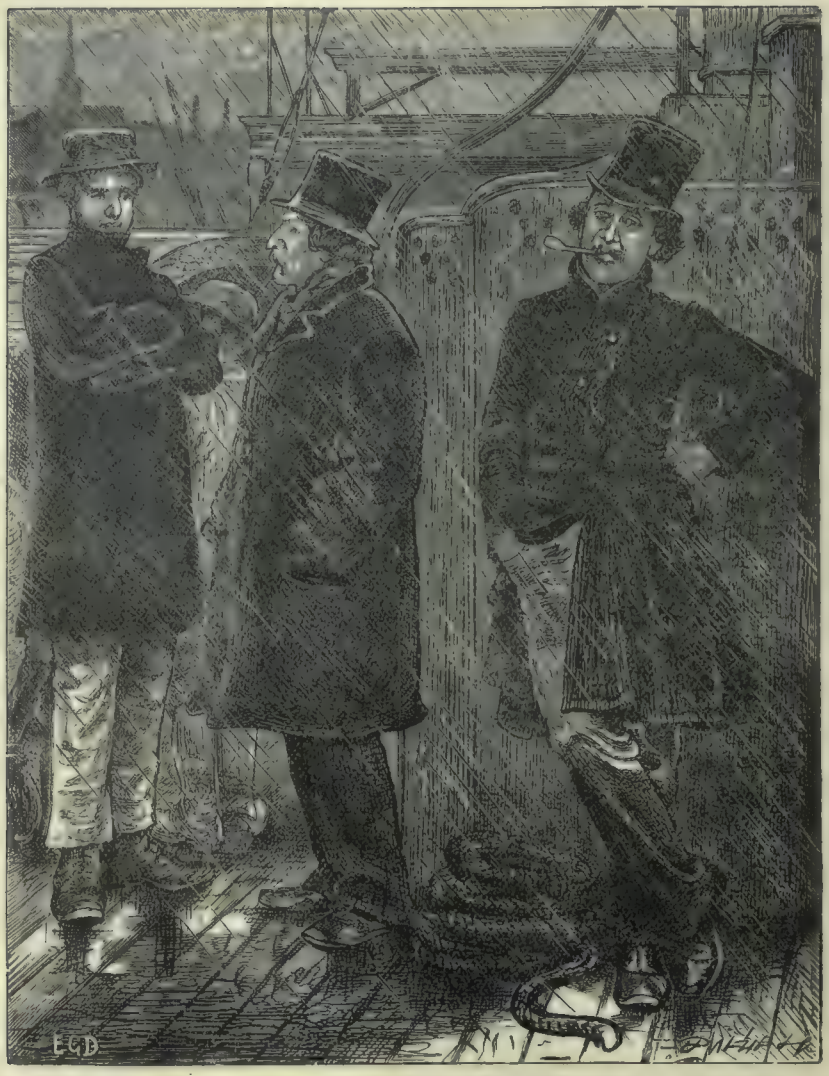
NINE ILLUSTRATIONS
BY E. G. DALZIEL

THE MOMENT COMES, THE FIRE IS DYING—AND THE CHILD IS DEAD—*The Long Voyage*

"OH, GIT ALONG WITH YOU, SIR, IF YOU PLEASE, ME AND MRS. BIGBY DON'T WANT NO MALE PARTIES HERE"—
Births—Mrs. Meeks of a son

"LOOK AT THE SNIVELLING MILKSOP," SAID MY UNCLE—*The Poor Relation's Story*

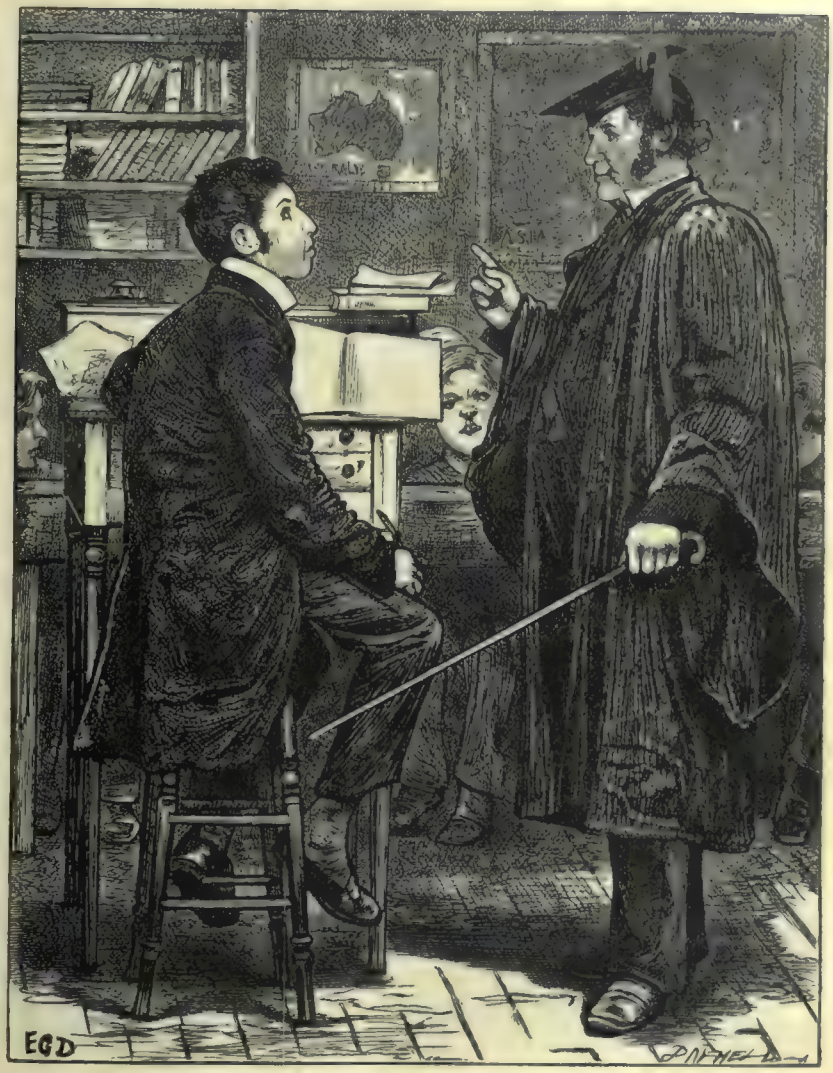
IN THE MIDST OF THE KITCHEN . . . SITS A YOUNG, MODEST, GENTLE-LOOKING CREATURE, WITH A BEAUTIFUL CHILD IN HER LAP—*On Duty with Inspector Field*



"WHETHER HE WAS THE VICAR, OR MOSES, OR MR. BURCHILL, OR A CONGLOMERATION OF ALL FOUR, I KNEW NOT"—*The Ghost of Art*

"ARE YOU FROM THE COUNTRY, YOUNG MAN?" "YES," I SAY, "I AM"—*The Detective Police*

"In another room were several ugly old women crouching, witch-like, round a hearth, and chatting and nodding, after the manner of monkeys—*A Walk in a Workhouse*



"Mr. Blinkins, are you ill, sir?"—*Our School*

He took her in his arms and told her it was fancy—*A Christmas Tree*

A TALE OF TWO CITIES

TWENTY-FIVE ILLUSTRATIONS
BY FRED BARNARD

Miss Manette curtsied to Mr. Lorry, with a pretty desire to convey to him that she felt how much older and wiser he was than she. He made her another bow—Book 1, chap. iv.

The wine shop—Book 1, chap. v.

THE SHOEMAKER—Book 1, chap. vi.

MESSRS. CRUNCHER AND SON—Book 2, chap. I.

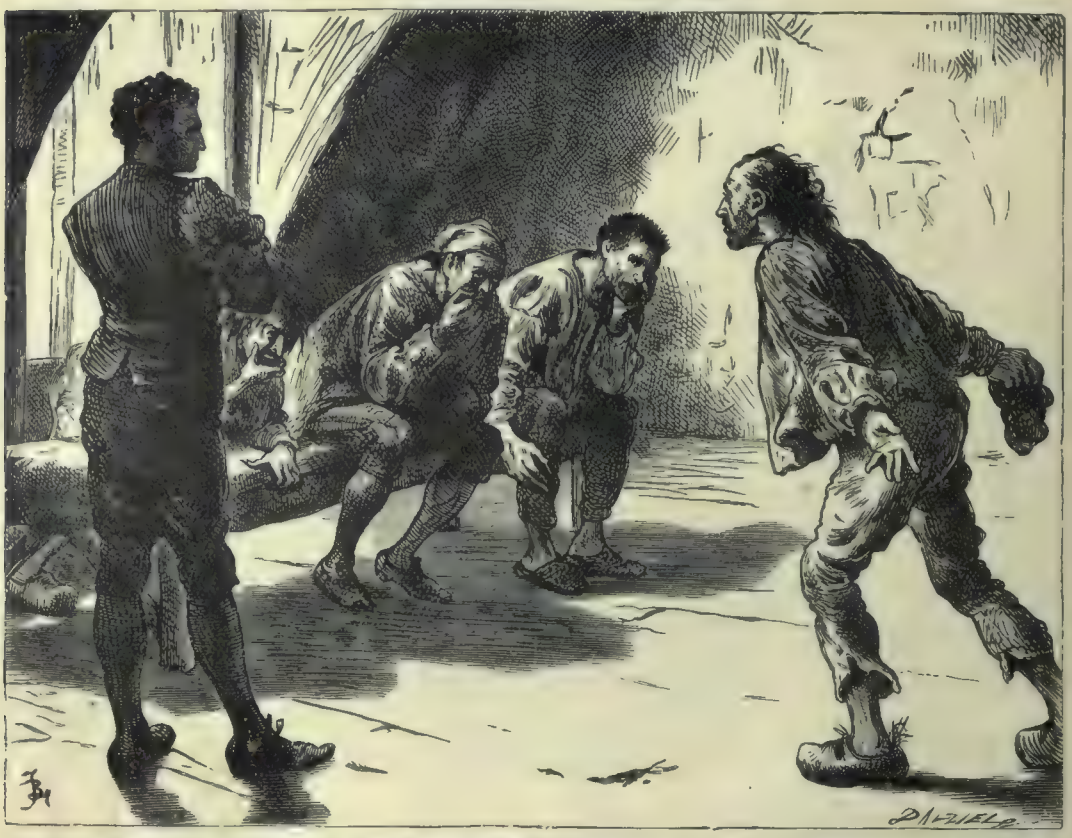
AND SMOOTHING HER RICH HAIR WITH AS MUCH PRIDE AS SHE COULD POSSIBLY HAVE TAKEN IN HER OWN HAIR IF SHE HAD BEEN THE VAINEST AND HANDSOMEST OF WOMEN—Book 2, chap. vi.

HE STOOPED A LITTLE, AND WITH HIS TATTERED BLUE CAP POINTED UNDER THE CARRIAGE. ALL HIS FELLOWS STOOPED TO LOOK UNDER THE CARRIAGE Book 2, chap. viii.

DRIVE HIM FAST FROM THE TOMB. THIS FROM JACQUES—Book 2, chap. ix.

"THINK NOW AND THEN THAT THERE IS A MAN WHO WOULD GIVE HIS LIFE TO KEEP A LIFE YOU LOVE BESIDE YOU"—Book 2, chap. xiii.

"It is frightful, messieurs. How can the women and children draw water? Who can gossip of an evening under that shadow?"—Book 2, chap. xv.



Saint Antoine—Book 2, chap. xvi.

STILL, THE DOCTOR, WITH SHADED FOREHEAD, BEAT HIS FOOT NERVOUSLY ON THE GROUND"—Book 2, chap. xix.

DRAGGED, AND STRUCK AT, AND STIFLED BY THE BUNCHES OF GRASS AND STRAW THAT WERE THRUST INTO HIS FACE BY HUNDREDS OF HANDS—Book 2, chap. xxii.

AMONG THE TALKERS WAS STRYVER, OF THE KING'S BENCH BAR . . . BROACHING TO MONSEIGNEUR HIS DEVICES FOR BLOWING THE PEOPLE UP, AND EXTERMINATING THEM FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH.—Book 2, chap. xxiv.

SOME REGISTERS WERE LYING OPEN ON A DESK AND AN OFFICER OF A COARSE DARK ASPECT PRESIDED OVER THESE—Book 3, chap. i.

THE GRINDSTONE—Book 3, chap. ii.

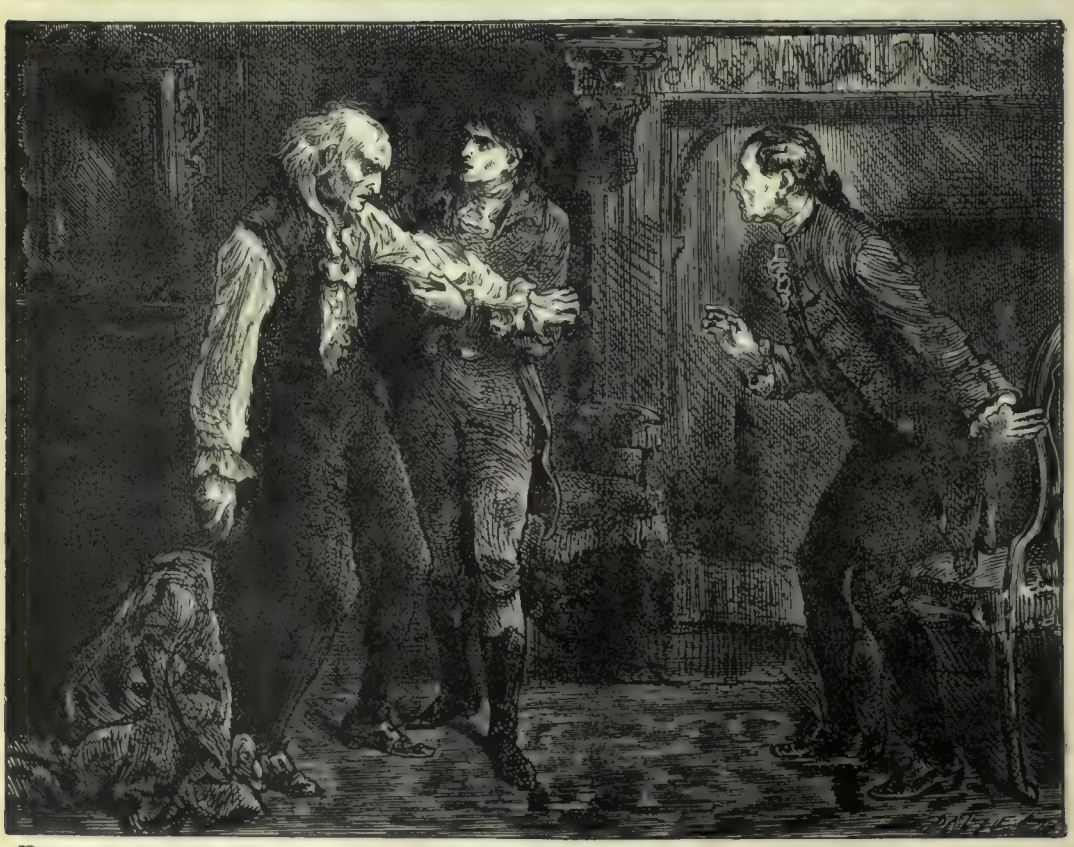
THE CARMAGNOLE—Book 3, chap. vi.

HERE MR. LORRY BECAME AWARE, FROM WHERE HE SAT, OF A MOST REMARKABLE GOBLIN SHADOW ON THE WALL—Book 3, chap. x.

TWICE HE PUT HIS HAND TO THE WOUND IN HIS BREAST, AND WITH HIS FOREFINGER DREW A CROSS IN THE AIR—Book 3, chap. x.

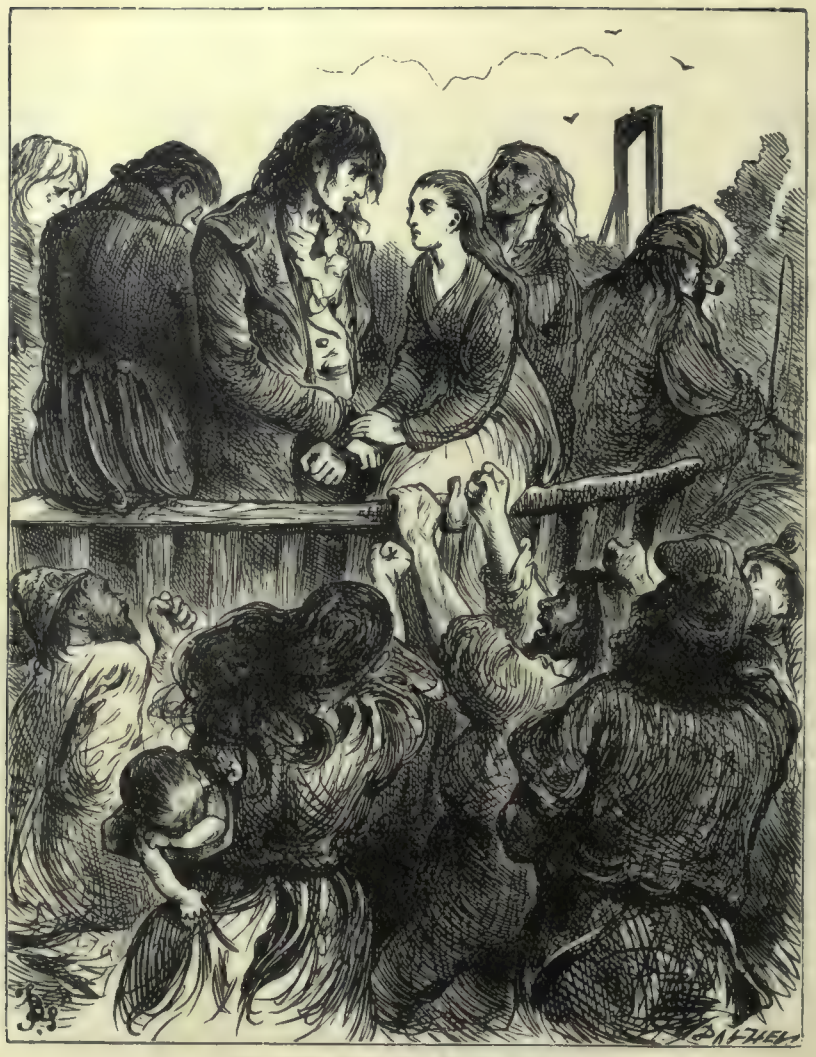
THE TRIAL OF EVRÉMONDE—Book 3, chap. ix.

As he was drawn away, his wife released him, and stood looking after him with her hands touching one another in the attitude of prayer—Book 3, chap. xi.



His head and throat were bare, and, as he spoke with helpless look straying all round, he took his coat off, and let it drop on the floor—Book 3, chap. xii.

"You might, from your appearance, be the wife of Lucifer," said Miss Pross in her breathing. "Nevertheless you shall not get the better of me. I am an Englishwoman"—Book 3, chap. xiv.



THE THIRD TUMBREL.—Book 3, chap. XV.

THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER

TWENTY-SIX ILLUSTRATIONS
BY E. G. DALZIEL

SAW FROM THE LADDER'S ELEVATION, AS HE LOOKED DOWN BY CHANCE TOWARDS THE SHORE, SOME DARK, TROUBLED OBJECT CLOSE IN WITH THE LAND—*The Shipwreck*

A CHEAP THEATRE, SUNDAY NIGHT—*Two Views of a Cheap Theatre*

STOOD A CREATURE REMOTELY IN THE LIKENESS OF A YOUNG MAN, WITH PUFFED, SALLOW FACE, AND A FIGURE ALL DIRTY AND SHINY AND SLIMY, WHO MAY HAVE BEEN THE YOUNGEST SON OF HIS FILTHY OLD FATHER, THAMES

Wapping Workhouse

Mr. Grazinglands looked into a pastrycook's window, hesitating as to the expediency of lunching at that establishment
Refreshments for Travellers

"Bags to hold your money," says the witch, shaking her head and setting her teeth; "you as has got it"—*Poor Mercantile Jack*

The tall glazed head-dress of his warrior Straudenheim instantly knocked off—*Travelling Abroad*

He was taken into custody by the police—*Shy Neighbourhoods*

"Drop of something to drink," interposed the stranger. "I am agreeable"—*Chambers*

"'Then you're a tramp,' he ses. 'I'd rather be that than a beadle,' I ses"
Tramps

"Am I red to-night?" "You are," he uncompromisingly answered—*Night Walks*

"A LEMON HAS PIPS, AND A YARD HAS SHIPS, AND I'LL HAVE CHIPS!"—*Nurses' Stories*

THE WIND BLOWS STIFFLY FROM THE NOR'-EAST . . . AND THE SHAPELESS PASSENGERS LIE ABOUT IN MELANCHOLY BUNDLES—*The Calais Night Mail*

THEN DROPPED UPON HER KNEES BEFORE US, WITH PROTESTATIONS THAT WE WERE RIGHT
Some Recollections of Mortality

ON THE STARBOARD SIDE OF THE SHIP A GRIZZLED MAN DICTATED A LONG LETTER TO ANOTHER GRIZZLED MAN IN AN IMMENSE FUR CAP—*Bound for the Great Salt Lake*

BLINKING OLD MEN WHO ARE LET OUT OF THE WORKHOUSE BY THE HOUR HAVE A TENDENCY TO SIT ON BITS OF COPING STONE IN THESE CHURCHYARDS . . . THE MORE DEPRESSED CLASS OF BEGGARS TOO BRING HITHER BROKEN MEALS, AND MUNCH—*The City of the Absent*

Mr. J. Mellows, of the "Dolphin's Head"—*An old Stage-coaching House*

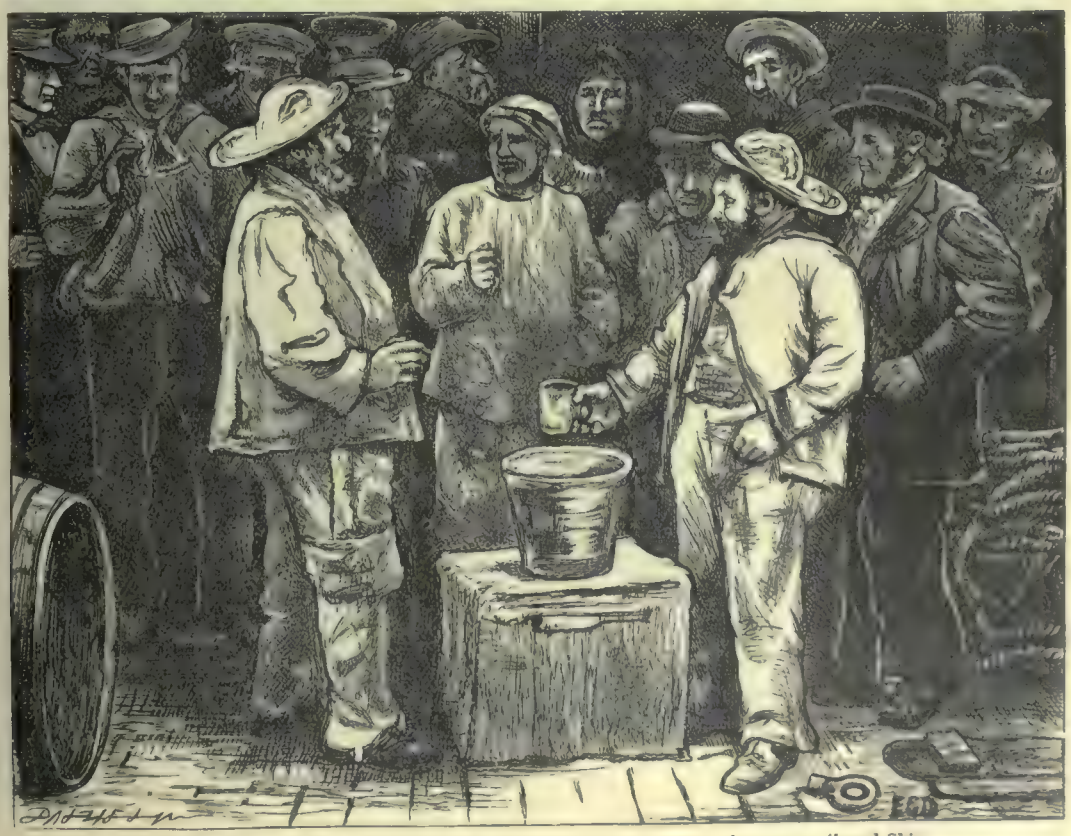
BUILDING H.M.S. ACHILLES—*Chatham Dockyard*

AT THE STATION THEY HAD BEEN SITTING ABOUT IN THEIR THREADBARE HOMESPUN GARMENTS . . . SAD ENOUGH AT HEART, MOST OF THEM—*In the French-Flemish Country*

IT WAS AGREED THAT MR. BATTENS "OUGHT TO TAKE IT UP," AND MR BATTENS WAS COMMUNICATED WITH ON THE SUBJECT—*Titbull's Almshouses*

AT THE UPPER END OF THIS DUNGEON . . . THE ENGLISHMAN FIRST BEHELD HIM, SITTING ON AN IRON BEDSTEAD, TO WHICH HE WAS CHAINED BY A HEAVY CHAIN—*The Italian Prisoner*

TROTTING ABOUT AMONG THE BEDS, ON FAMILIAR TERMS WITH ALL THE PATIENTS, WAS A COMICAL MONGREL DOG CALLED POODLES—*A Small Star in the East*



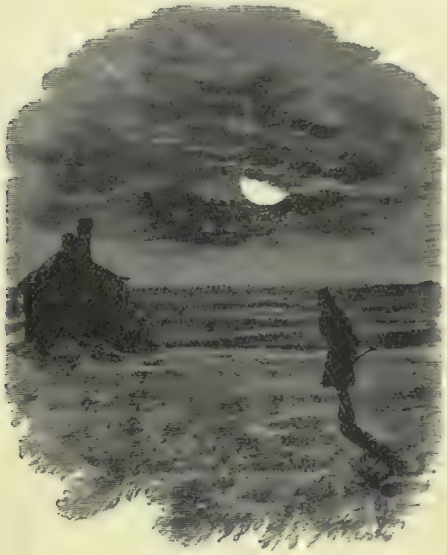
OVER THE GROG, MIXED IN A BUCKET, PRESIDES THE BOATSWAIN'S MATE—*Aboard Ship*

THIS ENGAGING FIGURE APPROACHED THE FATAL LAMPS—*Mr. Barlow*

LOOK AT THIS GROUP AT A STREET CORNER—*The Ruffian*

And White Riding Hood was fined ten shillings—*The Ruffian*

GREAT EXPECTATIONS



THIRTY ILLUSTRATIONS
BY F. A. FRASER

"Hold your noise!" cried a horrible voice . . . "keep still, you little devil, or I'll cut your throat"
Chap. I.

The sergeant ran in first—Chap. v.

"WHY, HERE'S A J!" SAID JOE, "AND A O EQUAL TO ANYTHINK!"—Chap. vii.

SHE GAVE A CONTEMPTUOUS TOSS . . . AND LEFT ME—Chap. viii.

He said, "Aha! Would you!" and began dancing backwards and forwards—Chap. xi.

"Well, Pip, you know, . . . you yourself see me put 'em in my 'at, and therefore you know as they are here"—Chap. xiii.

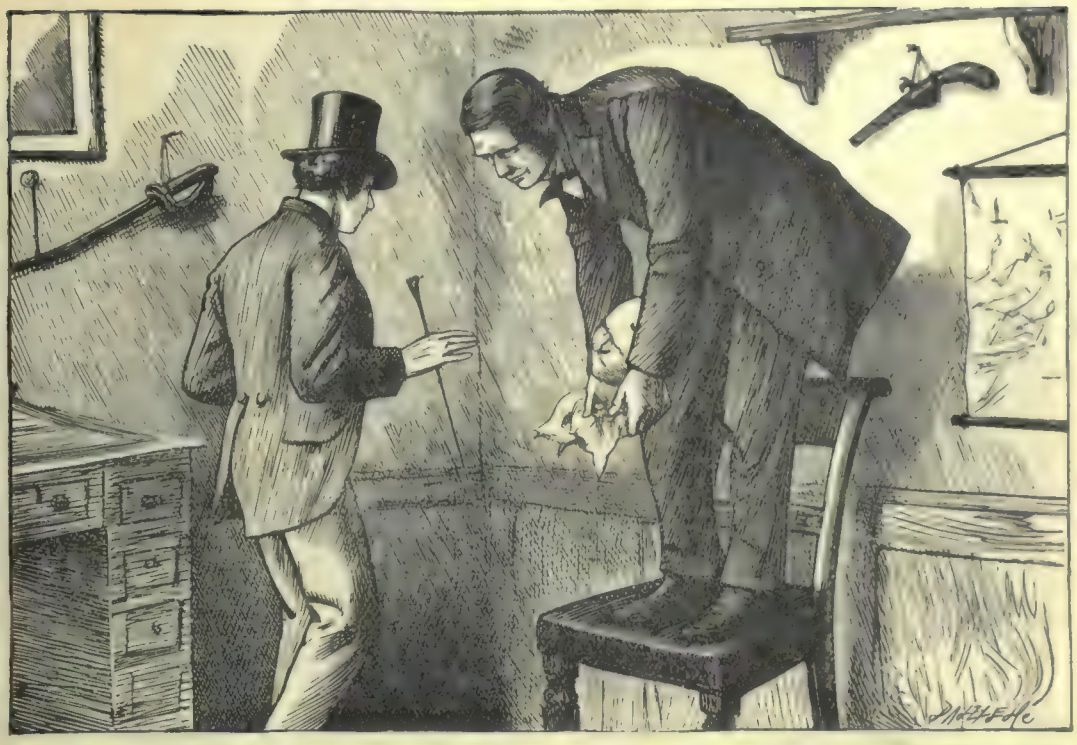
ORLICK . . . WAS VERY SOON AMONG THE COAL-DUST, AND IN NO HURRY TO COME OUT OF IT—Chap. xv.

THEN SHE SOFTLY PATTED MY SHOULDER IN A SOOTHING WAY—Chap. xvii.

"Now, this," said Mr Trabb . . . "is a very sweet article"—Chap. xix

"Say another word—one single word—and Wemmick shall give you your money back"—Chap. xx.

"THIS CHAP . . . MURDERED HIS MASTER"—Chap. XXIV.



WE FOUND THE AGED HEATING THE POKER, WITH EXPECTANT EYES—Chap. XXV.

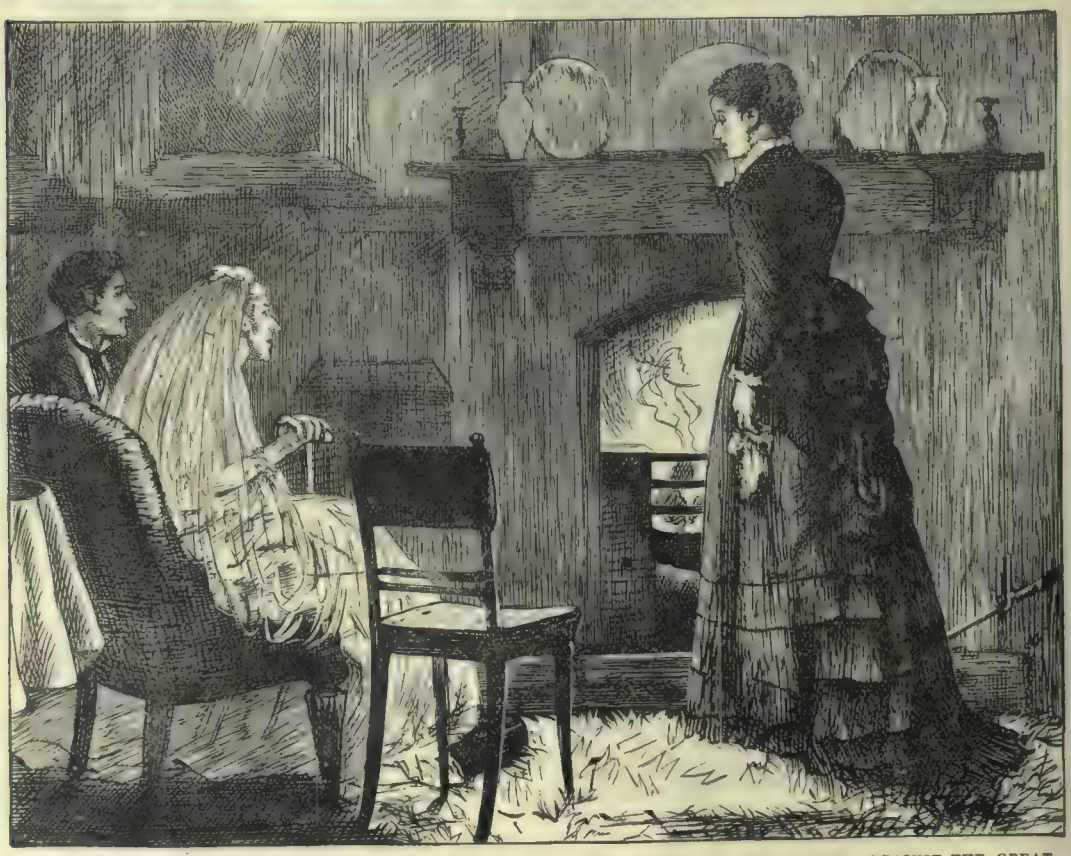
"Do you take tea, or coffee, Mr. Gargery!"—Chap. xxvii.

Drawling to his attendants, "Don't know yah, Don't know yah!"—Chap. xxx

"OH, YOU MUST TAKE THE PURSE!"—Chap. xxxiii.

IT WAS FINE SUMMER WEATHER AGAIN—Chap. xxxv.

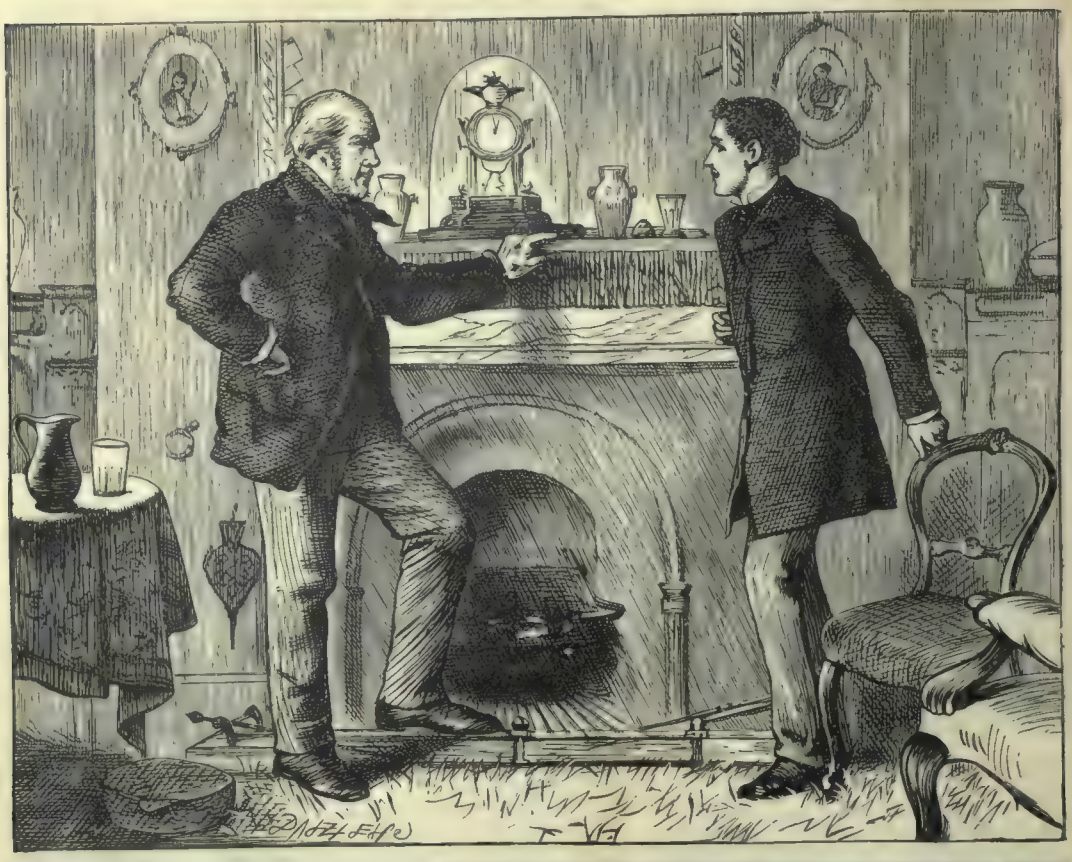
"It is of no use," said Biddy—Chap. xxxv.



"What!" said Estella, preserving her attitude of indifference as she leaned against the great chimney-piece, and only moving her eyes, "Do you reproach me for being cold! You!"—Chap. xxxviii.

"Why should I look at him?" returned Estella—Chap. xxxviii.

I ROSE OUT OF MY CHAIR, AND STOOD WITH MY HAND UPON THE BACK OF IT, LOOKING WILDLY AT HIM
Chap. xxxix.



GRADUALLY I SLIPPED FROM THE CHAIR, AND LAY ON THE FLOOR—Chap. xl.

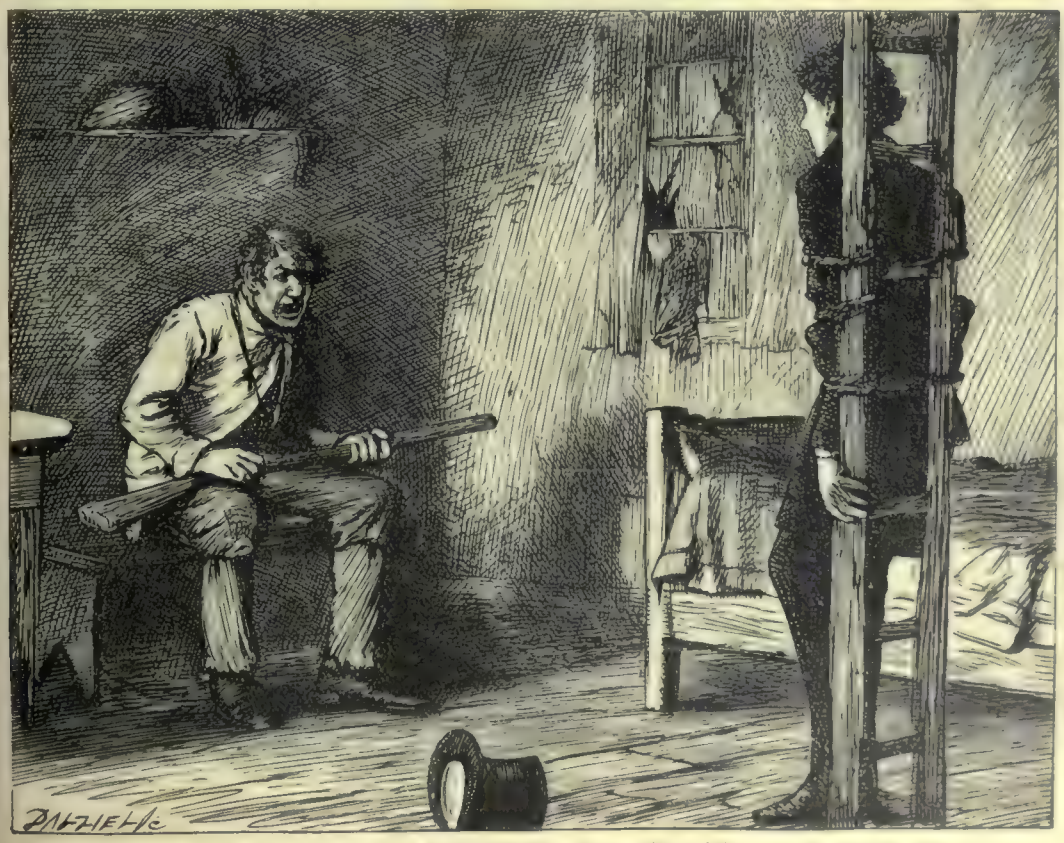
"When I say to Compeyson 'Once out of this court, I'll smash that face o' yourn!' Ain't it Compeyson as 'rays the judge to be protected, and gets two turnkeys stood betwixt us!"—Chap. xiii.

He came back calling for a light for the cigar in his mouth, which he had forgotten. A man in a dust-coloured dress appeared with what he wanted—Chap. xiiii.

I HAD TO FEEL MY WAY BACK AMONG THE SHIPPING—Chap. xlvii.

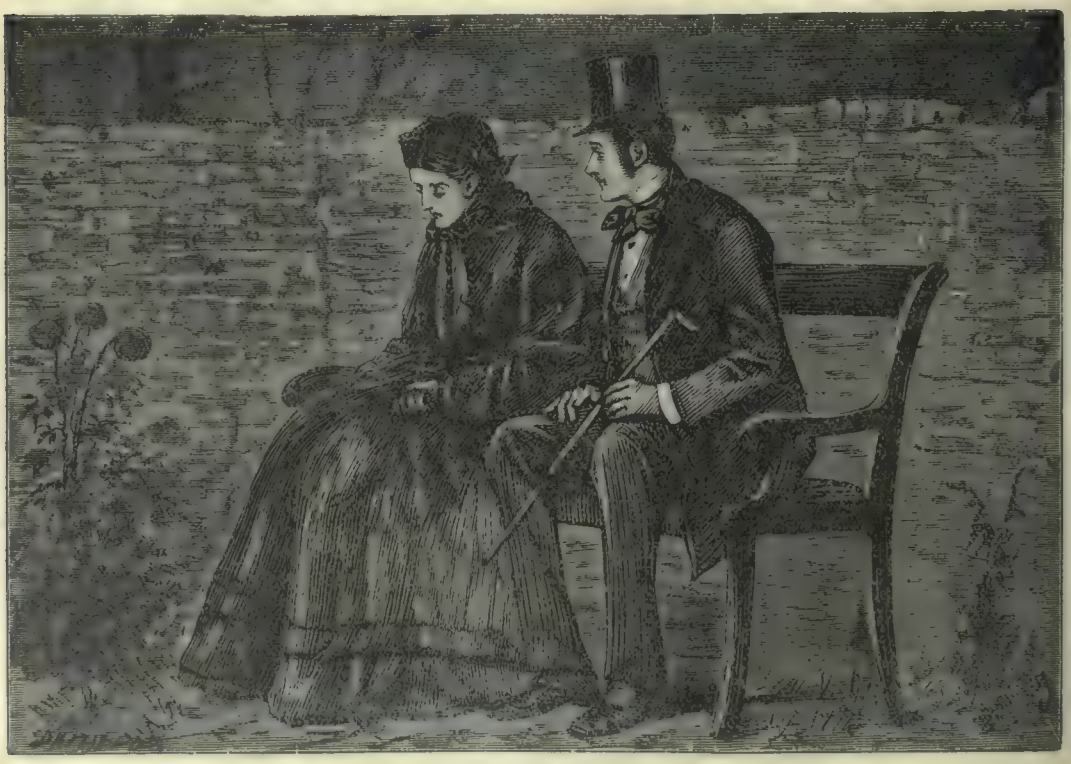
I ENTREATED HER TO RISE—Chap. xlix.

"HIM THAT I SPEAK OF," SAID THE LANDLORD, "MR. PUMPLECHOOK"—Chap. lii.



"DO YOU KNOW THIS!" SAID HE—Chap. liii.

He had spoken his last words—Chap. lvi.



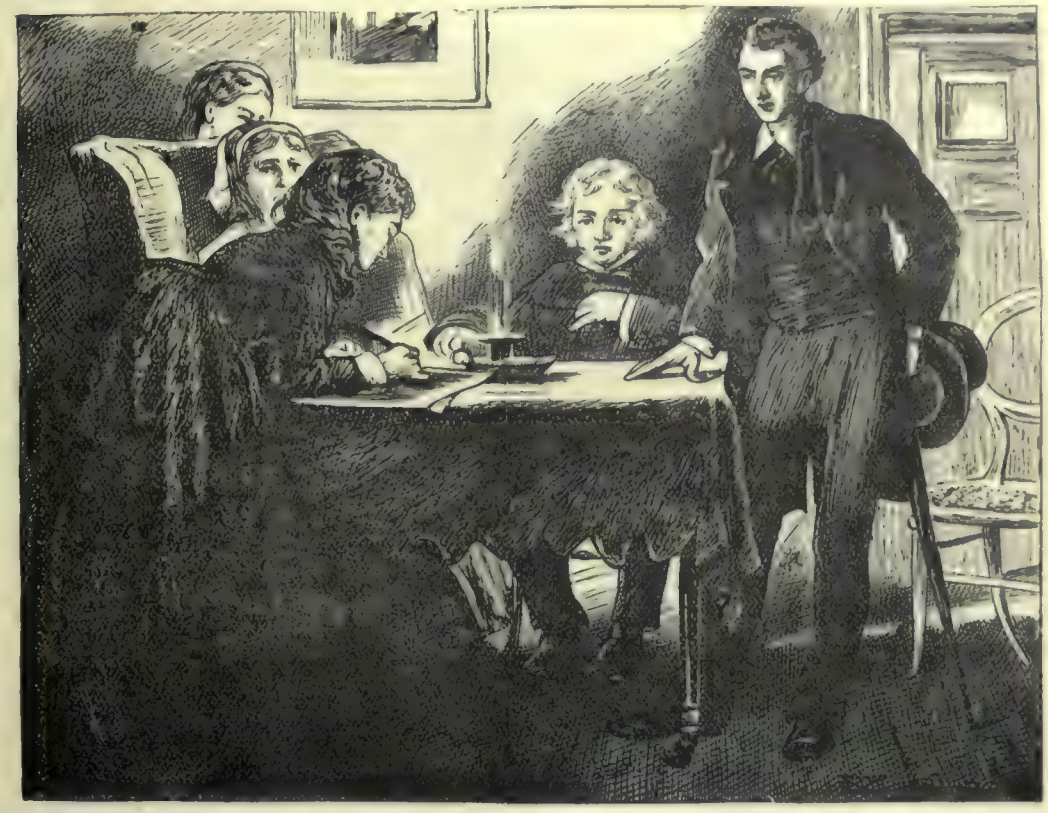
We sat down on a bench that was near—Chap. lix.

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND

FIFTY-EIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS
BY J. MAHONEY

"SHOW US A PICTURE," SAID THE BOY. "TELL US WHERE TO LOOK!"—Chap. iii.

When it came to Bella's turn to sign her name, Mr. Rokesmith, who was standing, as he had sat, with a hesitating hand upon the table, looked at her stealthily, but narrowly—Chap. iv.



"Here you are again," repeated Mr. Wegg, musing. "And what are you now?"—Chap. v.

LIZZIE, LOOKING FOR HER FATHER, SAW HIM COMING, AND STOOD UPON THE CAUSEWAY THAT HE MIGHT SEE HER—Chap. vi.

After holding her to his breast with a passionate cry, he took up his bundle and darted out at the door, with an arm across his eyes—Book 1, chap. vi.

"You're casting your eyes round the shop, Mr. Wegg. Let me show you a light"—Chap. vii.

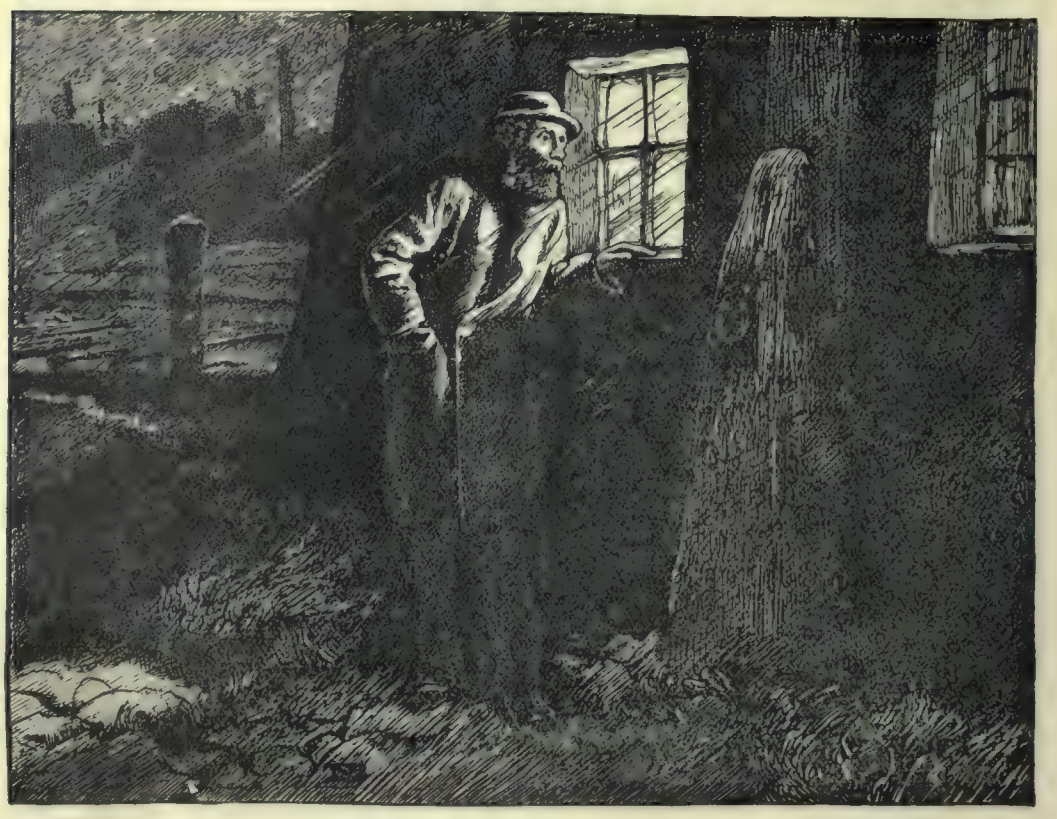
"NOODY!" SAID MRS. BOFFIN, COMING FROM HER FASHIONABLE SOFA TO HIS SIDE ON THE PLAIN SETTLE AND HOOKING HER COMFORTABLE ARM THROUGH HIS—Chap. ix.

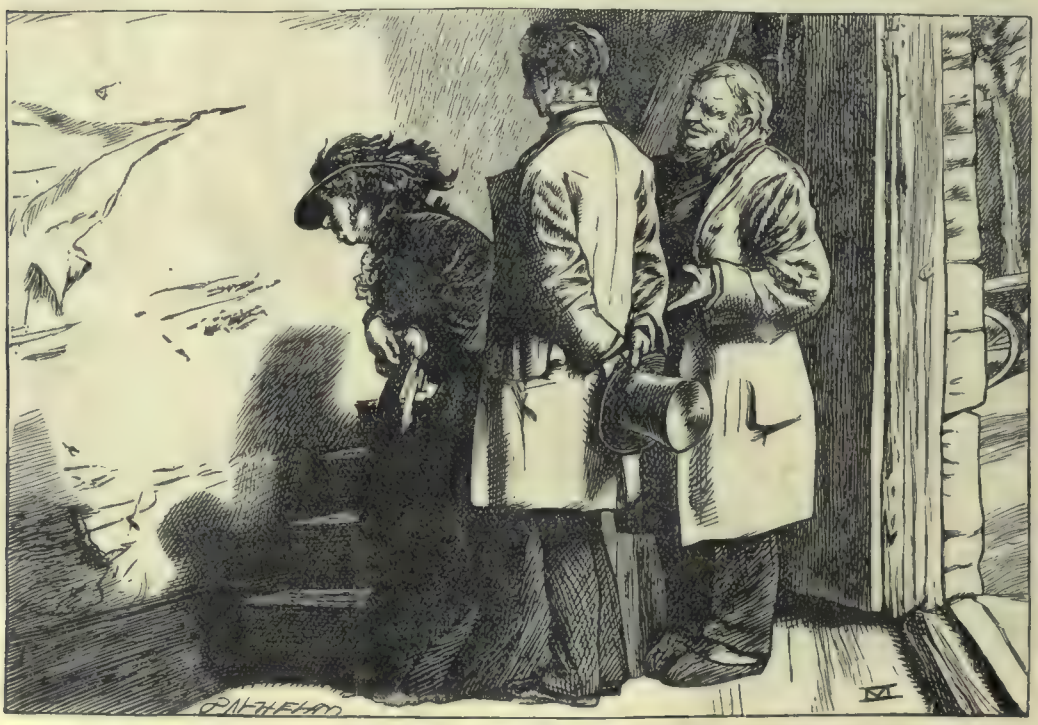
THAT HE KNEW IT AS WELL AS SHE, SHE KNEW AS WELL AS HE, WHEN THEY WERE LEFT TOGETHER STANDING ON THE PATH BY THE GARDEN-GATE—Chap. ix.

She sits upon her stone, and takes no heed of him—Chap. x.

"Apparently one of the Ghosts has lost its way, and dropped in to be directed. Look at this Phantom!"—Chap. xii.

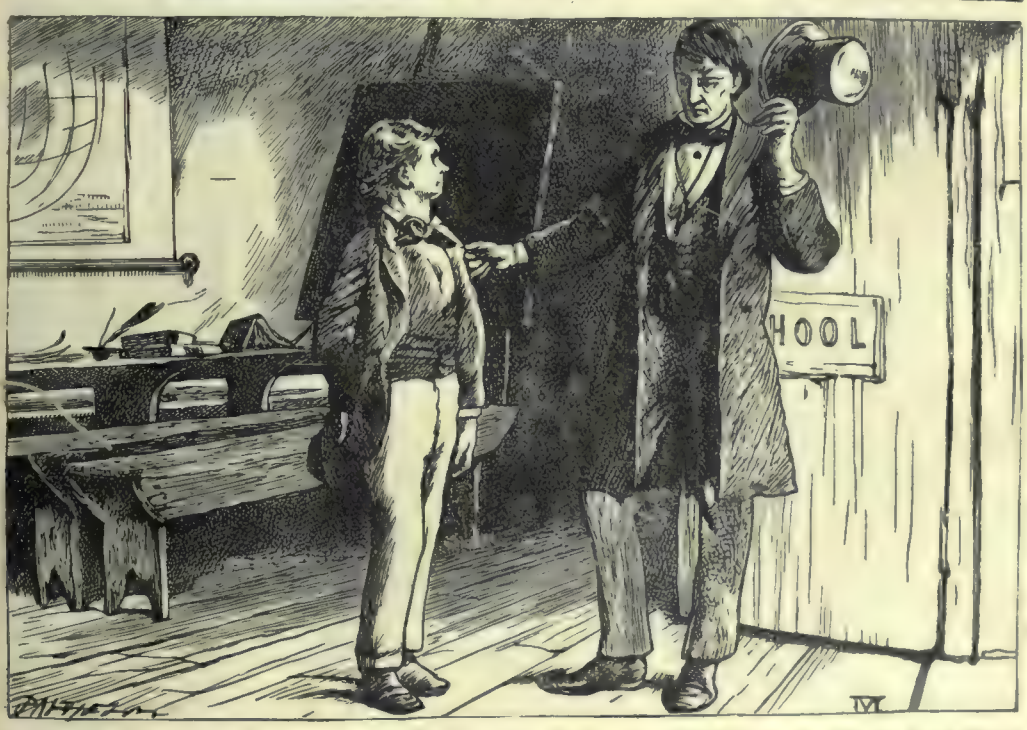
IT WAS A LITTLE WINDOW OF BUT FOUR PIECES OF GLASS, AND WAS NOT CURTAINED; HE CHOSE IT BECAUSE THE LARGER WINDOW NEAR IT WAS—Chap. xiii.





THEY HAD OPENED THE DOOR AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRCASE GIVING ON THE YARD, AND THEY STOOD IN THE SUN-LIGHT LOOKING AT THE SCRAWL OF THE TWO UNSTEADY CHILDISH HANDS TWO OR THREE STEPS UP THE STAIRCASE—Chap. xv.

"Come here, Toddles and Poddles"—Chap. xvi.



Mr. Bradley Headstone, highly certificated stipendiary schoolmaster, drew his right fore-finger through one of the button-holes of the boy's coat, and looked at it attentively—Book 2, chap. i.

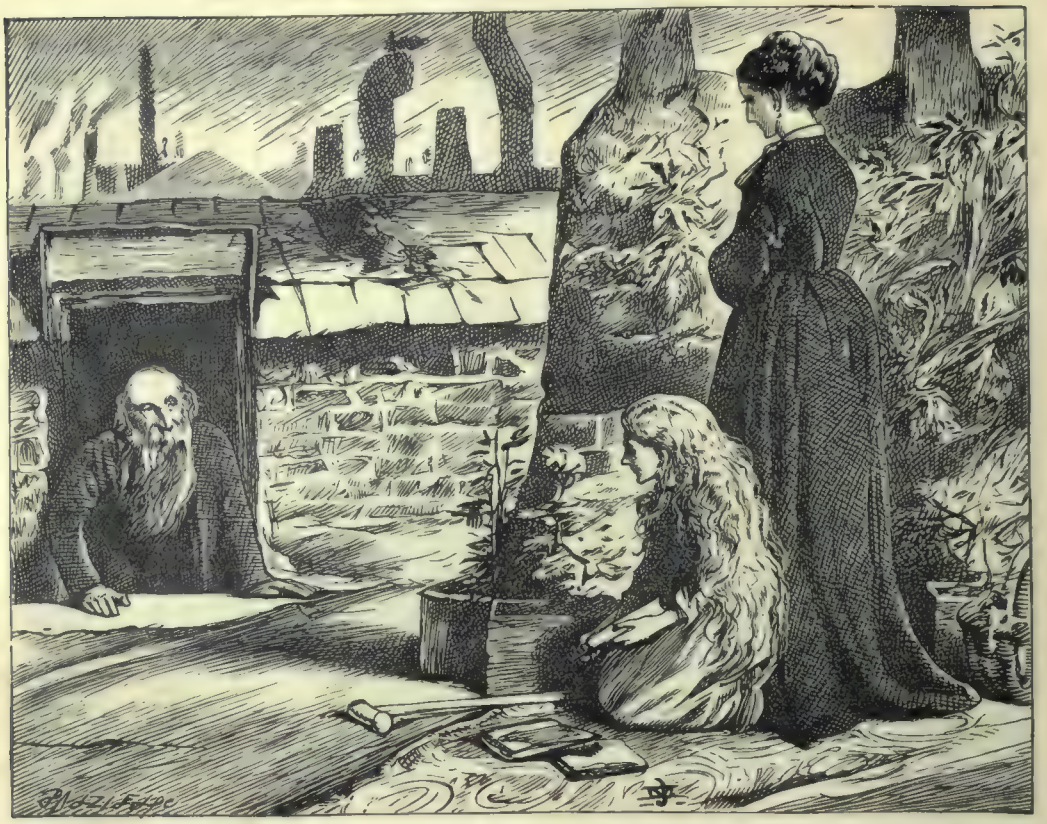
He stood leaning by the door at Lizzie's side—Book 2, chap. ii.

"One thing, however, I can do for you," says Twemlow, "and that is, work for you." Veneering blessed him again—Book 2, chap. iii.

AH! HERE WAS ALFRED. HAVING STOLEN IN UNOBSERVED, HE PLAYFULLY LEANED ON THE BACK OF SOPHRONIA'S CHAIR—Book 2, chap. iv.

PERCHED ON THE STOOL, WITH HIS HAT COCKED ON HIS HEAD, AND ONE OF HIS LEGS DANGLING, THE YOUTH OF FLEDGEBY HARDLY CONTRASTED TO ADVANTAGE WITH THE AGE OF THE JEWISH MAN AS HE STOOD WITH HIS BARE HEAD BOWED—Book 2, chap. v.

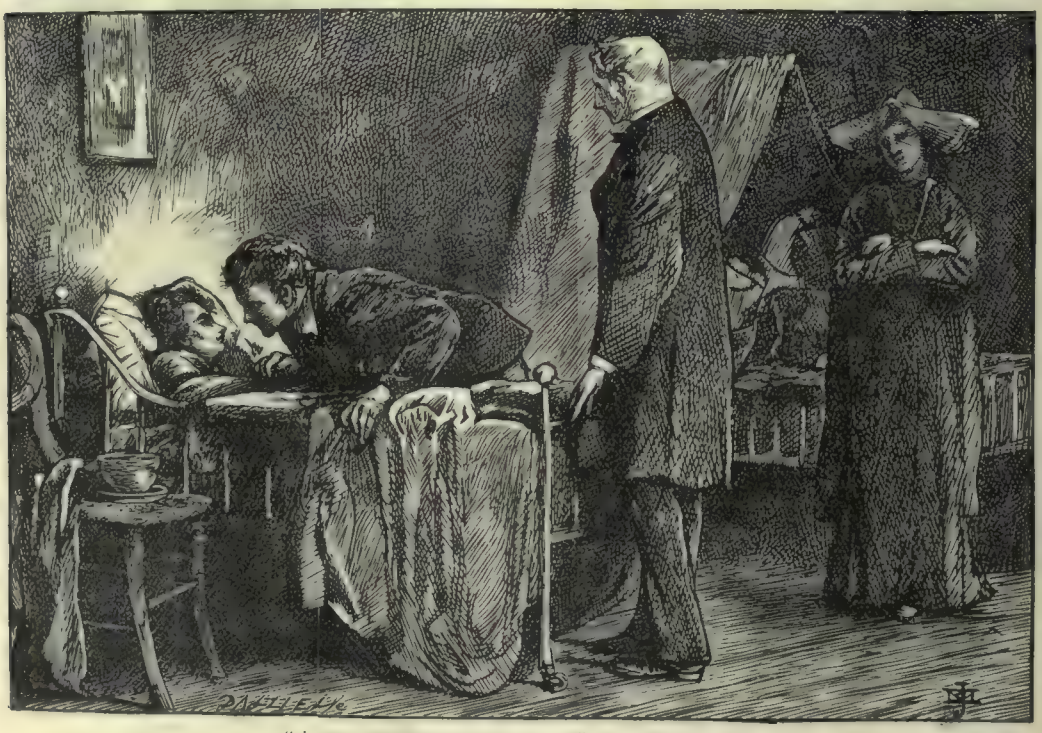
"Come up and be dead! Come up and be dead"—Book 2, chap. v.



"Good evening, Mr. Wegg. The yard-gate lock should be looked to, if you please; it don't catch"
Book 2, chap. vii.

"YOU NEVER CHARGE ME, MISS WILFER," SAID THE SECRETARY, ENCOUNTERING HER BY CHANCE ALONE IN THE GREAT DRAWING-ROOM, "WITH COMMISSIONS FOR HOME. I SHALL ALWAYS BE HAPPY TO EXECUTE ANY COMMANDS YOU MAY HAVE IN THAT DIRECTION"—Book 2, chap. viii.

"Now you may give me a kiss, pa"—Book 2, chap. viii.



"A kiss for the boofer lady"—Book 2, chap. ix.

"MEANING," RETURNED THE LITTLE CREATURE, "EVERY ONE OF YOU BUT YOU. HAH! NOW LOOK THIS LADY IN THE FACE. THIS IS MRS. TRUTH. THE HONOURABLE. FULL-DRESSED"—Book 2, chap. xi.

AND NOW, AS THE MAN HELD OUT THE BOTTLE TO FILL ALL ROUND, RIDERHOOD STOOD UP, LEANED OVER THE TABLE TO LOOK CLOSER AT THE KNIFE, AND STARED FROM IT TO HIM—Book 2, chap. xii.

YET THE COLD WAS MERCIFUL, FOR IT WAS THE COLD NIGHT AIR AND THE RAIN THAT RESTORED ME FROM A SWOON ON THE STONES ON THE CAUSEWAY—Book 2, chap. xiii.

THE DARK LOOK OF HATRED AND REVENGE WITH WHICH THE WORDS BROKE FROM HIS LIVID LIPS . . . MADE HER SO AFRAID OF HIM THAT SHE TURNED TO RUN AWAY. BUT HE CAUGHT HER BY THE ARM—Book 2, chap. xv.

MRS. LAMMLE, ON A SOFA BY A TABLE, INVITES MR. TWEMLOW'S ATTENTION TO A BOOK OF PORTRAITS IN HER HAND—Book 2. chap. xvi.

IT WAS AN EDIFYING SPECTACLE, THE YOUNG MAN IN HIS EASY CHAIR TAKING HIS COFFEE, AND THE OLD MAN, WITH HIS GREY HEAD BENT, STANDING AWAITING HIS PLEASURE—Book 3, chap. i.

"It's summat run down in the fog"—Book 3, chap. ii.

"Oh, indeed, sir! I fancy I can guess whom you think that's like"—Book 3, chap. iv.

JENNY TWISTED HER VENERABLE FRIEND ASIDE, TO A BRILLIANTLY LIGHTED TOY-SHOP WINDOW, AND SAID, "NOW LOOK AT 'EM! ALL MY WORK!"—Book 3, chap. ii.

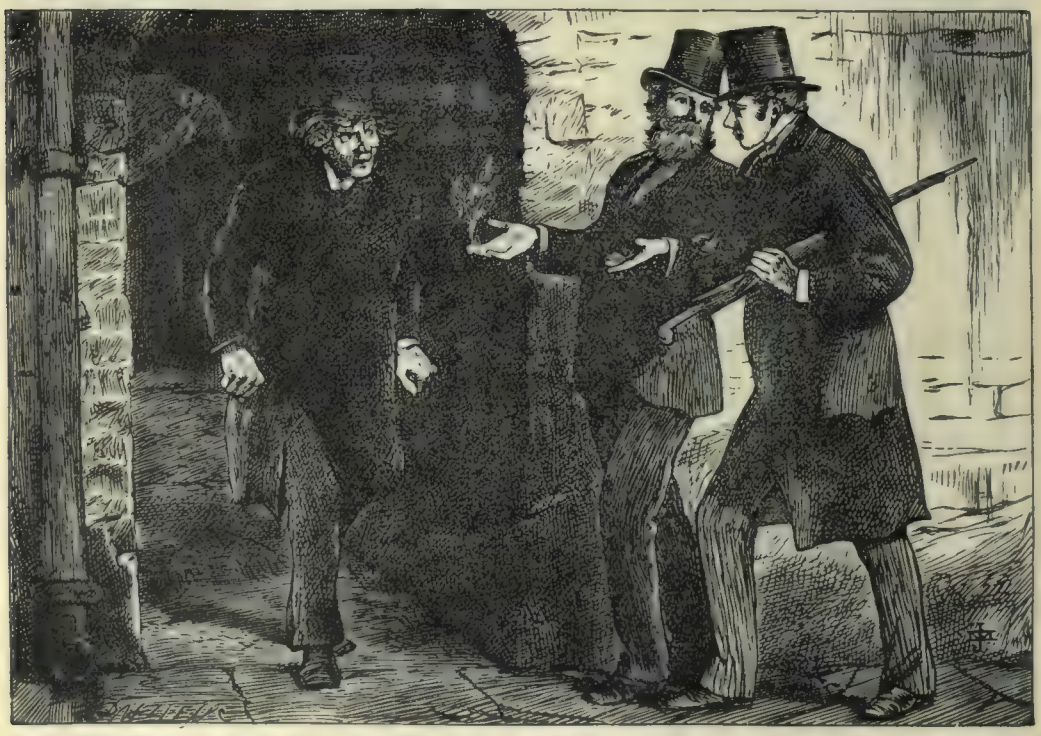
FEIGNING TO BE INTENT ON HER EMBROIDERY, SHE SAT PLYING HER NEEDLE UNTIL HER BUSY HAND WAS STOPPED BY MRS. BOFFIN'S HAND BEING LIGHTLY LAID UPON IT—Book 3, chap. v.

"HE CAN NEVER BE GOING TO DIG UP THE POLE!" WHISPERED VENUS AS THEY DROPPED LOW AND KEPT CLOSE Book 3, chap. vi.

„THERE'LL SHORTLY BE AN END OF YOU," SAID WEGG, THREATENING IT WITH THE HAT-BOX "YOUR VARNISH IS FADING"—Book 3, chap. vii.

LIZZIE HEXHAM VERY SOFTLY RAISED THE WEATHER-STAINED GREY HEAD, AND LIFTED HER AS HIGH AS HEAVEN
Book 3, chap. viii

So they walked, speaking of the newly-filled-up grave, and of Johnny, and of many things
Book 3, chap. ix.



"And you see, as I was saying, Mortimer," remarked Eugene aloud with the utmost coolness, as though there were no one within hearing but themselves, "and you see, as I was saying—undergoing grinding torments"—Book 3, chap. x.

SHE SHOOK THAT EMPHATIC LITTLE FOREFINGER OF HERS IN HIS FACE, AT PARTING, AS EARNESTLY AND REPROACHFULLY AS SHE HAD EVER SHAKEN IT AT HER GRIM OLD CHILD AT HOME.—Book 3, chap. xiii.

MR. VENUS PRODUCED THE DOCUMENT, HOLDING ON BY HIS USUAL CORNER. MR. WEGG, HOLDING ON BY THE OPPOSITE CORNER, SAT DOWN ON THE SEAT SO LATELY VACATED BY MR. BOFFIN, AND LOOKED IT OVER Book 3, chap. xiv.

"You have been a pleasant room to me, dear room! Adieu! We shall never see each other again"—Book 3, chap. xv.

The Cherub, whose hair would have done for itself under the influence of this amazing spectacle, what Bella had just now done for it, staggered back into the window seat from which he had risen, and surveyed the pair with his eyes dilated to their utmost—Book 3, chap. xvi.

"Now, Dolls, wake up!" "Mist Wrayburn! Drection! Fifteen Shillings!"—Book 3, chap. xvii.

Rogue Riderhood recognised his "t'other governor," Mr. Eugene Wraeburn—Book 4, chap. i.

THERE WERE ACTUALLY TEARS IN THE BOLD WOMAN'S EYES AS THE SOFT-HEADED AND SOFT-HEARTED GIRL TWINED HER ARMS ABOUT HER NECK—Book 4, chap. ii.

IT WAS A PLEASANT SIGHT, IN THE MIDST OF THE GOLDEN BLOOM, TO SEE THIS SALT OLD GRUFF AND GLUM WAVING HIS SHOVEL HAT AT BELLA, WHILE HIS THIN WHITE HAIR FLOWED FREE, AS IF SHE HAD ONCE MORE LAUNCHED HIM INTO BLUE WATER AGAIN—Book 4, chap. iv.

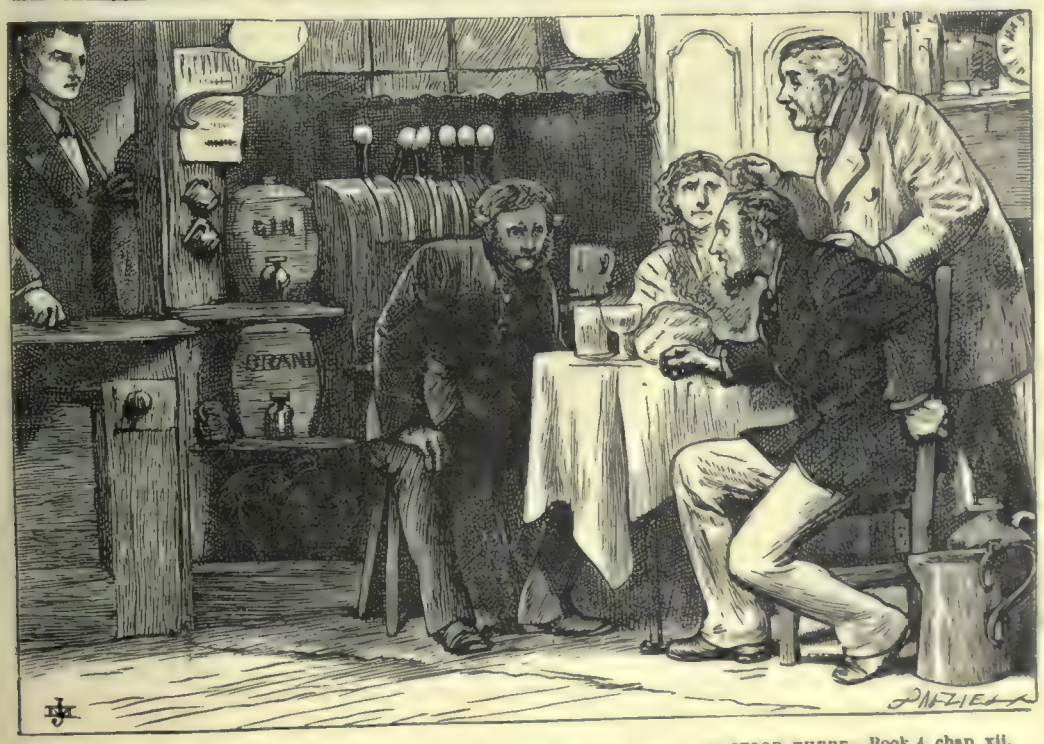
"THERE!" SAID BELLA, WHEN SHE HAD AT LAST COMPLETED THE FINAL TOUCHES. "NOW YOU ARE SOMETHING LIKE A GENTEEL BOY! PUT YOUR JACKET ON AND COME AND HAVE YOUR SUPPER" Book 4, chap. v.

HE HAD SAUNTERED FAR ENOUGH. BEFORE TURNING TO RETRACE HIS STEPS, HE STOPPED UPON THE MARGIN TO LOOK DOWN AT THE REFLECTED NIGHT—Book 4, chap. vi.

When the bather had finished dressing, he kneeled on the grass, doing something with his hands, and again stood up with his bundle under his arm. Looking all around him with great attention, he then went to the river's edge, and flung it in as far, and yet as lightly, as he could—Book 4, chap. vii.

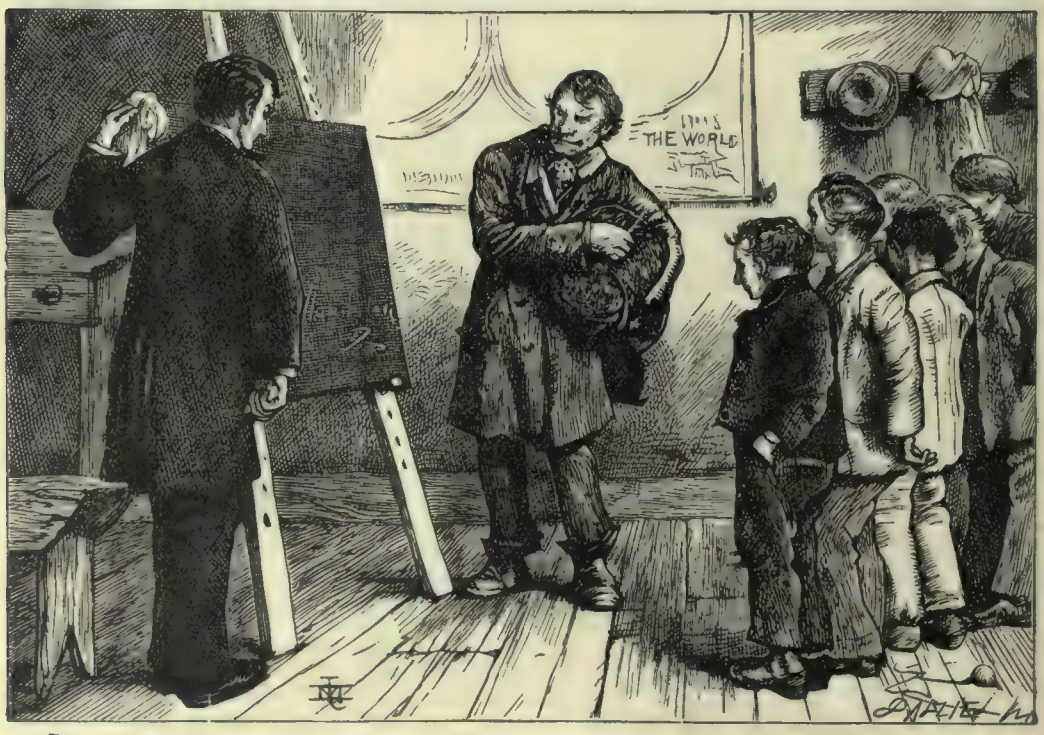
She took the liberty of opening an inner door, and then beheld the extraordinary spectacle of Mr. Fledgeby in a shirt, a pair of Turkish trousers, and a Turkish cap, rolling over and over on his own carpet, and spluttering wonderfully—Book 4, chap. viii.

MISS JENNY GAVE UP ALTOGETHER ON THIS PARTING TAKING PLACE BETWEEN THE FRIENDS, AND SITTING WITH HER BACK TOWARDS THE BED IN THE BOWER MADE BY BRIGHT HAIR WEPT HEARTILY THOUGH NOISELESSLY
Book 4, chap. viii.



BELLA'S HUSBAND STEPPED SOFTLY TO THE HALF-DOOR OF THE BAR, AND STOOD THERE—Book 4, chap xii.

"It looks as if the old man's spirit had found rest at last; don't it!" said Mrs. Boffin
Book 4, chap. xiii.

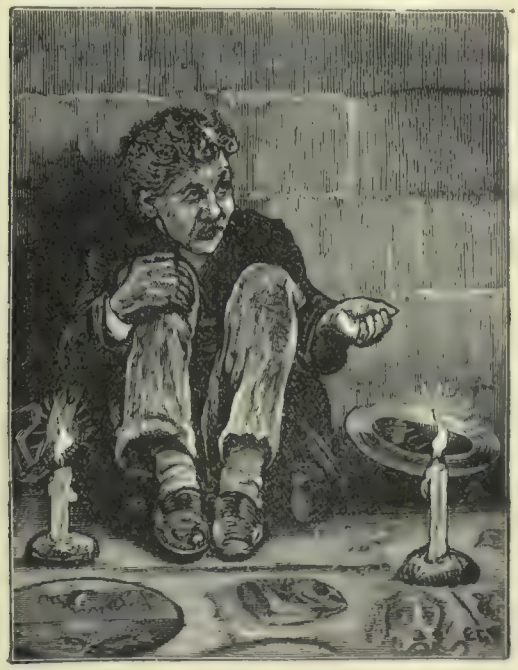


Bradley hesitated for a moment, but placed his usual signature, enlarged, upon the board
Book 4, chap. xv.

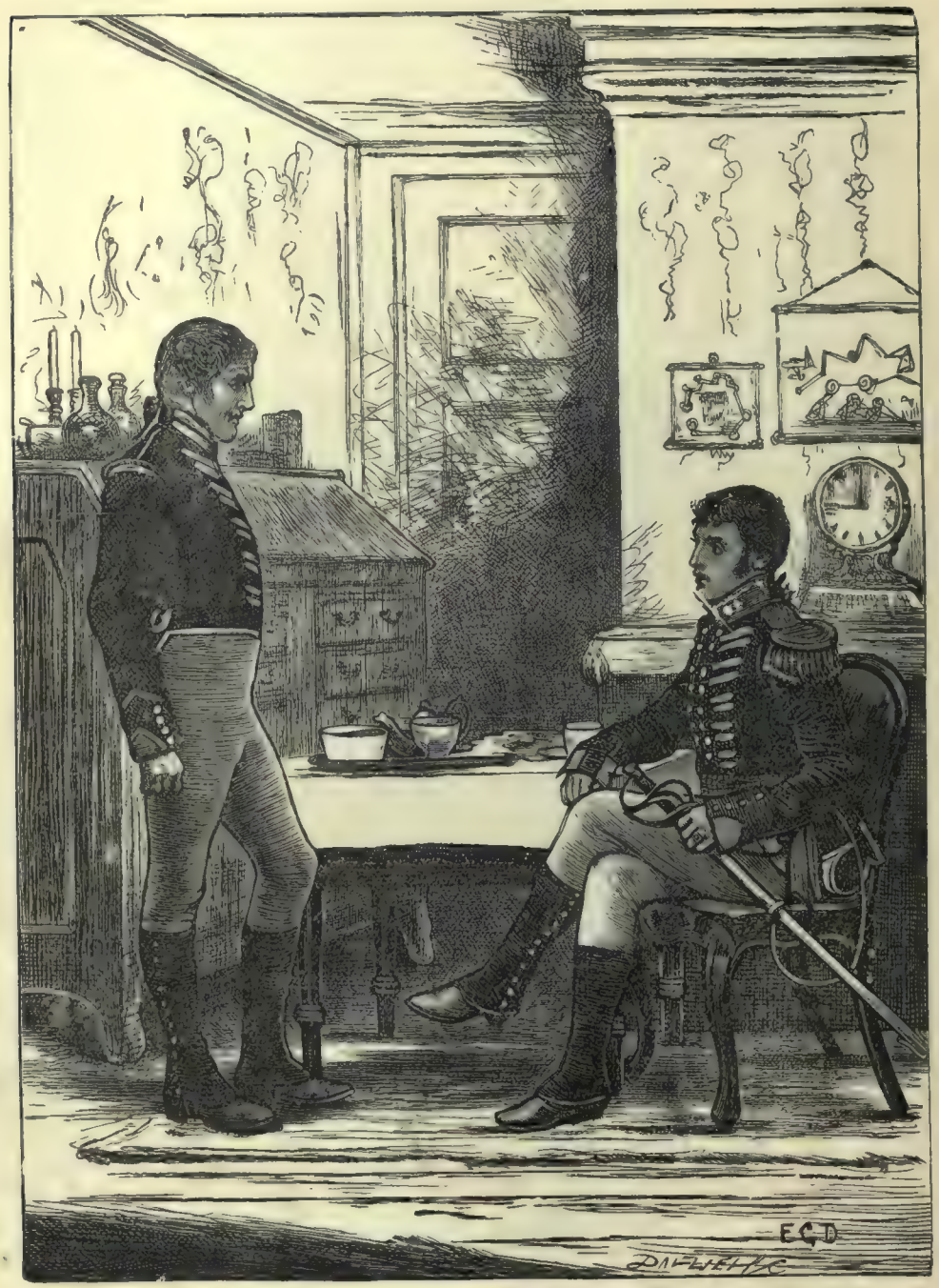
"THERE, THERE, THERE!" SAID MISS WREN, "FOR GOODNESS' SAKE STOP, GIANT, OR I SHALL BE SWALLOWED UP ALIVE BEFORE I KNOW IT"—Book 4, chap. xvi.

RIDERHOOD WENT OVER INTO THE SMOOTH PIT BACKWARDS, AND BRADLEY HEADSTONE UPON HIM—Book 4, chap. xv.

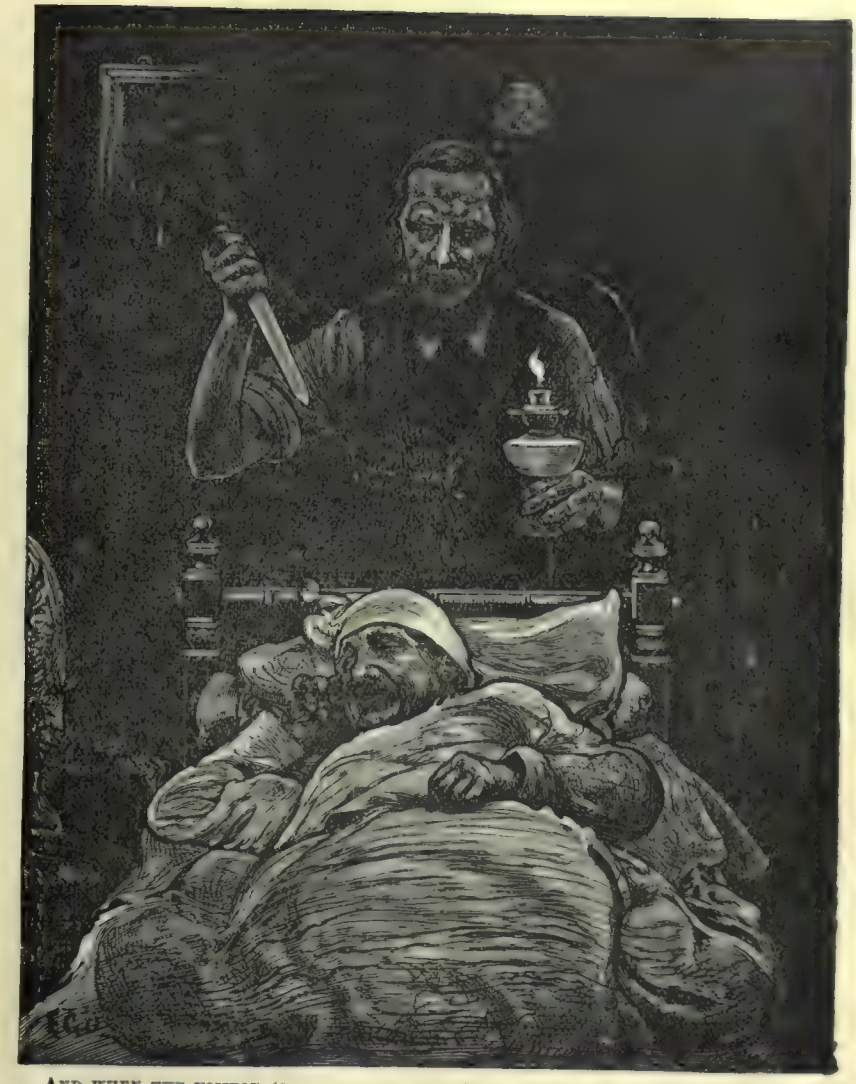
CHRISTMAS STORIES
FROM "HOUSEHOLD WORDS" AND "ALL THE YEAR ROUND"



TWENTY-THREE ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. G. DALZIEL

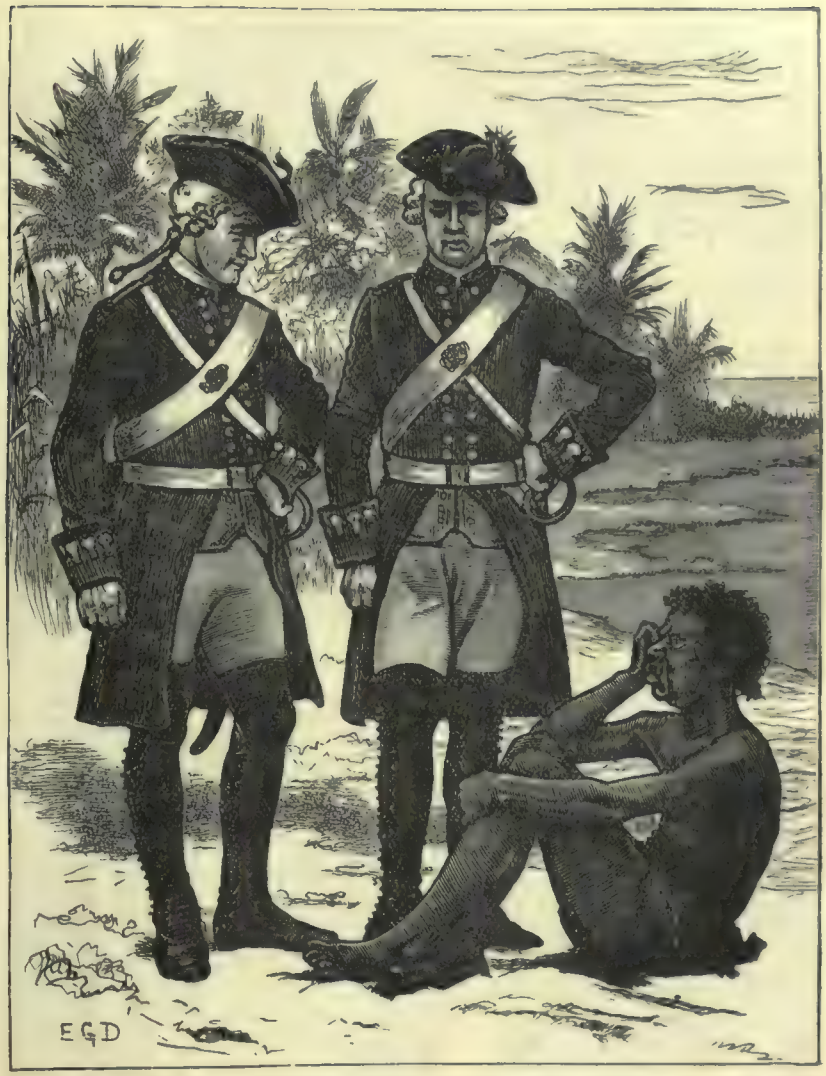


"I'M ONLY A COMMON SOLDIER, SIR," SAID HE. "IT SIGNIFIES VERY LITTLE WHAT SUCH A POOR BRUTE COMES TO"—*Seven Poor Travellers*, chap. ii.

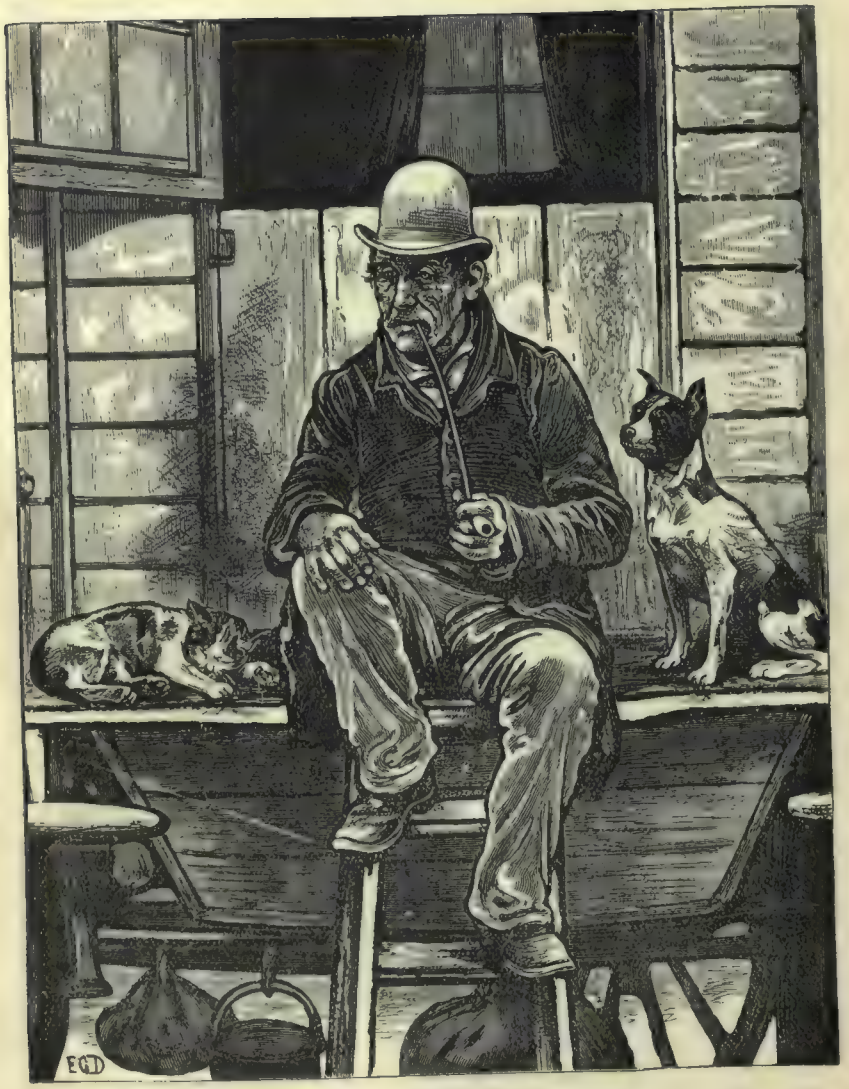


AND WHEN THE VISITOR (OPPRESSED WITH PIE) HAD FALLEN ASLEEP, THIS WICKED LANDLORD WOULD LOOK SOFTLY IN WITH A LAMP IN ONE HAND AND A KNIFE IN THE OTHER, WOULD CUT HIS THROAT, &c.—*Holly Tree Inn*, First Branch.

"My dear Captain Ravender," says he. "Of all the men on earth, I wanted to see you most. I was on my way to you"
The Wreck of the Golden Mary—The Wreck

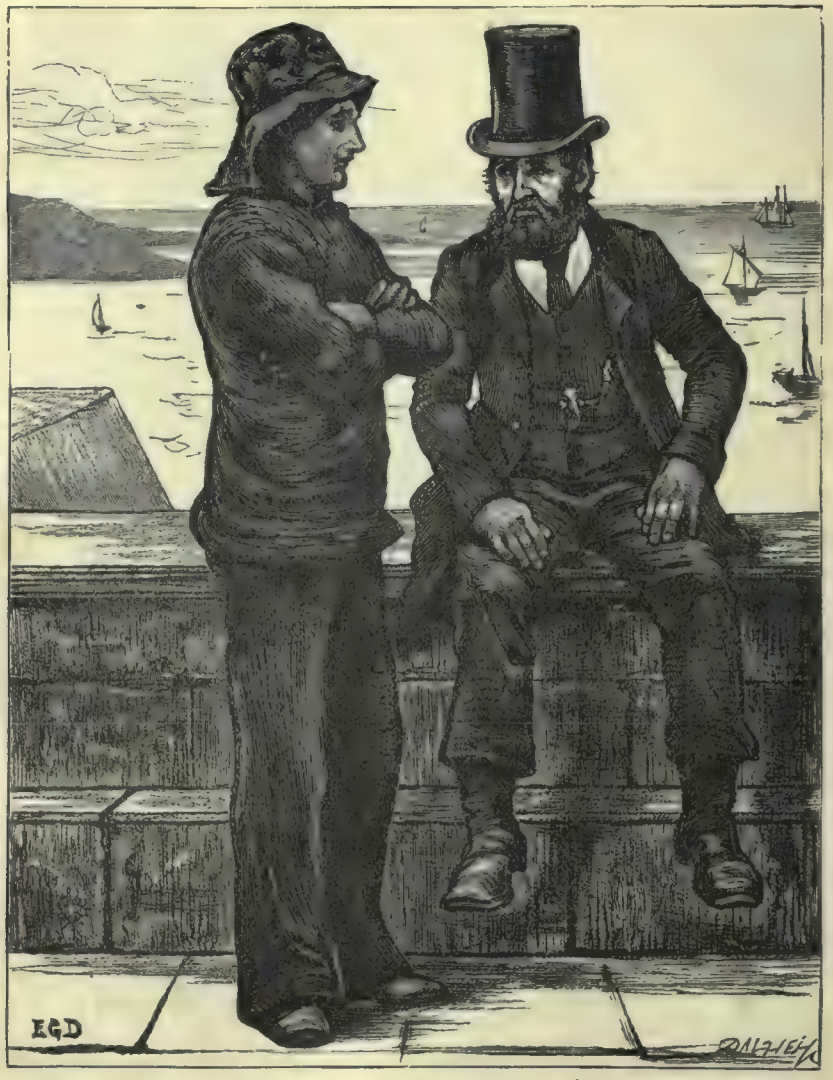


"O Christian George King sar berry sorry!" says the Sambo vagabond
The Perils of Certain English Prisoners, chap. i.

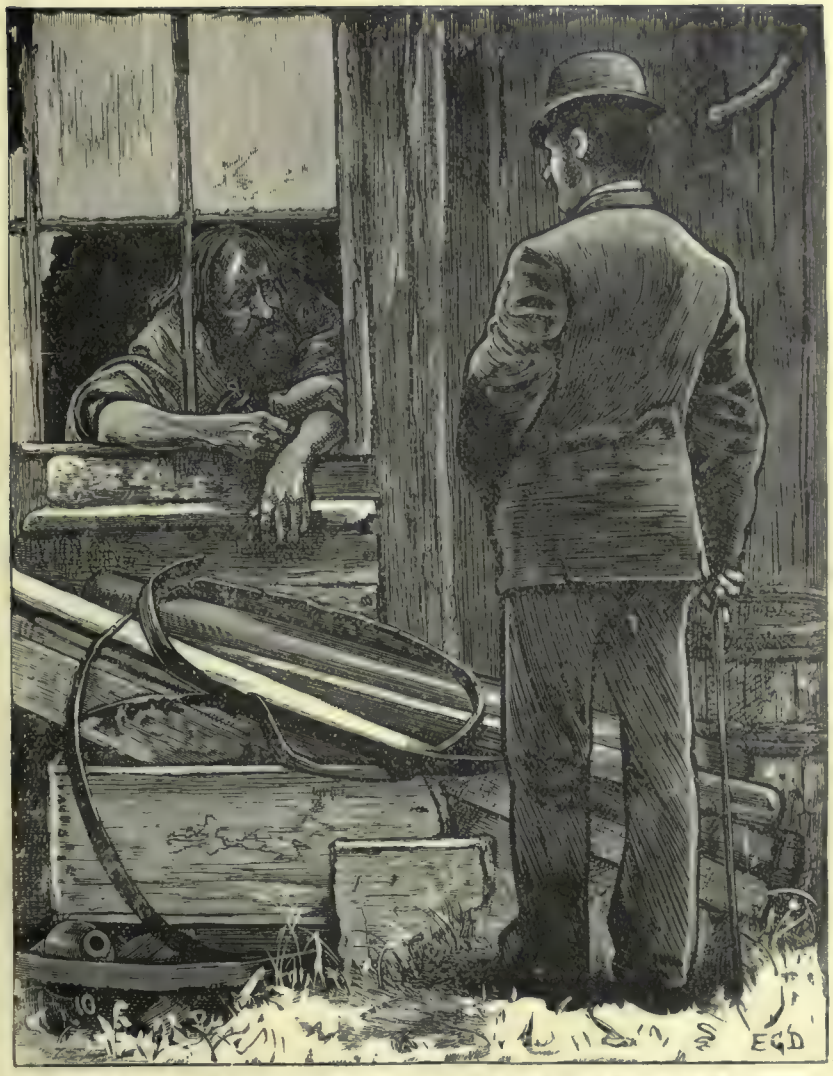


A GRIZZLED PERSONAGE IN VELVETEEN, WITH A FACE SO CUT UP BY VARIETIES OF WEATHER THAT HE LOOKED AS IF HE HAD BEEN TATTOOED, WAS FOUND SMOKING A PIPE AT THE DOOR OF A WOODEN HOUSE ON WHEELS—*Going into Society*

AN IMPERTURBABLE AND SPEECHLESS MAN, HE HAD SAT AT HIS SUPPER, WITH STREAKER PRESENT IN A SWOON—*The Haunted House*, The Mortals in the House



"MIGHT YOU BE MARRIED NOW?" ASKED THE CAPTAIN WHEN HE HAD SOME TALK WITH THIS NEW ACQUAINTANCE. . . . "NOT YET." . . . "GOING TO BE?" SAID THE CAPTAIN. . . . "I HOPE SO"—*A Message from the Sea*, chap. i.

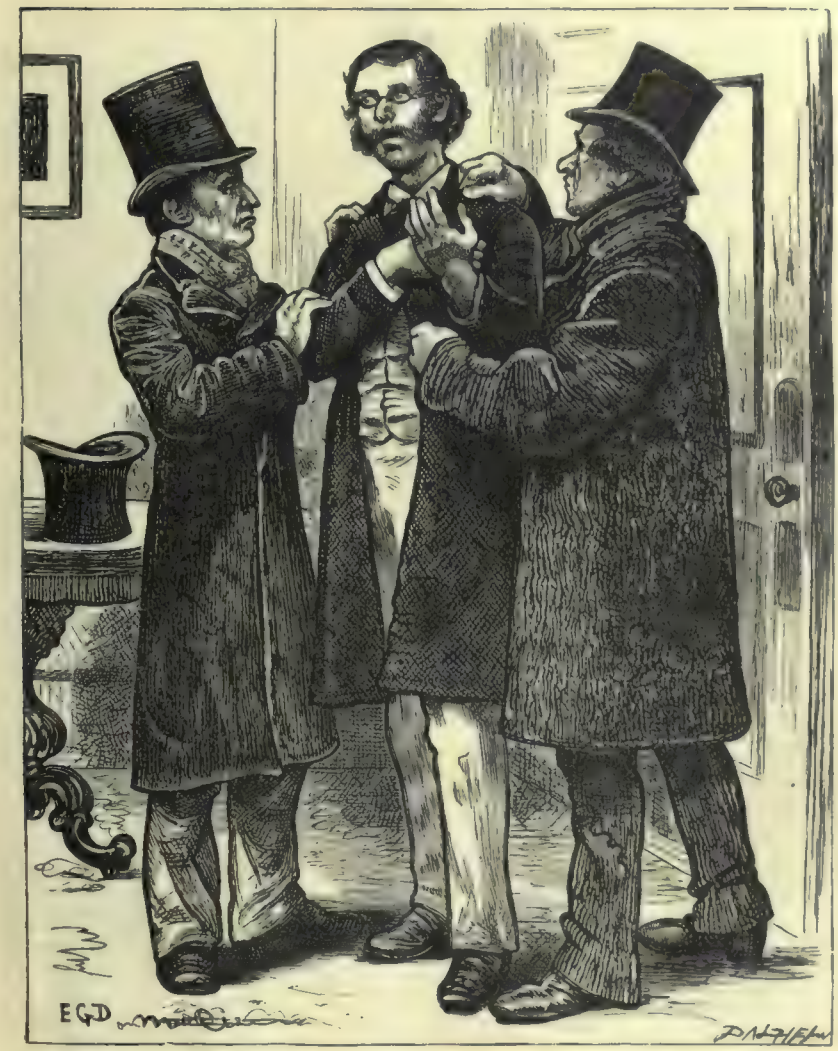


"WHAT IS YOUR NAME, SIR, AND WHERE DO YOU COME FROM!" ASKED MR. MOPES THE HERMIT—*Tom Tiddler's Ground*, chap. i.

"BUT IT IS NOT IMPOSSIBLE THAT YOU ARE A PIG!" RETORTED MADAME BOUCLET
Somebody's Luggage, chap. ii.

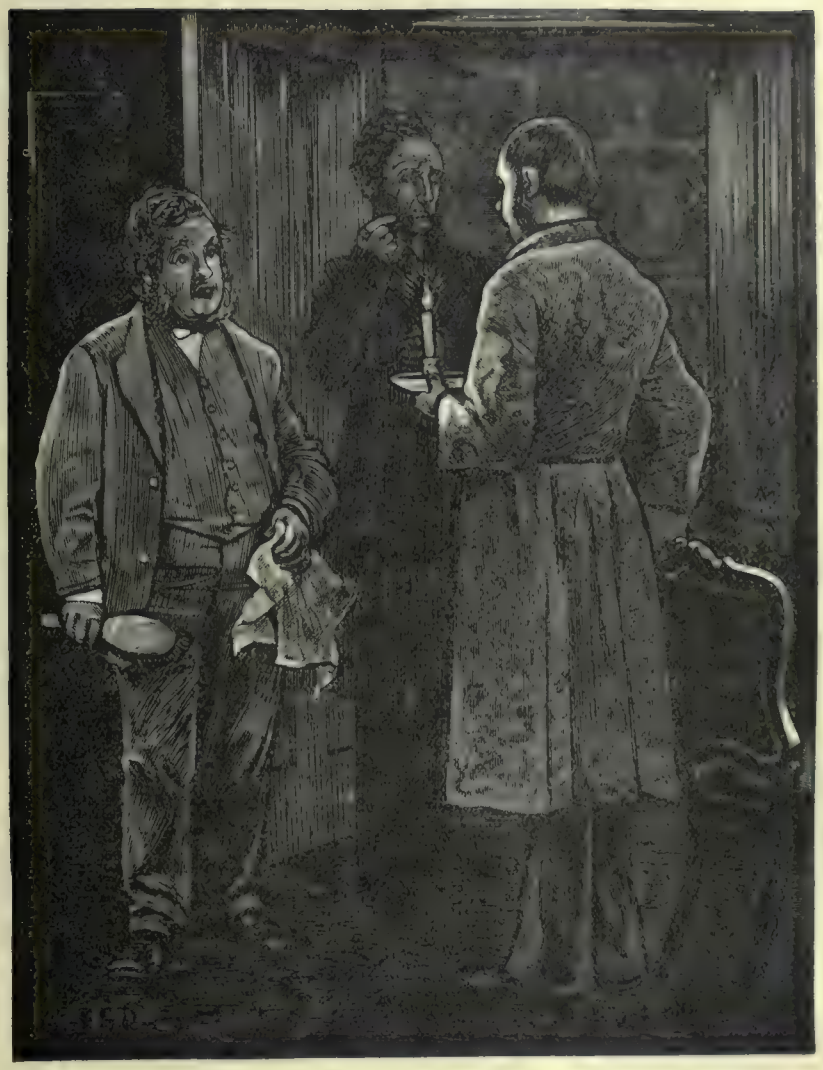
"I AM GLAD TO SEE YOU EMPLOYED," SAID MR. TRAVELLER. . . . "I AM GLAD TO BE EMPLOYED," RETURNED THE TINKER—*Tom Tiddler's Ground*, chap. vii.

WILLING SOPHY DOWN UPON HER KNEES SCRUBBING EARLY AND LATE AND EVER CHEERFUL BUT ALWAYS SMILING WITH A BLACK FACE—*Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings*, chap. i.



"COME, SIR! REMOVE ME TO MY VILE DUNGEON. WHERE IS MY MOULDY STRAW!"
Mrs. Lirriper's Legacy, chap. 1.

AND AT LAST SITTING DOZING AGAINST A MUDDY CART WHEEL, I COME UPON THE POOR GIRL WHO WAS DEAF AND DUMB—*Dr. Marigold*

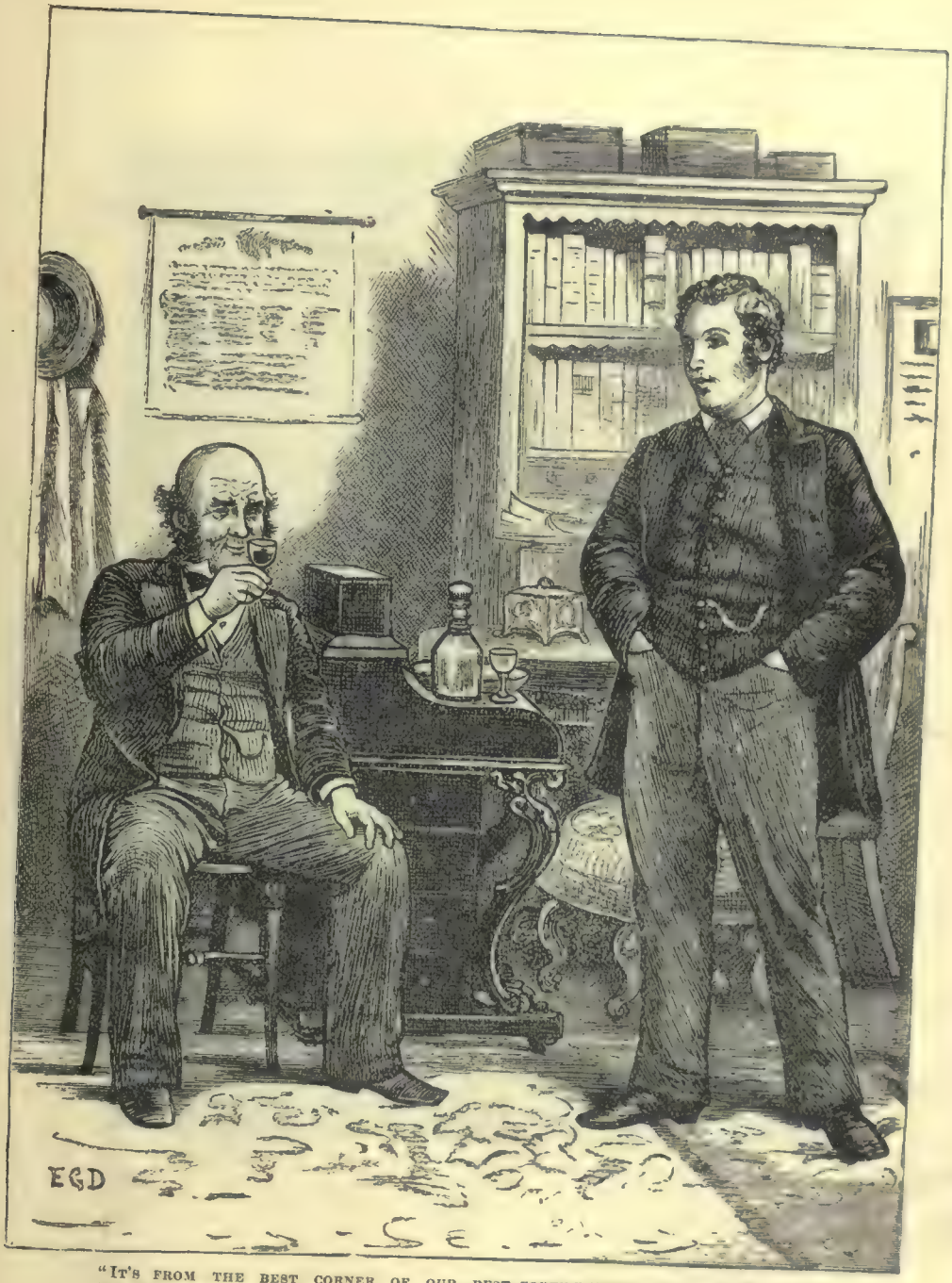


WHILE I WAS SPEAKING TO HIM, I SAW IT OPEN, AND A MAN LOOK IN, WHO VERY EARNESTLY AND MYSTERIOUSLY BECKONED TO ME—*Two Ghost Stories*, I.

"I TOOK YOU FOR SOME ONE ELSE YESTERDAY EVENING. THAT TROUBLES ME"—*Two Ghost Stories*, II.

"WHAT WOULD YOU DO WITH TWOPENCE, IF I GAVE IT YOU!" . . . "'PEND IT"
Mugby Junction, chap. ii.

COTCHED THE DECANTER OUT OF HIS HAND, AND SAID, "PUT IT DOWN, I WON'T ALLOW THAT!"—*Mugby Junction*, chap. iii.

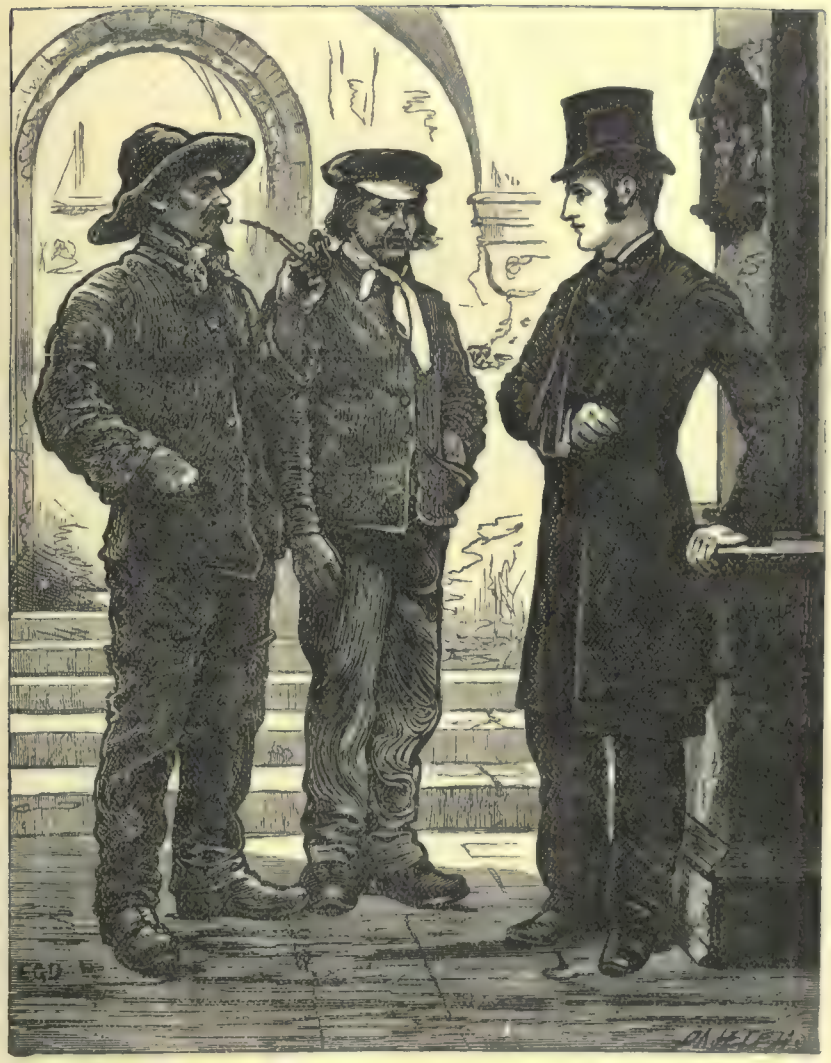


"It's from the best corner of our best forty-five-year-old bin," said Mr. Wilding. . . . "Thank you, sir," said Mr. Bintry. "It's most excellent"
No Thoroughfare, Act I.

"WE ARE FAMOUS FOR THE GROWTH IN THIS VAULT, AREN'T WE!"—*No Thoroughfare*, Act i.

"If there had been a wrestle with a robber, as I dreamed," said Obenreizer, "you see I was stripped for it." . . . "And armed too," said Vendale, glancing at his girdle—*No Thoroughfare*, Act iii.

He became roused to the knowledge that Obenreizer had set upon him, and that they were struggling desperately in the snow—*No Thoroughfare*, Act iii.



At the side door of the church are the same two men from the Hospice
No Thoroughfare, Act iv.

THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD

TWELVE ILLUSTRATIONS
BY SIR LUKE FILDES, R.A.

In the court—Chap. i.

Under the trees—Chap. iii.

At the piano—Chap. vii.

On dangerous ground—Chap. viii.

Mr. Crisparkle is overpaid—Chap. x.

Durdles cautions Mr. Sapsea against boasting—Chap. xii.

"Good-bye, Rosebud, darling!"—Chap. xiii.

Mr. Grewgious has his suspicions—Chap. xv.

JASPER'S SACRIFICES—Chap. xix.

MR. GREWGIOUS EXPERIENCES A NEW SENSATION—Chap. xx.

Up the river—Chap. xxii.

Sleeping it off—Chap. xxiii.

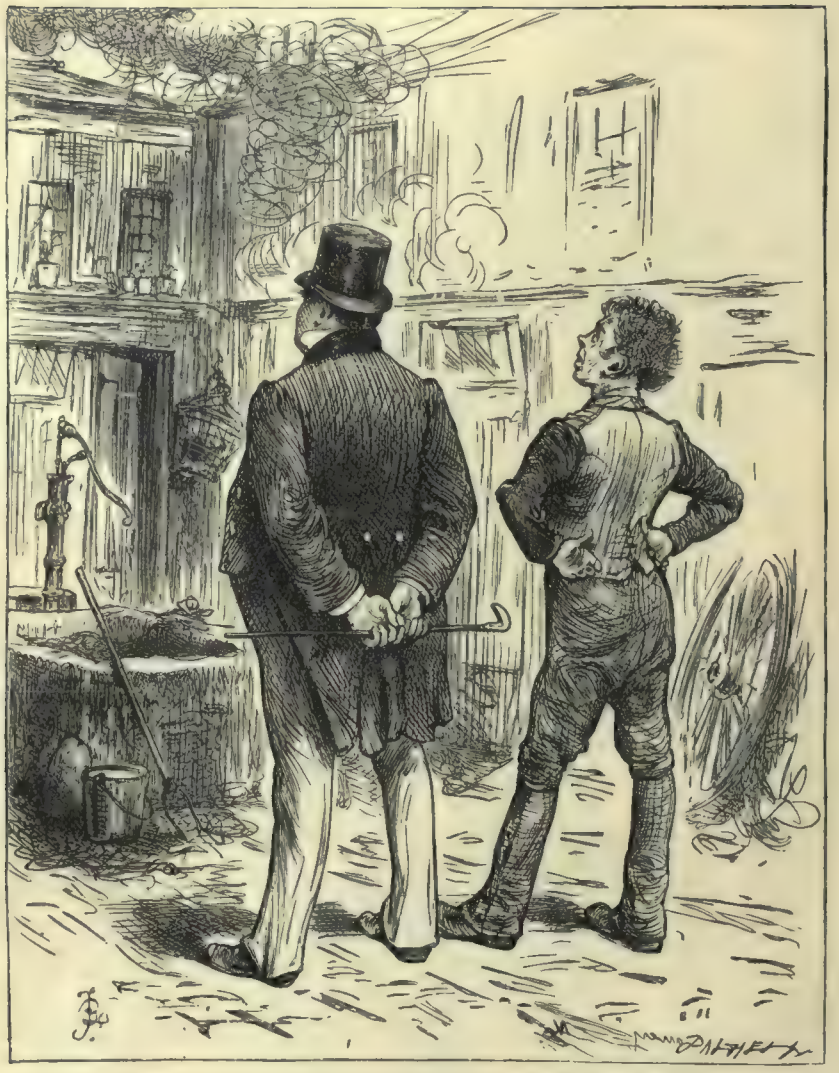
THE LIFE OF CHARLES DICKENS

TWENTY-EIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRED BARNARD

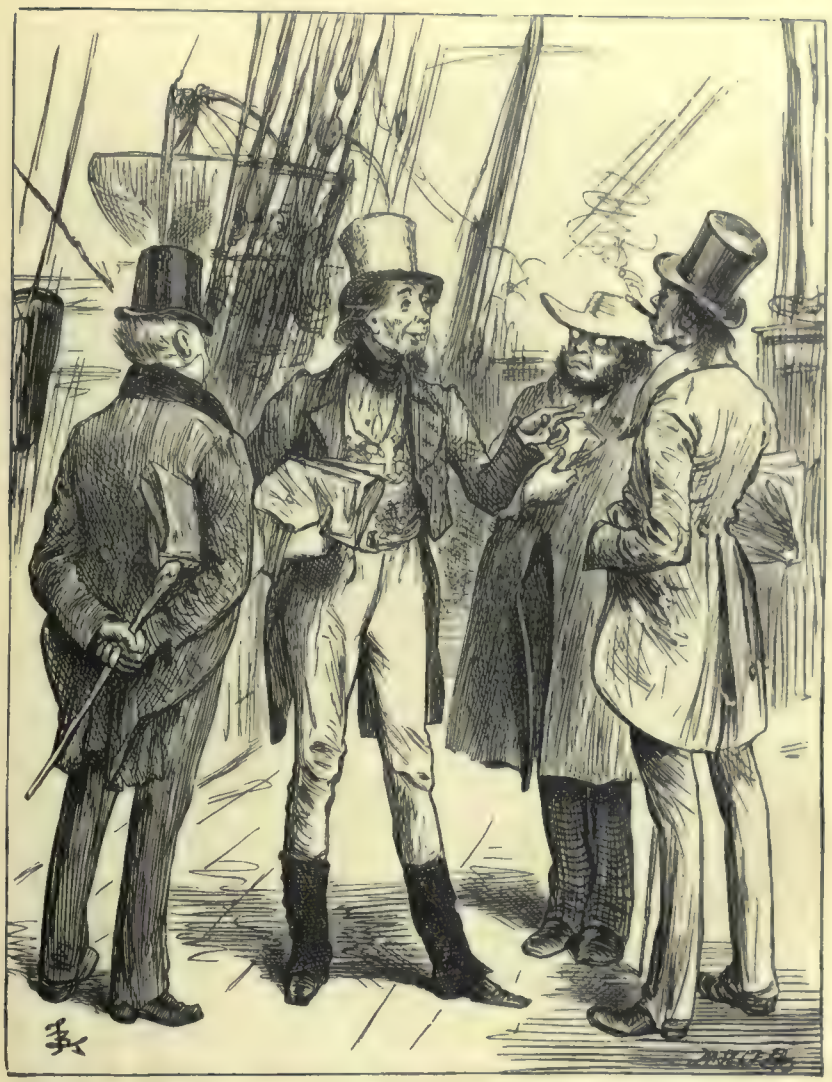
If he weakly showed the least disposition to hear it, Captain Porter, in a loud sonorous voice, gave him every word of it—Book 1, chap. ii.

One of whom told us she "had no money for beggar boys"—Book 1, chap. iii

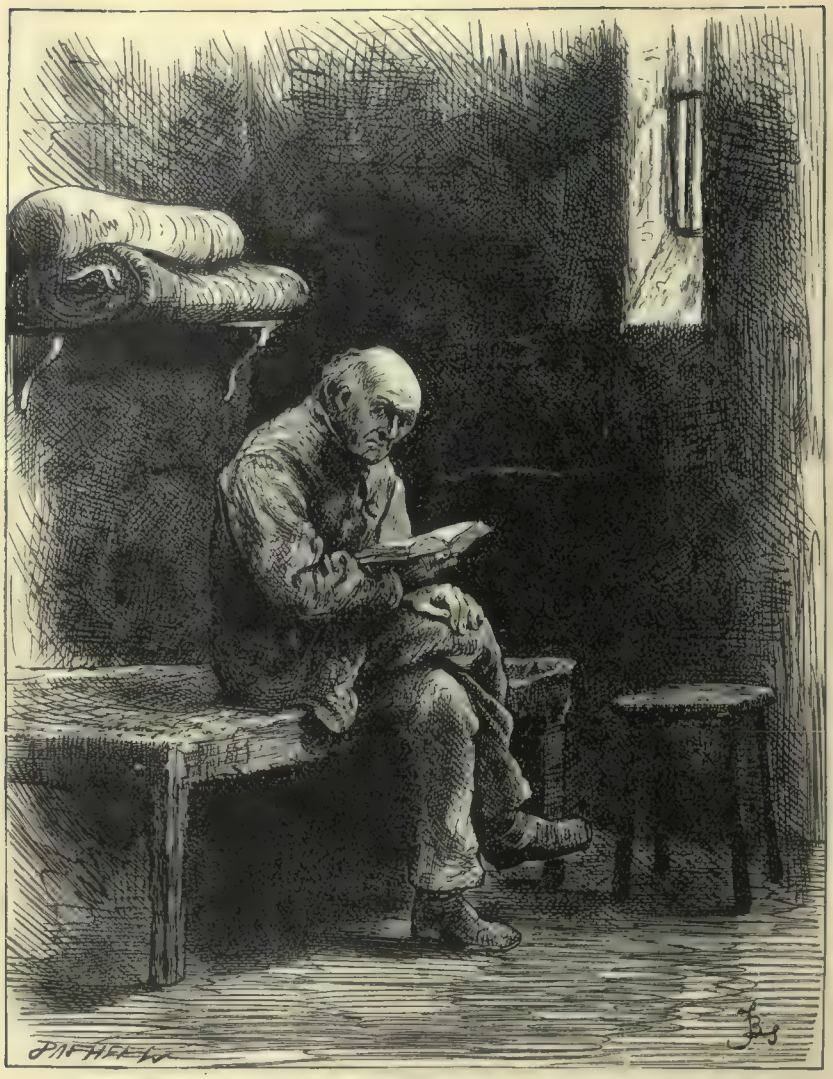
JACK STRAW'S CASTLE, MEMORABLE FOR MANY HAPPY MEETINGS IN COMING YEARS—Book 2. chap. i.



"IT A'NT A SMOKIN' YOUR WAY, SIR, I SAYS;" HE SAYS, "NO MORE IT IS, COACHMAN, AND AS LONG AS IT SMOKES ANYBODY ELSE'S WAY, IT'S ALL RIGHT AND I'M AGREEABLE"—Book 2, chap. viii.



If you could but know how I hated one man in very dirty gaiters, and with very protruding upper teeth, who said to all comers after him, "So you've been introduced to our friend Dickens—eh!"—Book 3, chap. ii.



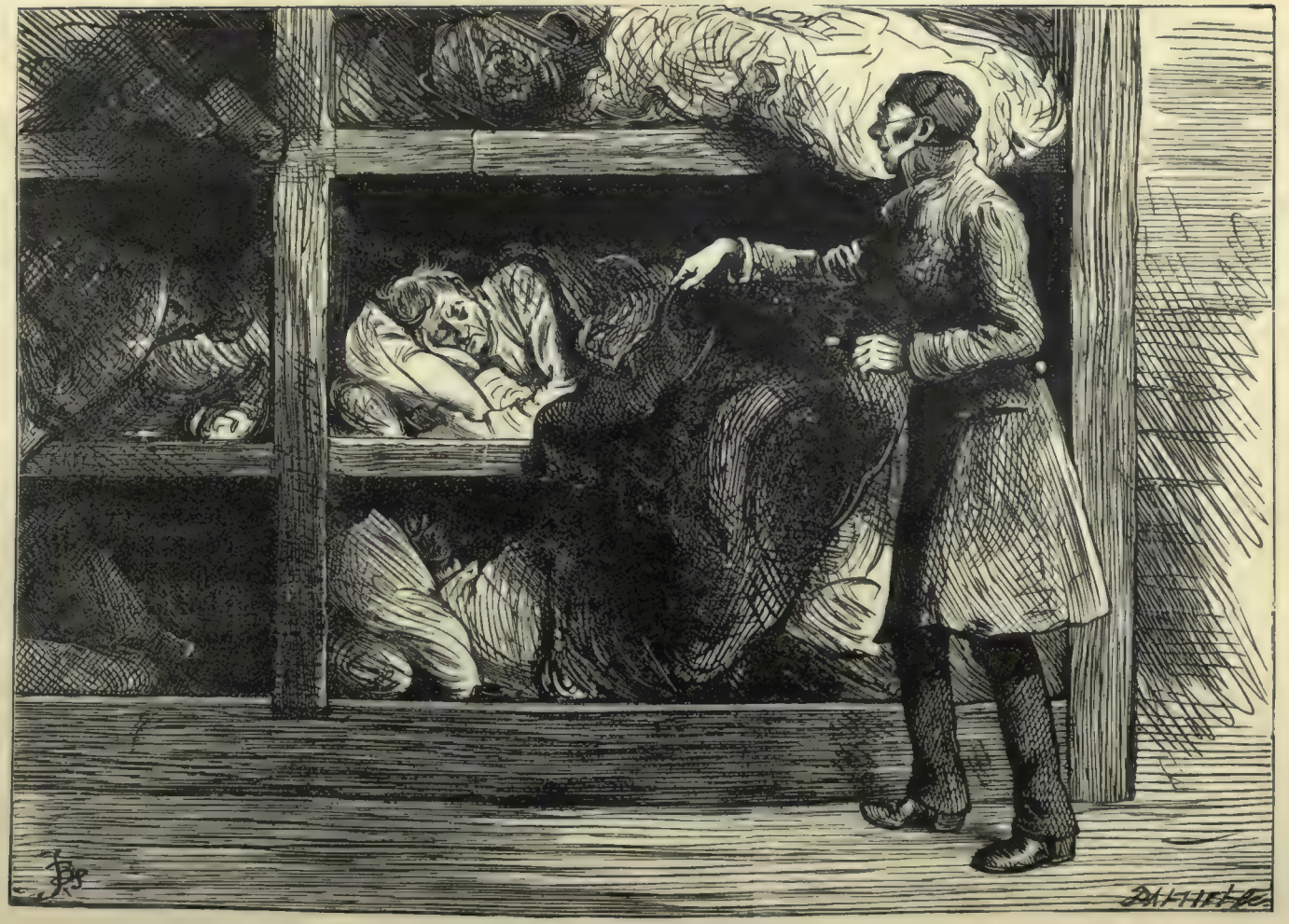
HE LOOKED UP AT ME; GAVE HIMSELF AN ODD, DOGGED KIND OF SHAKE; AND FIXED HIS EYES ON HIS BOOK AGAIN—Book 4, chap. iv.

He is perhaps the most horrible bore in the country—Book 3, chap. v.

VISIT TO A TRAMPS' LODGING-HOUSE—Book 3, chap. viii.

GENOESE WASHERWOMEN—Book 4, chap. v.

The Radicofani Wizard—Book 4, chap. vii.



"I say, what's French for a pillow!" "Is there any Italian phrase for a lump of sugar! Just look, will you!" "What the devil does echo mean! The garsong says echo to everything"—Book 4, chap. vi.

NEAPOLITAN LAZZARONI—Book 4, chap. vii.

READING "DOMBEY" AT THE SNUFF SHOP—Book 5, chap. vii.

"I HAVE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO SEE WHAT THEY ARE, BECAUSE ONE OF THE OLD LADIES ALWAYS SITS BEFORE THEM; BUT THEY LOOK, OUTSIDE, LIKE VERY OLD BACKGAMMON BOARDS"—Book 5, chap. iv.

"HALLOA, MRS. GAMP, WHAT ARE YOU UP TO!"—Book 6, chap. i.

Off Yarmouth—Book 6, chap. vi.

LIKEWISE AN OLD MAN WHO RAN OVER A MILK-CHILD RATHER THAN STOP!—WITH NO NECKCLOTH, ON PRINCIPLE; AND WITH HIS MOUTH WIDE OPEN TO CATCH THE MORNING AIR—Book 6, chap. vi.

BYE AND BYE I CAME UPON A POLENTA-SHOP IN THE CLOUDS, WHERE AN OLD FRENCHMAN WITH AN UMBRELLA LIKE A FADED TROPICAL LEAF (IT HAD NOT RAINED IN NAPLES FOR SIX WEEKS) WAS STARING AT NOTHING AT ALL, WITH A SNUFF-BOX IN HIS HAND

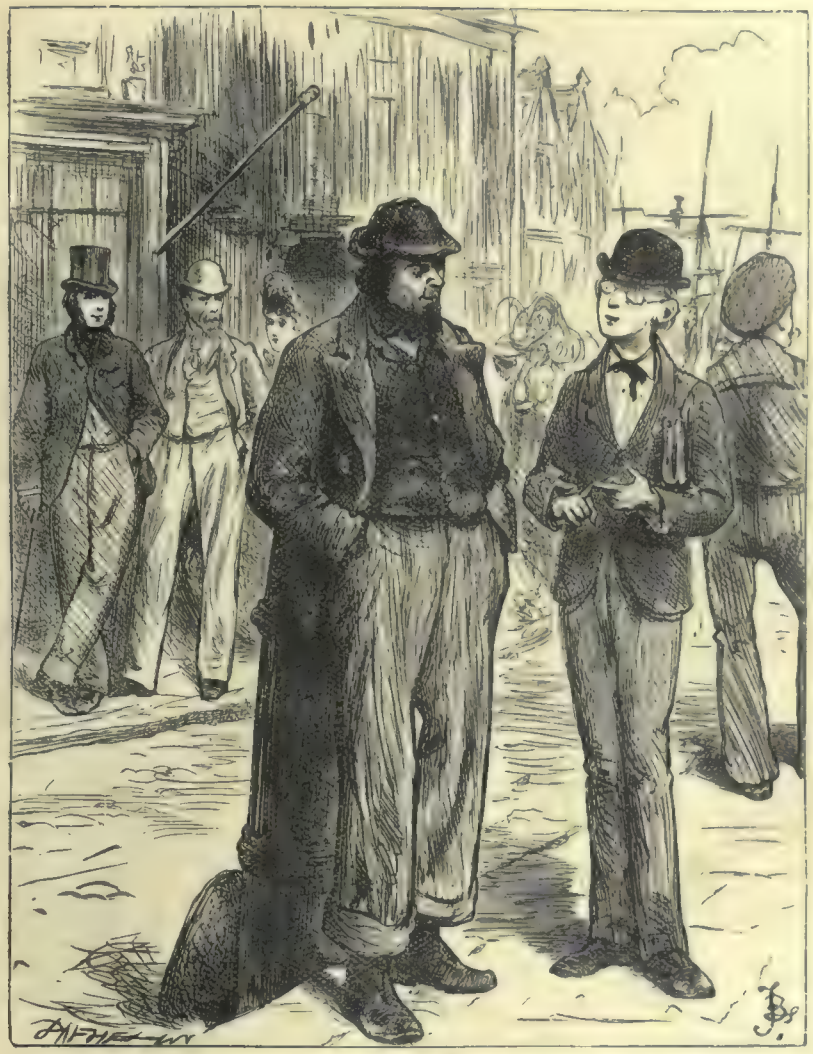
Book 7, chap. iii.

"C'EST VRAI DONC," SAYS THE DUKE, "QUE MADAME LA DUCHESSE N'EST PLUS!" . . . "C'EST TROP VRAI, MONSEIGNEUR." . . . "TANT MIEUX," SAYS THE DUKE, AND WALKS OFF DELIBERATELY, TO THE GREAT SATISFACTION OF THE ASSEMBLAGE—Book 7, chap. v.

A WARM CORNER IN THE PIG-MARKET AT BOULOGNE—Book 7, chap. v.

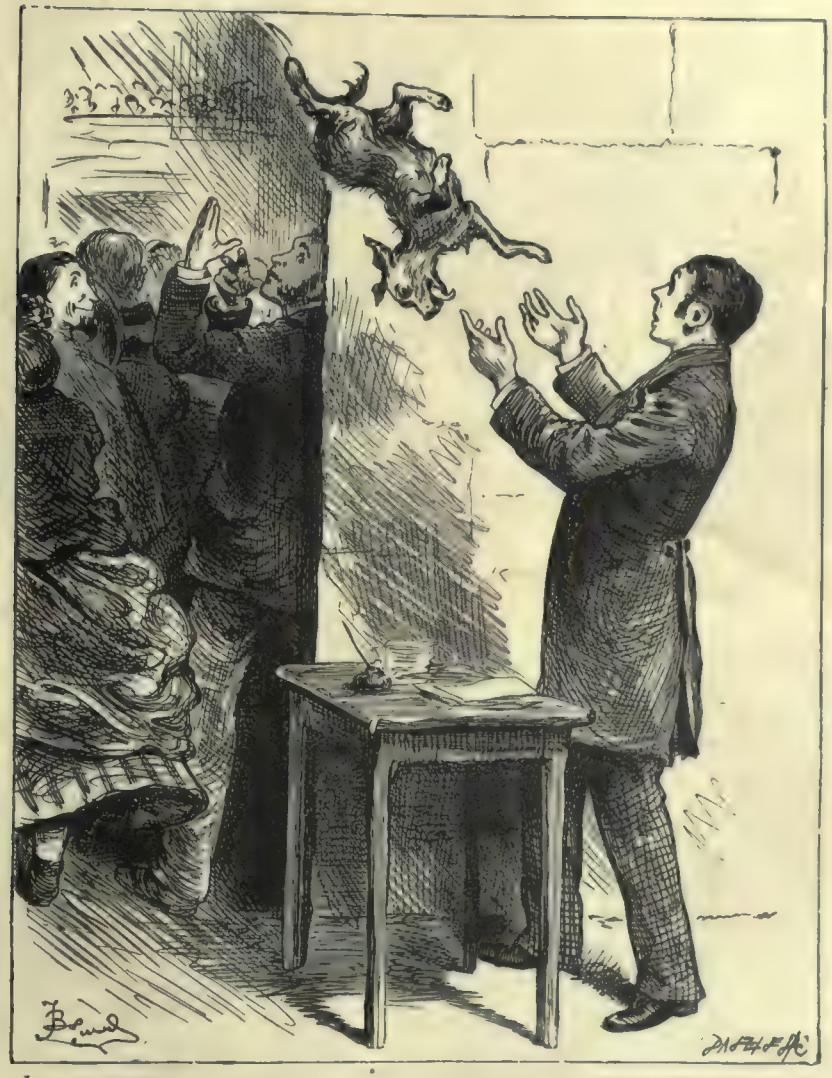
WHENEVER HE FELT TOOTS COMING AGAIN, HE BEGAN TO LAUGH AND WIPE HIS EYES AFRESH; AND WHEN TOOTS CAME ONCE MORE, HE GAVE A KIND OF CRY, AS IF IT WERE TOO MUCH FOR HIM—Book 8, chap. iv.

He . . . slightly cocked up his evil eye at the goldfinch. Instantly a raging thirst beset that bird; and when it was appeased he still drew several unnecessary buckets of water, leaping about his perch and sharpening his bill with irrepressible satisfaction—Book 8, chap. v.



THE UNEDUCATED FATHER IN FUSTIAN AND THE EDUCATED BOY IN SPECTACLES
Book 9, chap. v.

SAM WELLER IN SIERRA NEVADA—Book 9, chap. viii.



IN A TRANSPORT OF PRESENCE OF MIND AND FURY, HE INSTANTLY CAUGHT HIM UP IN BOTH HANDS, AND THREW HIM OVER HIS OWN HEAD OUT INTO THE ENTRY, WHERE THE CHECK-TAKERS RECEIVED HIM LIKE A GAME AT BALL—Book 10, chap. ii.

"I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR," HE ANSWERED, "BUT IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR MY PIPE, I SHOULD HAVE BEEN NOWHERE"—Book II, chap. iii.

"IN A MISERABLE COURT AT NIGHT," SAYS MR. FIELDS, "WE FOUND A HAGGARD OLD WOMAN BLOWING AT A KIND OF PIPE MADE OF AN OLD INK-BOTTLE"—Book I, chap. xii.

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